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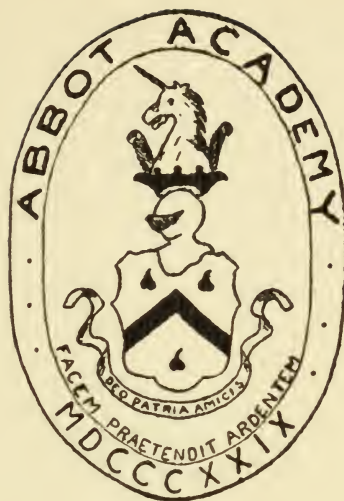




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# The Abbot Courant

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# The ABBOT COURANT

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## Here and There

The rain pounds on the roof of the garage creating a muffled and varying tattoo. The wind blows the rain in sheets of wetness across the shining road. The wind is penetrating and cold, and the sky seems low enough to bump your head on. The horse across the street huddles with his back to the onslaught of the stinging rain-drops, his head down, his tail plastered in sodden streaks to his flanks. The leaves of the maple tree in front also turn their backs defiantly to the continuous lashing, dancing back and forth with persistent gaiety. But in my room it is cozy and warm and I am glad to be there.

The sun outside is glaring down from its throne in the sky, scorching all life from whatever it strikes with its penetrating rays. I can see the heat rising in a cloud from the road and notice how quickly animals cross over to avoid more than momentary contact with the black surface. The air seems to sit heavily on each leaf of the big maple tree, only occasionally stirring them when it moves slowly and humidly to another. Our dog is lying in the shade against the house and on the loose earth of the garden, moving only when necessary to snap at an annoying insect. All forms of life are made lethargic by the oppressive heat of the day. But in my room it is cool and I am glad to be there.

A fresh breeze wanders gently through the tall grass of the field and whispers cool secrets to the fluttering leaves of the swaying trees. Apples gleam ruddily from the orchard and lend a tantalizing odor to the sweet air. The sun in a brilliant blue sky expertly dodges occasional fluffy clouds and sends its warm rays down to the eagerly receptive earth. The music of happy birds and insects is continuous. Our dog is chasing a butterfly, tail wagging, and registering mirth and enjoyment in every fibre, every motion. The whole world is alive with a joy of living. My room may be warm, it may be cozy, it may be cool, but I am glad to be out here.

ROSAMOND REIFSNYDER '51

## The Awakening

How perfectly odd, she thought.

She was thinking over the dream she had had the night before: a terrifying dream really, full of wild talk and horrible ideas. The whole trouble lay in the fact that the realism of the thing was determined to stay with her, to fill her mind with strange foreboding.

She had been out for a walk; she loved to watch people's faces as they passed her. She had been thoroughly enjoying herself; she had always loved to window-shop, picking out all the things she would like to own. There were Christmas displays in all the stores and a Salvation Army Santa Claus on each corner. She went up to one of them and looked up into his face. It seemed to fade into many faces, people she had known and quite a few that were disturbingly familiar although she couldn't quite place them. She walked on. Then she heard it. It started off quite softly, a murmur at first, growing to a roar. She could make out the voice of her sister; a shrill scream mounting to a shriek of anguish, then slowly dying off into the distance. She heard a multitude of groans which seemed to be calling her. The whole thing was futile; she knew she couldn't reach them and she realized that tears were streaming down her face, which was stiff and brittle. She had never been quite so unhappy in her life. She ran, trying to escape from she knew not what. A man approached her, holding his arms out to her. Just before he reached her his feet gave way beneath him and she saw him sink into the earth. His eyes were horrible. She ran on through the fog, faster and faster until she fell, gasping for breath.

She awoke in a cold sweat, finding the bed-clothes wound around her neck. A sigh of relief flooded her whole body; a great weariness surged through her.

She now rose, dressed quickly and went down to breakfast. She was quiet throughout the meal, but her parents said nothing. At the usual time she and her sister started for school. The silence was rather heavy, but then they never did say much at that hour of the morning. When they were almost halfway to school her sister stopped:



"I've forgotten my arithmetic book. I won't be a minute," and she turned and trotted homeward, without waiting for an answer.

She walked on alone thinking of her sister; she was so sweet, very young for her age and innocently candid. As she passed through the main street of the town she looked for a suitable gift for her in each shop window. She dropped a dime into the cup of the corner Santa Claus. He thanked her, looking into her eyes with a strange stare. The look puzzled her; it reminded her of a young boy she had known many years before. She realized that it had suddenly grown silent; it was a roaring silence, unbearably violent in its very stillness. A man walked toward her; his every movement was sickeningly familiar.

She screamed.

PATTY SMITH '51

## October

October is a merry gypsy girl,  
Who dances wildly underneath the vines.  
She treads the grapes, with gaudy skirts awhirl,  
And hangs the pine cones on the freezing pines.

October's spirits, like the best champagne,  
Are bubbling, dry, but can be rather cool.  
She puts the ice into the autumn rain,  
And turns each raindrop to a frosty jewel.

October hangs the apple on the limb,  
But hangs the best upon the highest bough;  
Then shakes it loose, upon the slightest whim,  
To fall beneath a forward-moving plow.

Don't seek to keep her, for her flight is swift  
From reaching hands. On bright-winged feet she goes,  
To hasten on the opalescent drift,  
The frozen moonlight of November snows.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## Terrence

He was only a little thing when she first saw him and he didn't make much of an impression on her. Of course not. She had just graduated from a private grammar school that day and had left her school friends... some of them forever. But she was keyed up with the excitement that overcomes the young... the bright anticipation of the summer.

"Oh, mom and dad... just what I wanted! Isn't he a darling. Why can't he walk very well? Oh... I see... well, let's go home now... I just can't wait for a swim!"

The little pup was forgotten... He was sound asleep as the group walked away. His red coat glinted dully in the afternoon sun, and his moist little nose twitched as a fly lighted on it.

Soon he was six weeks, and it was then that "Terrence Mulcahy" entered the household. He had a mind of his own and was soon ruling the household. Old Edith, the family cook, took to him almost immediately, and, unfortunately, to feeding him surreptitiously under the kitchen table after each meal. This was stopped quickly after he ran away with a chicken carcass. The girl loved him, too. Slowly the love came upon her... a gentle love that moved her parents... a possessive love that a mother has for her child. She played with him often in the sunshine and shared his happiness, and thus there formed an unbreakable bond between them.

He grew steadily and developed beautifully as the summer went on... a gay, young pup with a coat of burnished mahogany. The family had great hopes for him, and the girl, when she remembered, trained him to walk properly and obey for shows.

He was entered in three shows... only small shows, but they meant something to the girl. Before each one, he was submitted to numerous baths and brushings as he had a tendency to roll in the mud when he was clean.

He was not a model show dog by any means. No, he behaved very badly in the ring. He was only six months at the time of his show and had no idea of obedience. He broke away every time from the trainer's leash and ran as far as he could from all the people and

yelping dogs. Brought back, he lolled on his back with his paws waving in the air, grinning.

The girl put his ribbons, one first and two seconds, away in a box with his pictures and pedigree certificate with a dream in the back of her head . . . that some day she would add to this sparse collection, purple rosettes, and maybe even a first prize from Madison Square Garden! Oh, yes, he was going to be a show dog . . . why not? His parents were champions and he himself attracted quite a lot of attention.

So the summer passed . . . Terrence seemed to grow a little more each day and each day he found new friends. The pussy cat, she was his best friend. Day in, day out, they went through the same procedure . . . Terrence, lying lazily in the sun, taking his afternoon nap would suddenly be awakened by a little gray tail whipping daintily by his nose. By the time he was fully awake the gray tail was moving steadily through the bushes. Then ensued a long period of tag which usually ended in hopeless confusion. But she died, and Terrence, bewildered, was left without a playmate. That was soon remedied, as the mother cat, always eager to please, promptly had another litter at the farm a few weeks later, and, to the dismay of the family, all females!

As the family lived on the water in the summer, it was inevitable that Terrence should become acquainted with it. He didn't pay much attention to it at first, but as he grew older, the blue cove glinting in the sunshine called an invitation to him, and he accepted. As was his way, he approached cautiously, his ears cocked and his funny little face screwed up with doubt and expectation. He proceeded to bite the ripples and then discovered the crabs and from then on, a part of each day was spent by Terrence with his head half under water and ears floating on the water contemplating the crabs.

September came, and the happy hours with Terrence were gone. The rush and urgency of school filled the family and they spent the sunny days packing trunks and suitcases. Then the girl was gone . . . back to school and Terrence was left alone for a few months to make out for himself.

She was homesick . . . she missed her dog, and he missed her too. When she came home for the Christmas Holidays, he welcomed

her in his exuberant manner...laying his paws on her shoulders and licking her face. They had three weeks of happiness...the girl was with him as much as possible. They went on numerous walks together and it was wonderful to see them walking along...with the girl's wrist in the dog's mouth. The holidays passed quickly, and soon the girl was back at school.

Terrence was a normal Irish setter and naturally had the tendency to roam. Two weeks after the girl had gone back to school, Terrence was crossing a road when he saw a car coming toward him. It resembled the family car, and he jumped up, pawing the air delightedly. He lost his footing and tumbled in front of the oncoming car! He died instantly, with no pain.

The next week end the parents went up to school and told the girl. She turned away and lifted her tear-stained face to the sky.

"But dear, he died instantly...."

"No pain...."

"Control yourself, darling...."

"He lived a happy life...."

Her gay young pup was gone...the girl still stood with her face lifted and tears streaming down her cheeks....

NANCY BAILEY '53

## Life on the Open Road, or I Learn to Drive

"'Glorious, stirring sight!' murmured Toad, never offering to move. 'The poetry of motion! The *real* way to travel! The *only* way to travel! Here to-day — in next week tomorrow! Villages skipped, towns and cities jumped—always somebody else's horizon! O bliss! O poop-poop! O my! O my!'"

With a resigned sigh, I shut *The Wind in the Willows*, heaved my bulk out of my pet arm-chair, and proceeded downstairs, my knees knocking at every step. At last I was to take over the wheel of the car. "Take over the wheel"—that had an ominous sound. I was secretly convinced that the wheel was all I would take over, and that the rest of the car would remain obdurately insubordinate. I had horrible visions of loud crashes, head-on collisions with telephone poles, and the like.



My mother, beaming treacherously, hauled me out into the yard. "Here she is, John!" she called brightly. Glaring at her, I tottered toward the car, which had by then assumed all the characteristics of a Hawaiian-green hearse.

Luckily I was not doomed to take over the wheel at once. John first steered the thing into the country. Then he stopped, slid out, and I was in the driver's seat.

Petunia (the car) started with a jolt, edged onto the road, and started off at a gallop.

"Slow down! Slow down!" John yelled.

"I can't!" I cried desperately. "She's got the bit in her teeth!"

John stepped on the brake and we both bounced against the windshield.

"Now, start again," commanded my stern mentor. "This time, remember, don't step on the gas when you start out."

I obeyed. Petunia rolled slowly a few feet, then picked up speed. Fearful that I had gone too fast, I slammed on the brake. When I had untangled myself from the steering wheel, I stepped on the gas again; then stepped on the brake again, and so on and on.

Twenty miles later John heaved what I swear was a sigh of relief.

"Time to go back now," he said cheerfully. "I'll take over."

ANN TAYLOR '51



## Papiamento

Papiamento is the language which the natives and most white people speak in Curacao. All the negroes use it, and many of the whites, including the Dutch who come from Holland. Those who learn the language have no hate for the natives; others who do not learn it, possibly because they have some difficulty with languages or do not think of learning the language because they consider themselves superior to the natives, tend to look down upon them. Since Dutch is the official language of the island these Dutchmen have no need of Papiamento. I do not know when I learned it. My parents speak Spanish to me, and at school I speak Dutch, so the only means by which I learned Papiamento at first was by speaking with the servants at home. Now, still, my use of the dialect is limited to my friends, the servants, and to the natives.

Papiamento is a thorough miniature of Spanish, Portuguese, English, Dutch and even some French. This dialect came into existence in this way: Curacao was, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, a very important slave trading center in the Caribbean Sea. The descendants of these slaves now make up the bulk of the population of Curacao. The little island first belonged to the Spaniards; later the Dutch conquered it; and successive attacks of the English, Portuguese and French were made on the island. The conquerors would speak to the natives in their own language, so the natives picked up words from all these languages. Some words they left unchanged; others they changed to the way the word sounded to them.

Papiamento is a dialect without any grammar, without any rules. Lately some novels have been written in Papiamento, and there has appeared a little booklet which is really a dictionary. It is a dictionary of English and Papiamento words. This little booklet is meant to teach the natives more English so that they can understand better the English and American tourists that visit Curacao. English is taught in the High School, but not all negroes get to go to High School; most of them go only to grammar school. In the schools it is prohibited to speak Papiamento, and heavy punishment follows the breaking of this rule. I think myself that this is a very good rule

because Papiamento is a dialect spoken only on three little islands and it is better to learn one real language, the Dutch language, even though this is not a widely known language.

The three little islands on which this dialect is spoken are called Curacao, Aruba and Bonaire. The dialect is everywhere the same, but the accent varies on the different islands: in Curacao it is spoken very drily with equal accent on all the syllables; in Aruba it is sung all the way through, and in Bonaire the accent is always put on the last syllables.

The word *Papiamento* means talking thus, the act of talking; so for once a name of a language is not formed from the name of the people that live in a certain place. The dialect is not comprehensible to people who speak the languages of which Papiamento is composed.

When Papiamento is written it looks as follows: *E cas ei tiu dos cambers*. (That house has two rooms.) *E comberan tiu un porta y un ventan; y ain caber tiu un mesa, stoel y lampi*. (The rooms have a door, and a window; in the rooms there is a table, chair and lamp.)

In general the Spanish influence predominates in the words. One does not have to worry about the genders of nouns because for all nouns the same article *e* is used. Numerals in Papiamento are nearly all the same as in Spanish. Even though it is a dialect, I enjoy Papiamento and have fun out of knowing it.

FLOR PALACIOS '51

## Tinsel

Shining fragments of dreams hang above my pillow on threads of memory, like shattered Christmas tree ornaments. They are there as I raise my head to go into the day and its cares and work, and will still be there at night before I sink into oblivion, only waiting to be replaced by new ones.

POLLY W. PARADISE '51

## The Game

He sat and painted diagrams of his thoughts on the fresh canvas as he talked to me. He was an extremely intellectual man. His senses and perception had been drawn to a fine point by his work. Now, his profession could easily have made him dull and tangled in the details of an exacting job. It hadn't. He was alive and had extensive interests, particularly flying. He had owned a plane. The solemn, reserved business-man appeared to have become a dare-devil, a fool, when he took to the air. But he had calculated those physical risks as carefully as any financial risk. Flying was his other life.

Being somewhat thin, lank and taciturn, he would sometimes surprise you with loud gusts of laughter which burst from his angular visage. His habitual reserve was banished by the sight, sound, smell and feel of his dog.

The dog, a lean English setter, was the outlet for his emotion. They were in complete sympathy; and I think the man often envied the dog now, and would have liked to range the country-side with him for several days, to prove his independence of his possessive family. His fastidiousness was slightly alarmed by the happy-go-lucky attitude of the dog.

The picture took shape under his hands, and as he painted, I contrasted the man before me with what he had been before the plane crash. For his plane did crash; and life was almost gone when they found him. Long weeks in the hospital tempered the steel of his being and gave him a wider base of experience for the balance of his character. It gave him time to think and take stock of life. He was not sad, or morose, nor on the other hand, falsely jovial. It wasn't easy to subjugate male pride to the demands of a wheel-chair existence, so he quietly envied the dog.

Many operations followed the accident. He even walked with crutches occasionally. The pain became too great. He welcomed back the familiar horizontal position.

I began to watch the artistry of his hands. He did not hurry. Tomorrow was on his mind. Another operation. He might walk. A chess board was on the canvas, two knights jousting in the back-



ground partially obscured by clouds of white smoke. It was a fight for life, but I could not see which was winning.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## My Woods in Fall

Whenever I am in a depressed or restless mood and cannot think of anything to do, I go for a walk in my woods. I have always called them my woods, for as many times as I have walked in them I have never seen another person. I think there is nothing more soothing than a long walk through a peaceful wood; and near our house in the country, there is just such a wood. I go there mostly in the fall, because the woods are at their finest and loveliest then.

A breezy day is best, for then the wind can be heard whistling and moaning through the tall pines, and one gets a sort of protective feeling being so far below the blustering coldness of it. The reds and yellows of the just-turning maples and sycamores are startling against the brilliant blue of the sky and the dark green of the pines.

There is one spot in my woods that I like especially. That is where, years ago, a great pile of boulders were crushed together. The huge rocks are covered with moss and leaves now, and the trees which seem to be literally growing out of the rocks are gnarled and old. It seems very high, for it is on the upper edge of a very steep river bank; and when you climb to the summit of it, you feel as though you were on the top of the world, for it is almost three hundred feet down to the river. But when you look up, you realize that you have a long way to go before you reach the top of the world for there are always the tall pines above you, and there are the snow white clouds resting on the tips of the pines, and still higher are the swallows and swifts now almost perched on the puffs of clouds, and then gliding and swooping downward.

The leaves from this year and many years past are hurriedly shifting and moving and you can feel your restlessness go out from you and into them. And as the restlessness goes, the calmness of the clear green river comes to take its place.

SUSAN KIMBALL '51

## Once You Start

It was ten thirty when she was finally ready to go out. She had slept fitfully until nine or so and then, feeling uneasy and tense, she had decided to get up and have breakfast so that she could start as soon as possible. As she had eaten, the rest of the household had moved normally; but then, no one but her older brother, Hal, had known what she was going to do this morning—not try to do, but do. Her mother had outlined the day's plans and she had answered perfunctorily, realizing later that she would have to ask her mother to repeat the plans. She had been thinking of the coming ordeal.

Within this next hour would come the test. She was going swimming, not in itself an extraordinary event, but today she was going to overcome the disturbing fear which had been tossing for more than a month in her troubled, restless mind. The fear that after the accident she would not have the courage to start swimming in June had been persistently running through her mind, and although she repeated the thought to herself over and over again — that everything would be all right — she was nevertheless disturbed by the idea of impending cowardice.

Her mind slipped back to that memorable day in September of the previous year when she had been seized by cramps and had been unable to save herself. When the cramps had first seized her in her legs she had tried to remember all the instructions she had ever heard about what to do when one got them. She had tried to swim, but it had been very slow going using only her arms, and she was soon so tired that she had stopped. When she had tried to float, her legs had kept doubling up and pulling her back down into the dark, cold, unfriendly water. And then the fatigue and panic had swept over her and she sank. With a mighty sweep of her arms she had regained the surface and had sputtered, "Help," in a very feeble voice which sounded to her like a stage whisper in an empty amphitheater. Thinking that no one could have heard it, she tried again. And then she had heard in the distance, "Hold on, I'm coming. . . ."

She slipped quietly downstairs and out of the house into a brilliant, blue June day. The sun, so warm that she knew that today would be one of her beloved "scorchers," shimmered on the mountain lake

so magnificently that one seemed to see diamonds on a dark-blue silk cloth. She walked across the lawn mechanically; she seemed to be walking as if in a trance.

She began a mental dialogue with the coward in her. "Don't be afraid, you've been swimming for eight years and you've always been able to take care of yourself, haven't you? One little accident doesn't undo all the things which you have learned over such a long period of time. Other people have accidents and go swimming again; you can, too. Get hold of yourself and come on."

She reached the dock which rested on the sandy beach and started for the other end. Her loafers resounded loudly on the wooden boards and she was assailed by a sudden moment of panic which passed away as quickly as it had come. She suddenly shivered. The lake looked cold now and she felt a series of convulsive movements in her stomach as she reached the end of the dock. She stood in silence and as she looked down into the sparkling water the memories of September came rushing back, and after them the memories of the fun which she had had the previous summer with all her friends. This was not the time for quitting; her mind shrank from the word and she again strove to reassure herself.

"Take your robe off, walk to the edge of the dock, and dive in. Nothing could be simpler. Once you start, the rest will come by itself. But you have to move, you get nowhere just standing here."

With these thoughts she draped her terry-cloth robe over the arm of the rickety old beach chair which had served just this purpose for eight years and she slipped out of her loafers. As she adjusted her cap she turned and surveyed the shore behind her. No one was in sight, but she heard someone singing and she knew that Hal was watching from the house.

Approaching the end of the dock she thought, "Just keep moving."

She looked down into the cool water and at the same time her toes curled over the edge of the dock in the old familiar way. Then automatically she executed a graceful front dive. Little ripples spread in ever widening circles from the spot where her toes had disappeared from sight.

CAROLIN FURST '51







## Uncle Elizabeth

“Uncle Elizabeth,” the cat I had when I was a member of the cast of “I Remember Mama,” was one of the most intelligent cats I have ever seen. I was especially pleased when I was told that I was to have a cat in the play because I had never had any sort of pet before; my family was always moving around and we lived in apartments most of the time.

Uncle was a medium-sized cat when we got him from the Ellen Prince Spire Hospital (a home for orphan animals in New York City). The poor thing was very frightened, and his large, inquisitive eyes were particularly alert that first day. There was a clear-cut line between his clean white nose, chin and bib and his shining black coat, which later seemed to be a sort of reflection of his character. There was nothing vague or wishy-washy about that cat! In fact when I first read some critic’s review of the play, in which he called my pet “a black and white alley cat”, I was a bit startled. It had never occurred to me that that was all he was after all. Uncle had always seemed to me to be of some special species, far superior to any other.

Because he was such an inquisitive cat and liked his freedom we

had to keep him in my dressing room with the door shut. The observing little imp, though, soon caught on to our method of opening the door, and he would jump up and try to turn the handle with his front paws. Thereafter when he wasn't sleeping, someone had to watch his every move.

When it was time for him to appear on the stage, Uncle used to be transported in his traveling case from my dressing room to the door where I made my entrance with him, as we were afraid that he might run after all the exciting smells around him if we carried him down any other way. Then, just before my cue to go on, he would be taken out of the case.

One night during the tryout in New Haven the case was opened as usual, and the spry little thing, waiting for that moment, leapt out. Well, I never saw such a buzz of excitement backstage as at that moment! All the stage hands and all available members of the cast joined the chase, or should I say hunt, as he had disappeared under the set. Meanwhile I ran to the property man, who, fortunately, had a stuffed cat among his many possessions. Inasmuch as we weren't staying in town very long, they hadn't bothered to unpack everything. My heart was in my mouth as my entrance drew near, and the prop man had to try out several keys on the lock of the chest it was in. Finally succeeding in narrowing the search down to the right drawer, he pulled out a box all sealed up as if it had something fragile in it. After this was finally opened, I grabbed the object within it and ran on stage — just in time! Of course the actors on stage knew nothing of the commotion going on backstage, and, expecting everything to be as usual, delivered their lines to me perfectly calmly. It was a mighty good thing they had their backs to the audience, because the expressions on their faces when they saw that awful, dead-looking, brown-striped cat lying motionless in my arms, instead of a lively black cat, were priceless! They almost forgot their lines and had great difficulty in suppressing a giggle. My main worry during that moment was that the real cat would come stepping on stage, and I was trying to think of some means of explaining him to the audience. However, he didn't, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I made my exit and returned the stuffed animal to the chest.

Uncle meanwhile had been found calmly sniffing the pipes backstage as if nothing else mattered.

It was then that the management decided to get an understudy for Uncle. We found a black cat who looked just like the original — only not as intelligent. He never went on though, because Uncle became extremely jealous of the other feline and was very good thereafter. I was just as satisfied, for I preferred Uncle's temperament to his understudy's, and above all I was very thankful I didn't have to use that horrible stuffed thing again!

CAROLYN HUMMEL '51

## Night and Day

From a hilltop in Bermuda there is a view of what is known as the Great Sound, an extent of water which is enclosed on three sides by land, and its many inlets jut into the land, so that one wonders whether to think of the land as many peninsulas reaching into the sea's domain or of the many inlets as encroaching into the land. The view is one which may be enjoyed at all times and under all circumstances, not only at glistening, bright daybreak or on a calm, soft evening when all is still and expectantly waiting, but on a wild, blustery day with the wind bending down the dwarfish palms by the shore like soldiers in disarray doing calisthenics, and lifting restless white-caps over the water in a never-ending chase after one another. This body of water is always enthralling (and water I think is essential to make superb all but the vastest views).

On Regatta Day the whole Sound is alive with activity, and spotted with small-sized, medium and large boats, some with sails and some without; from a distance the scene might recall to one the surface of a mill-pond covered with myriads of insects, some winged and some not: the fitted dinghies are racing, and look like walnut shells under their sail spread that is the largest for their hull size in the world. Among the others, in a boat, you will find it bustling with life and noise. There are the clumsy old stake boats, and beautiful yachts hired by spectator parties, and one or two great sightseeing ferries perhaps. Also there are private motor boats of every conceivable — and inconceivable — shape and condition, smart, ugly, new, and derelict. Serene, well-bred spectators bob and bask agog in boats brilliant with bunting; old, grey, water-logged craft wallow,

bursting with life and rambunctious negro choruses accompanied by five-stringed guitars, an accordion, and much slapping of hands. A whisper would carry twenty yards over the water, and these singers and people cheering, arguing, shouting, betting, laughing, can be heard from shore to shore. The whistle-blasts, off beat and of different pitches, all make one unforgettable din. All life seems to be on the water; if anyone is ashore he feels quite out of something he ought certainly to be in. Some boats are moving purposefully, some are gliding slowly, drifting, or biting into the wind with sheets tightening as a quick puff wafts over the fleet. The center of it all is the line of dinghies racing forward unable to go faster than the forces of nature will take them, and with all the racers' eyes glued to the nearest competitor. Away speed majestically the little boats under their towering sail spread and powerfully full, beautiful spinnakers, and back again on another course, when the crews become more tense and notice with quick sharp eyes every ripple on the water which may mean a squall. Continual calculations are necessary for the skippers, for those boats with the right of way must intercept the others at the precise second when they may nose them into the wind. A decisive conch-shell blast from the stake boat heralds the final arrival of both the victorious and the crestfallen. As the race-boats gather round the dismasting barge, and restow all their gear, the true sportsman's spirit of the crews is manifested in the wisecracks and amusing banter of these men, some of whom are perhaps famous ocean racers and some, mere slender bailing-boys. Although the participants are the last to depart, the light is speedily failing and the Sound very quickly empties all the craft into the bays and nearby inlets and inner harbor. No stage is too fully set for Nature to empty or reverse it entirely in any time she wishes. We can never anticipate what new sight a lightning change, or a renewal or ending of daytime, will bring to add variety to the — basically, yes — constant landscape.

From the garden of a cottage above the shore, by the golf-course, one can enjoy a different phase of the Sound's almost constant activity. The sun is already below the horizon, though still visible only to a plane way up over the ocean, in the painted clouds. On blink the lights at the Naval Operating Base. The red aviation lights on the towers come first, next the yellow lights, then those on the



buoys to mark the landing area for the seaplanes. Soon all is ablaze on the opposite shore, but apart and subdued. Then come the planes, two big flying boats, alternating. The pilots must practise their "circuits and bumps," one making the landing while the other is in the middle of the circuit. The routine is monotonous, and it keeps on for one, for two hours. Endlessly, the plane approaches, the sound grows louder, the machine thunders over (though it is hundreds of feet higher than it seems) and fades away. Just then, when the sound is almost gone, again it grows.

Of a sudden, more suddenly than it started, the activity ceases. Where there was noise — the regulated, expected, inevitable noise — there is nothing. The water shines like ice, and you realize it is dark. But the darkness has not dropped as suddenly as the noise has been put away with the machines; it has been lowering imperceptibly, and only now is the fact perceived. All is finished, but one waits for the activity a new sun will bring to the still, dark scene.

SYLVIE ANN WALLACE '51



### Senseless

I'm laughing but I know not why,  
And in a moment I shall cry.  
An open book before me lies  
And though I see it with my eyes,  
It isn't there, and in its place  
There seems to be a grinning face.

DINO COLBURN '51

## One Step Down

Looking around her, she could see nearby mountains through the wisps of fog that shifted with the wind from one minute to the next, now shutting her out from the world with cold, wet clouds and now suddenly evaporating to disclose the ravines and ridges on either side of her and the steep, stony path ahead. In the west the sun began to shine weakly, as though apologizing for the drizzling rain it had allowed to fall at intervals during the day, and promising to clear the sky for the night — as if that would do any good, she thought disgustedly. It *was* nice to be able to see a little before they descended below the tree line, certainly. The appearance of the sun made her feel warm and just comfortably tired, so that if they had been at the foot of the mountain and ready to drive home it would have been a "perfect ending to a perfect day"; but unfortunately they had nearly three miles to go before dark, and that over ground that was pretty rough, to say the least.

She was the youngest of the party of five vacationers from a nearby resort in the White Mountains. They had all been aching to make the climb, which was a full day's trip but not a very difficult one, because it was the end of the season, and it would have been terribly disappointing to go back to school without one last fling at the outdoors. The weather, however, had been against them. Each morning for nearly a week windowpanes had streamed water in response to hopefully inquiring glances all over New Hampshire; so when at last a day had begun properly with sunrise, the hardy adventurers had seized upon it for their expedition, with a superb defiance of the effects of prolonged and penetrating rain on a thick woods.

She had been as eager as any of them to make the trip, but the present circumstances had made her a bit dubious. Then before they had been long on the trail, it became obvious that she was a far less experienced hiker than her companions. Being of a friendly disposition, she didn't particularly mind sharing the path with a brook which chanced to be going their way; her troubles began later, when they bade farewell to the brook, wrung themselves out, and commenced the ascent of the cone. The cone was covered with large, loose grey-green rocks which were themselves perfectly solid and

safe, but which, because of their untidy arrangement on top of each other, teetered and slipped alarmingly when stepped on.

Although she had found this behavior of the "terra firma" disconcerting, her nerves had held out as far as the summit; but the return trip was too much. She had watched morosely as her companions leaped down from rock to rock with the agility of chamois; and had followed them with the tactics of the inchworm.

The physical effects of this method of progress were apparent on the palms of her hands and the seat of her dungarees; the effect upon her morale she tried to conceal, but it was more serious. The daylight, not of the brightest in the first place, would not last much longer, and the New Hampshire woods are not an ideal place for an evening stroll. The other four, going at their own pace, could easily cover the final three miles before dark, but with her retarding them, Heaven only knew when they would reach civilization!

They were at the top of the steepest part of the descent now. Far away, down and ahead, a stretch of road wound around the bases of the mountains, fitting itself to their contours like a length of tape, and quickly losing itself in the thick-growing trees which blanketed the lumpy New England landscape in all directions. That road was their goal. She sighed as in her mind's eye she saw herself hurrying toward it, tripping over her own feet in her efforts to keep up with the others. Why couldn't she have been a strong, agile, graceful, natural-born mountain-climber?

The others were getting ready to start again. She dragged her eyes back from the view and turned to pick up her sweater. It was damp and stuck with pine needles and bark. She brushed it carefully. I really should have worn something else and kept that sweater clean, she mused. It really doesn't belong here, any more than I do.

But how silly I am! She caught herself abruptly. I love these mountains! Every summer I have spent some of my most beautiful and satisfying hours among them. The mere fact that my friends can walk faster than I can is no reason for me to feel so sorry for myself. We all came on this trip to have a good time, not to find fault with each other. They don't mind waiting for me — why should I let it bother me? They like being in the woods — I like being in the woods — the only thing to be gained from hurrying is a sprained ankle. The thing for me to do is relax and let the others have fun



by having fun myself. This climb is a glorious experience and I am going to enjoy it!

The afternoon sun seemed to brighten as she stepped down to the next rock.

FRANCES LANE '51

## Still Life

The corridor lay drowsing and empty in the late afternoon warmth. It was so long that it reminded one of those exaggerated pictures of perspective that one finds in beginners' art books: its far end nothing more than a minute replica of the near one. The geometric pattern of the linoleum blocks on the floor stretched back through the dimness into a speckled blur. The white enamel drinking fountains glinted coolly at intervals in the dusk. The sunlight fell through the big window in a fat gold cone, exposing the dust that lay thick in the heavy air — a sharp contrast to the almost twilight of the rest of the hall.

It was completely silent and motionless; no breeze stirred the many papers tacked in disarray on the bulletin boards; not the slightest echo from the day's clamor remained. The many doors that lined the corridor stared back and forth at one another, blind and unseeing. Behind them ranged the class-rooms, hollow, abandoned, meaningless.

The pyramid of sunlight crept across the floor and up the wall. It reddened, softened, faded. Walls, floor, forms, and shapes became indistinguishable in the darkness. The hall, suddenly cold, lay as if dead. Then, reassuringly, a gentle hum and vibration invaded the quiet stillness. A soft, sibilant hissing came from the radiator. The warmth returned. The night came. The school slept.

SUSAN HUNTER '52



## Sorore Pulchra Regina Pulchrrior

*Lines addressed to Anna after the death of her sister Dido*

Sorore pulchra regina pulchrrior:  
Not to you but to your sister,  
Not to you was it ever said. . . .  
You were never loved by one  
Like him, were you?  
Perhaps,  
But it is not for us to wonder.

You were the trusted sister,  
And now you sit and weep.  
Little streams of salty tears  
Flow. Your heart is heavy.  
You can not sleep or rest.  
You are filled with sorrow.  
You were the trusted sister.

Pulchra regina is dead.  
And no goodbye was said.  
No parting word of love was given  
To you.

You did not know when you left her  
That never again  
Would you see her alive.  
'Twas only a small thing,  
The preparation for a sacrifice.  
Alas, the sacrifice was  
Rendered by you alone.  
She did not care.  
She wished to die.  
Or did she care too much  
To say goodbye?

She is gone. You weep.  
You were the trusting sister.

---

Does anyone understand you?  
You were a companion.  
You were kind, thoughtful,  
Understanding.  
You were the dearest friend  
Of a queen.

One day she met a man,  
A stranger to the beautiful city  
Of Carthage, your new home.

He was the son of a goddess.  
Your sister loved with all her heart.  
You thought he was kind.  
You understood your sister  
When she came to you for counsel.  
But, did she understand you?  
I sit and speak to you.  
And these words are a tribute  
To you, you, the gentle sister,  
The sister of a queen.

CAROLIN FURST '51



## Approach of the Hurricane

Someone had heard the Coast Guard storm warnings, and word soon spread to those who hadn't. A hurricane was on the way.

Fretful, fearful old women hastened to have a yard man close up the shutters; leisurely couples folded up their lawn furniture; and sailors secured their boats.

Cape Cod is a haven for old women. Most of them are the wives or sisters of old sea captains. The latter are of a race which is fast dying out, and there are few men left to tell of beating around the Horn in a three-masted schooner before the days of steam. These women who remain are saucy, bright-eyed individuals, and have an extensive fortitude and courage, but are apt to sit up all night with a few candles in readiness, when the big storms come. They are hard masters of the shiftless yard men and must have the shutters just right and the boards in exactly the correct position. They wait.

A few summer people remaining to close up their houses, and incidentally to absorb some well-advertised New England autumn, struggle to gather together their folding chairs and lounges of metal tubing. They do no more, considering the storm to be a spectacle solely for their benefit. They are too inexperienced to fear it. They have heard how, last fall, a certain elm tree crushed the library roof; but it is repaired now, and it all seems a bit unreal.

Sailors are a hardy crew, but as vigilant as new mothers where their boats are concerned. They have worried together all morning about the merits of beaching a boat or adding an anchor. They make quick, late-at-night trips to the docks for a last check-up, and perhaps to tie their swinging spars. They, most of all, realize the danger of such a blow. They curse the moon for its fullness and the accompanying flood tides. They pull together to secure rowboats far beyond the high tide mark. With nightfall, their eager eyes watch the barometer to detect a suspicious falling of the needle.

The dread calm falls...

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## Sunday Morning Scene

In twos and threes and ones, the little cherub-faced infants flow steadily into the parish house for the morning Sunday School session. Outside in the street the traffic is thick with dishevelled and sleepy parents jockeying for the best position from which to eject their young. In each car all that can be seen are little bobbing heads. The children burst out of each car and grabbing their Manila envelopes in one hand, holding hats fast with the other, they run up the path as if the salvation of their souls depended upon doing it faster than they did it last Sunday. Upon entering the sacred portals their pace slows to a brisk and determined walk directed to the chair farthest from the door — this with neither a glance to left nor right.

Finally, all the chairs being filled, the teacher begins the service, not without first considerable debate as to *who* she had promised could light the candles — “No, you did it last Sunday, Billy. You can’t do it again today.”

The most sought-after duty of the day being delegated, the service begins. From my vantage point at the back of the room, with the rest of the assistants, all I can see are bobbing yellow straw bonnets on the right and rough bobbing boys’ heads on the left. Hardly a face is directed toward the teacher in front of them. Their eyes are directed in a vacant, shifting stare to any point that is not the teacher. Sturdy little legs are constantly swinging to and fro. Sturdy little blunt-toed shoes bang-bang against the scarred chair legs. Sturdy little bodies wiggle and wiggle. The effect is that of looking over a constantly-moving, restless sea. Occasionally one of the funeral chairs collapses and crashes to the floor, arousing a momentary giggle and an admonition to “Sit on the front of your chair, Jimmy, and that won’t happen.” During all this the door in the back of the room has been opening and shutting with the regularity of a metronome, and at each opening a child wanders across the room. He stops confused when he realizes there are no more chairs left, and an assistant creaks noisily on tip-toe to get him one. The assistant is no sooner seated than the process is repeated.

Finally the children are told they may go to their classes. As the teacher speaks, a murmur grows, to be climaxed by a bedlam-like



roar as they rush to their tables. The object is, while pushing your chair in front of you, to get a place nearest the teacher fastest and with the most noise. Finally, the room subsides to a dull roar, and the classes begin, interrupted now only by an occasional fight over a pencil or a sticker. If they can draw, their joy knows no bounds. If they can have a colored sticker, heaven can offer nothing more. But this joy burns out nearly as quickly as it flared up, to be replaced by the habitual vacancy, or frustration at not getting a picture of the bird to paste.

Suddenly it is over. Suddenly your table is empty. Only forgotten lessons, Manila envelopes, and a pair of little mittens are left to remind you of the presence of their owners. You call them back; they receive their possessions without a glance, having already forgotten about Sunday School. They are pushing out of the doors in a sluggish stream, each wide-eyed and vacant-faced, waiting for the moment when they can run out into the sunshine as fast as they can and to their mothers' cars.

POLLY W. PARADISE '51



## Vineyards

Vineyards have a very funny smell to them. Of course, in season they smell of the grapes, rich and fruity; but there is also another compound aroma that lends the true distinction to the section. It is a mixture of manure, humus and alfalfa; of wildflowers, violets, and warmth. Everyone knows that warmth is an odor as well as a sensation: a dusty, thick odor, oppressing the senses and inducing drowsiness. Then there is the smell of the vine, pithy and dry; and of the broad, green, growing leaves. Sometimes you may catch, faint and far-off, the smell of the cedar grape-stakes. In the fall, the fresh lumber of the picking-boxes perfumes the air; in the winter, there is a smell of snow, cold and clear, and of frosted earth hardened beneath your feet; and in the spring, the blossoms on the vines give off the sweetest scent. The whole effect is unimaginable and unforgettable.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## Across the Aisle

I sank gratefully into the last empty seat and, leaning back, closed my eyes momentarily, drawing a deep sigh. It had been a busy day, but my Christmas shopping was now completed, except for those last minute items which mothers, the godsenders, always manage to pack off to distant and forgotten relatives. It was already twilight, and darkness was fast descending over the wintry heavens. Bare trees spread their fingery branches skyward, the city lights blinked merrily, buildings flashed past; the holiday spirit was really in the air! I glanced at my watch. There was nearly half an hour to ride. Settling my packages beside me, I took a casual glance at the occupants of the bus.

It was then that I saw her. She was sitting directly across the aisle from me, a small middle-aged woman with a squat figure. She was poorly dressed. Her threadbare coat of nondescript brownish color must have seen many seasons. Her black shoes were tired looking. A faded print kerchief, frayed at the edges, was tied around her head and under her chin, and her black hair was pulled severely back under the scarf. Her nose was long and crooked. Years of anxiety and care were written on her face. At first glance, the brown eyes seemed hard, bitter, as if they were at odds with the world; yet even as I looked, the woman spoke to the small boy she held on her lap and the hardness in her eyes melted away. The thin pencil line of her lips curved slowly into a smile, and the worry wrinkles on her face were transformed into the caressing expression of motherly love. At something the little boy had said she broke into a laugh, revealing two gold teeth along with a mouthful of white ones. Why, she's almost beautiful, I thought.

And then, as suddenly as it had come, the smile vanished and the sparkling brown eyes returned once more to their original hard stare. She must have been through a lot, I mused. Her character was plainly portrayed in her face. Fate had doubtless been cruel to her, yet she had made the best of bad luck. The woman was a kind mother to her child. She gave him love and devotion — probably the only things of which she had an abundance to offer. I'd like to know more about her, my curious mind wandered on. Where could she live? In a

poor section of some big city, most likely. Perhaps I could do something for her sometime: send her some food or clothes for her little boy. I glanced again at the weathered face. The brown eyes were stubborn and obstinate. No, she was much too proud ever to accept any gifts. She would probably live her whole life in the same routine.

Just then my mind's thoughts were suddenly interrupted as the woman stood up and collected her meagre bundles. Clutching her child by the hand, she counted out her pennies to the conductor, stepped off the bus, and vanished into the gathering shadows.

DEBORAH SNOVER '52

## The Beauty Parlor

(With Asides)

As I walk into the beauty shop  
And see the pictures on the wall  
I catch my breath, enraptured, stop  
And eagerly peruse them all. . . . .

(One advertises a shampoo containing an ingredient able to dye hair any conceivable hue, but with slight resemblance to nature's intent; another advises from over the sink that if the sun in mid-July should turn my nose bright pink, this wondrous face cream I should try; but the sign whose promise enthralls me most hangs over the center hair-cutting booth; its words are brief but mighty; its boast: Sophisticated Coiffures for Youth!)

Now I may be young, but I must be chic  
Like the model whose portrait adorns the sign;  
Her gracious beauty is what I seek,  
And here is a way to make it mine!

(But my enthusiasm is not quite shared by Madame, whose plainly puzzled frown reveals much surprise that I could have dared think such a style could be my own; she recommends for me instead a horribly school-girlish cut as "more becoming to my head." But I am firm, so in despair she promises that she'll create from my bedraggled mop of hair a copy of that fashion plate.)

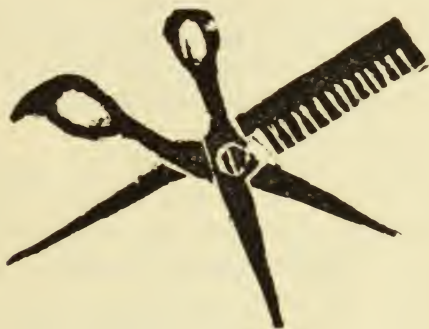


Away she snips; hair falls in a heap  
While I dream of the vision I soon shall be;  
Now she has finished, and up I leap  
And dash to the mirror the "vision" to see!

(My, I look nice! But wait — oh dear, on me this cut has not the same effect as on the model! Queer — on me it really looks quite tame. But I prefer it tame. It feels more comfortable thus; a school-girl style was evidently meant for me. . . )

A schoolgirl style! Oh, now I see  
Why I am no sophisticate:  
Madame has cut my hair to be  
Her idea of a fashion plate.

FRANCES LANE '51



## Have a Cookie

Who is that slim, well-clad, young sophisticate stepping off the train carrying what looks like — yes, I believe it is — a dainty, ribbon-wrapped tin of Danish cookies which are undoubtedly for her aged mother. She seems to be looking around . . . why, she is. She's crawling under the train. Her tin seems to have burst. Passengers are gathering up the contents, which have flown a considerable distance around the steps. But she, herself, has found most of the dirty socks.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## On the Work of Albert Schweitzer and Walter White

As the white colonists discovered Africa and its potentialities, they began to use and exploit the country and the Negroes that lived there. They either made them slaves to work in Africa or shipped them like cattle across the sea to labor for unknown masters. In either case, the black man was regarded as an inferior being — near to the beast.

In this country, there have been and there are, even now, well educated men, of excellent background, who have the idea firmly planted in their thinking that the black man is inferior, equipped only to serve the white. Since before the Civil War there have been movements, first to free him from bondage, and now to make him a respected equal in society. In Africa, the Negro is still exploited, and has received many of the curses of civilization, such as certain diseases, and few of the advantages.

Walter E. White and Albert Schweitzer have both devoted their lives to serving the cause of the Negro. Walter White is a Negro and Albert Schweitzer is a white man. Walter White serves his people because they are his people and he feels acutely their mistreatment and their persecution and wants them to have equal rights in his and their own country. Schweitzer does because he feels it his bounden duty to serve humanity and civilization and because he feels he must atone for his own race's persecution of the Negro. White fights public opinion, prejudice, and forces that have been at work since the first slave ship landed in America. Schweitzer battles disease, misery and death in the depths of the steaming African jungle. White achieves his ends through newspapers, speeches, forcing legislation, trials, exposing shocking conditions and trying to awaken consciences. Schweitzer achieves his ends through the labor of his own hands, the sweat of his brow, teaching and ministering to the sick. For White, his work is his profession, his first love in life. But for Schweitzer it was a call — a sacrifice: a turning his back on fame, success as a theologian, philosopher, and organist. It was more than a profession — it was a service to God for man and

society. I feel his work was consecrated as the highest kind of service there is.

Although I don't feel that White is of the same calibre as Schweitzer, he, too, made a sacrifice. Because of the light color of his skin, he could have easily passed as a white man, and disclaimed any responsibility to his race and led a peaceful life, free of the personal risk, danger and the severe criticism he often has had to undergo in the line of his work.

Schweitzer was the son of a poor clergyman living in Alsace. He was a scholar of great repute and worked at many famous European universities. White was born in a Negro slum section in Atlanta, Georgia; his father, a frugal mailman, was barely able to educate White and his brothers and sisters. But for both Schweitzer and White their backgrounds were of piety, near poverty and Christian living.

The two have one outstanding common characteristic. They have both devoted their lives to service, outside their own personal interests and each, although in different ways, has made the world a better place.

POLLY W. PARADISE '51

## New England Night

New England night,  
    spicy cool,  
devoid of light  
    peaceful pool  
of winding sighs.

Moist, moving clods:  
    dampened air  
from breathing sods  
    stretching bare  
With every breath.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## Grampa Joe

I would scuffle along the road, after each step dragging my bare toes through the soft dust on the side. The air would be blazing with sunlight so brilliant that it was painful to see, so hot that it ached to breathe. Everything would shiver and vibrate in the heat, and the steady staccato buzzing of the cicadas would drone through the otherwise parched silence; the softened tar would stick, warm and black, to the bottoms of my feet. I would turn from the smooth road into a stony, rutted path that led to the top of the hill. Then in the cool dimness under the motionless maples, I would wait until the swarms of little asterisks made by the sunlight had cleared away from my eyes, and I would be able to see a figure sitting and rocking on the porch of the rickety old house above me. I would wave and run, stumbling, up the hill to greet him. . . .

Grampa Joe was an old negro tramp: nothing else by profession but a roamer, finally come to rest. He was gnarled and grizzled and disreputable, and I adored him. Each day, from June on through September, I would trudge up to see him and hear the marvelous tales he would tell of his life and wonderful adventures.

His skin was a faded chocolate-brown, and on his face it folded into wrinkles and creases that changed and multiplied a thousand times with each expression. His hands were callused and crooked. They were capable of performing any task a small child like myself desired. They could and did fashion dolls out of corn stalks and leaves, whittle animals and tools out of soft pieces of pine, or tie up bundles of sweet herbs for me to keep under my pillow and smell before I fell asleep. He had only one set of clothes that I ever saw: an ancient pair of faded blue denims and a ragged red shirt, a pair of worn sneakers and a battered derby hat with the crown crushed in. He smelled of sweat and mildew and tobacco and often whiskey; but he had a sweet, soft voice that made you forget these other qualities. Sometimes he would sing to me. If he was fairly satisfied with how things were going, he would sing the gay and silly ballads, and we would laugh together about them. If he was not so happy, he would croon to me sad and beautiful spirituals; and I would often cry while he looked over my head to something far

behind me; and his yellowed brown eyes would have an inexpressible hurt in them.

But mostly it was stories; and mostly stories about Miss Rose. Miss Rose was his cow and she followed him around like a dog. She was the only other creature who loved him as much as I did. He used to say he didn't know which of us was "foolisher." No matter how securely he would tie her when he went away, she would manage to break loose and follow him, trailing ropes, chains, and other retaining paraphernalia behind her. He would tell me about the latest escapades of his bovine worshipper in outward disgust; but I always knew that inside he was as delighted and pleased as I was.

Each day of every summer I would sit with him until the sun would tangle itself in Jenkins' west orchard trees, when I would have to go home for supper. And then we moved away and I grew up and I never saw him again. But I shall always remember him, the solemnly gay and wondrously wise little old man, his dark figure rocking and waving to me as I walked backwards down the hill until the maple leaves cut him from view.

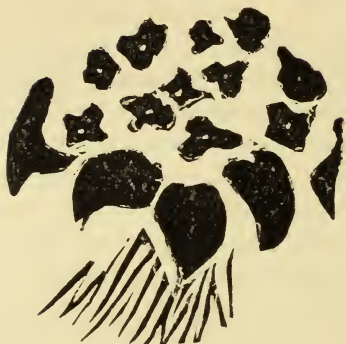
SUSAN HUNTER '52

## Development of a Symphony

Like the seed of a flower is the song which grows inside the artist's creative mind. It is a seed no different from the others. Like them it must be nourished: cultivated by the deep emotions and the sense of harmony born in the artist's brain. As the bud develops, so the song. Its shape, its nature, its color comes to light. The artist of music perceives his goal. His sensitive emotions strain to break their bonds of inability to express. His symphony, the flower of his creation, bursts forth upon the page of scores. The melody, the fragrance of the song, scents the air with its perfuming quality, while the richness of the accompanying parts completes the instrumental composition. Unlike the flower is the symphony, for the flower's destiny is death. There is no limit to the life of music. Where there is musical appreciation, the symphony will thrive and live forever.

DOROTHY MASSIE '51





### A Charm for Remembrance

First, take a pinch of rosemary, and add a bit of rue;  
With paste, it sticks upon the Harvest Moon,  
And if it sticks, your loneliness is nearly through.  
Your thoughts will soon be flying on a sea-gull's dazzling wings  
And you'll begin to think about a dram of little things:

The frosty taste of apples off a scarlet autumn tree;  
The summer smell of roses in the spring;  
The restless, ceaseless pounding of a winter sea;  
The fruity, sunny tang of grapes upon the blissful tongue;  
Or purple, pagan pansies in the palpitating sun.

I'm quite aware your heart will, homesick, add a bushel more  
For "each man to his own" as wise men say;  
My wares are cheap — just dreams and idle memories.  
So, lest the things you dearly love go far, and grow too old,  
Come with swift feet here to the market place where rosemary is sold.

ANN TAYLOR '51



## Brief Impressions

We camped half way up Lake Chesuncook, after our first day's paddling and after fighting wind squalls all afternoon. It was a lovely evening. The squalls had passed over and the setting sun cast a rosy warm glow over the wilderness—the blue water, the gray stone of the shore, the high grass with the silver dri-ki hidden in it and finally the deep green of the towering pines which begin the deep forest at the water's edge. A heavy dark cloud hung over the western horizon with edges of gold, and pink-gold rays gilded the clouds above and in back of us. In the gathering dusk the tepee looked like an orange Japanese lantern with smoke drifting from the top. The other fires on the shore grew more brilliant as the world grew darker. The only sounds were the lap of water against the shore and the quiet laughter and talk of the girls as they moved about their tasks or sat silhouetted against the sunset on a log of dri-ki.

Then the peace was broken by a pair of drunken lumberjacks as they putted by in an outboard motor boat, with raucous laughter and comments. Evidently they were interested in us, but they left us in peace. As they passed up the lake, we heard the echo of some stray shots.

My lean-to was pitched in the middle of an old, disused logging road, with high pines on either side. The next morning I woke up and saw the pale new sun slant in on the cathedral of pines, shedding a delicate radiance over the pine-needled aisle and the base of the trunks, leaving the tops in dusky dimness. All was in deep silence, except for the lapping of the water and the breathing of my companions. Suddenly a loon fled shrieking down the length of the lake, shattering the peace.

It became a fresh sparkling morning, with a feeling of Sunday about it. We crossed the narrows of the lake with even the passengers in each canoe paddling. Then we passed the logging camp. There were two low white tents, shining in the sun, each with half a flap open. There was a smaller brown tent between them — perhaps a cook tent or dingle. It was deserted except for one man in a white apron, who stepped out, and shielding his eyes against the morning brilliance, silently watched the line of canoes pass. No sign of greet-

ing was exchanged. From somewhere back in the forest the regular chunk of an axe was heard.

We reached the head of the lake and poled the canoes up Umbazookas Stream. The gently moving stream twisted through sun-yellowed meadows. Silver-grey skeletons of long dead trees rose starkly from the meadow and often their grotesque writhings were silhouetted against the heavy August clouds and sky. The sun cast a dull brightness. The string of canoes and their occupants glided silently in and out between the high banks, making the only movement and color in the still landscape. The drone and snap of the crickets, the plunk and plash of the poles and the low murmur of voices were the only sounds.

Several days later, on our return journey, we passed the place where the loggers' camp had been. The shore was empty and no trace remained, except for an empty bottle lying on the beach, and signs of where a fire had been. We had the wilderness to ourselves again.

POLLY W. PARADISE '51

## Life

Piercing desire . . . to seek, to wander  
To win and lose . . . to be infinitely happy  
or sad, alone or linked  
Is this all of life? To be crushed,  
and regain yourself again and again, and  
sometimes to raise others . . .  
There must be more, I look at the stars,  
I know.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## Descriptions of Autumn

Biting, barren morn  
Carrier of the laborer's breath  
Welcomes forth the hushed return of day.

Scarlet-permeated leaf  
Latched onto a red brick wall,  
Sears the eye  
With louder hue  
Than magenta curtain rippling on the window pane.

\* \* \* \*

Sallowy, yellow weed,  
Bare bones of blossoms fair,  
Prints upon the soil  
A wispy sketch  
Of terminated splendor.

Ash pale, sun-parched twig  
Supporting gaudy raiment,  
Decaying,  
Pauper torn,  
Bends slightly, giving with its load.

\* \* \* \*

Day, the realm of light,  
Is surveyed just before its close  
By mellow rays,  
Swept up  
From earth's galaxy  
Of leafy splendor.

MADELEINE KIMBERLY '51

## Fall Calendar, 1950

*Saturday, September 30* — School Picnic, Crane's Beach, Ipswich;  
New Girl-Old Girl Party in the evening

*Sunday, October 1* — Vespers, Miss Hearsey

*Saturday, October 7* — Senior Picnic, Crane's Beach; Folktale Puppet  
Studio in the evening

*Sunday, October 8* — Vespers, The Rev. A. Graham Baldwin, D.D.,  
School Minister P.A.

*Wednesday, October 11* — Gargoyle-Griffin Initiation, Davis Hall

*Saturday, October 14* — Corridor Skits, Abbey, Sherman and Home-  
stead

*Sunday, October 15* — Vespers, The Rev. Howard Thurman, D.D.,  
Fellowship Church, San Francisco

*Saturday, October 21* — Miss Margaret Babington, "The Romance of  
Canterbury Cathedral"

*Sunday, October 22* — Vespers, The Rev. Palfrey Perkins, D.D., Min-  
ister, King's Chapel, Boston

*Friday, October 27* — Mrs. Dorothy Waldo Phillips

*Saturday, October 28* — Hallowe'en Party

*Sunday, October 29* — Vespers, Mrs. Dorothy Waldo Phillips

*Friday, November 3* — Seniors-P.A. Square Dance for the W.S.S.F.

*Saturday, November 4* — Senior-Mids went to Exeter for football  
game, dinner, and dance; Lecture by Mr. Gilbert Merrill of the  
Boston Museum of Natural Science

*Sunday, November 5* — Symphony Concert in Boston; Vespers, The  
Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor Emeritus, First Church  
in Cambridge

*Saturday, November 11* — School movie: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*;  
Andover-Exeter football game at Andover

*Sunday, November 12* — Vespers, The Reverend Hans Sidon, D.D.,  
The German Presbyterian Church, Lawrence

*Wednesday, November 15* — Field Day; Awards in the evening

*Saturday, November 18* — Mrs. Bradford Washburn, Illustrated Lecture on Arctic Travel

*Sunday, November 19* — Student Recital

*Wednesday, November 22* — Thanksgiving Service

*Thursday, November 23* — Thanksgiving Day

*Saturday, November 25* — School movie: *The Count of Monte Cristo*

*Sunday, November 26* — Lecture on India, Dr. Eddy Asirvatham

*Saturday, December 2* — *The Three Sisters*, Margaret Webster Production in Cambridge; Concert by Miss Kate Friskin

*Sunday, December 3* — Symphony Concert in Boston; Vespers, Mr. Bradford Haynes, Trinity Church, Concord

*Friday, December 8* — School movie: *Sitting Pretty*

*Saturday, December 9* — Tea Dance for the Junior Class at Phillips Academy; Senior Plays in the evening

*Sunday, December 10* — Vespers, The Abbot Christian Association

*Saturday, December 16* — A.C.A. Christmas party in the afternoon; Christmas Reading, Miss Hale, in the evening

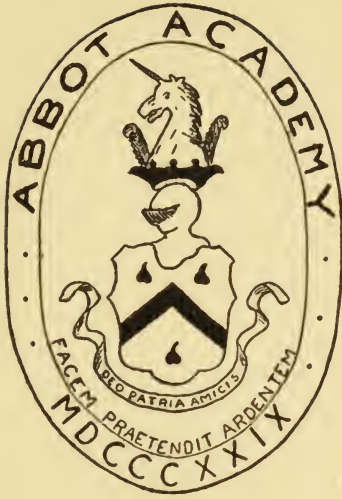
*Sunday, December 17* — Christmas Service, Miss Hearsey

*Monday, December 18* — Christmas Dinner and Carol Singing

*Tuesday, December 19* — Christmas Vacation







# The Abbot Courant

June, 1951

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY





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# The ABBOT COURANT

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JUNE, 1951

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BW

## A Problem

I am a human being, and as such, my nature is human nature. I am driven by my ambition and by a strange force called conscience, while at the same time I am retarded by an inertia resulting mainly from laziness, but partly from a sense of impotent futility. My motives are primarily selfish, but my desires take many forms: I want comfort, honor, love, happiness for myself; but experience teaches me that these things come only to people who concern themselves with the welfare of others, so I try to conquer or at least disguise my selfishness. The goals of my ambition and the ideals of my conscience are impossibly high, making me restless and discontented when I should be happy. They show me what I should do to make a success of myself in one sense, and what I ought to do to make a decent, worthwhile, successful person of myself in another. They make me think about what people in general ought to be, what the world ought to be; I think hopefully, because I am young, but as I grow older I shall probably either cease to worry about the subject or become a useless visionary or cynic — of course I may become a practical and constructive idealist, a great boon to humanity, but the possibility is slight.

The world is full of human beings, all more or less like me. I don't know whether they all worry about the Fate of the World, but I expect they do at one time or another. But anyway, they are individuals. They are certainly practically all interested in themselves. Many of them are very unselfish, but unfortunately not enough (if any, for that matter) are so completely unselfish and incorruptible as to have any great and lasting influence on society. This human element, I believe, is and always will be the stumbling-block of idealistic governments, such as Communism and even Democracy, and of organizations like the League of Nations, because their strength comes from the people, and the people just haven't enough strength. If it is possible to change human nature, the process is a long one — centuries long. Meanwhile our lives will go on as usual: a minority seriously trying to improve society, the majority wanting only to live and let live, and another minority creating corruption. This fundamentally static condition can be frustrating to reformers, and bring disaster and misery upon millions of innocent



victims . . . but apparently nothing can be done about it. As long as human nature remains the same, its faults will hinder the progress of government; and the only practical way to change human nature is from the inside out: every person in the world must make a voluntary (and successful) effort to improve his own character by obliterating selfishness from it. There are two billion people in the world. It will take a long time.

FRANCES LANE '51

## Summer Evening

The moon is a pearl displayed on cloud-studded black velvet. The waves roll past, ceaseless, glinting, to break upon the distant crescent of beach. The wind is fresh, strong and salt-flavored. It blows steadily through the cool night, entangling hair, filling sails, sweeping mind and heart clean of all despondencies and fears.

Moonlight sailing. Pure contentment and freedom distilled on an August evening. A reel of fantasy shown in black and white. A trip to visit God.

Look back — no, farther; beyond the swirling wake to the heavy dark line that divides the sea from the sky. Even now, at this hour, it is well peppered with pinpoints of light. Land; your home; your country. How distant it seems. What do those golden pricks signify? A man working late; a hospital; a night club; a mother reading to a fretful child. Each tiny yellow square, like pin-flags on a map, depicts a human being, good, bad, or undecided.

But here, cut off from their confusion, turmoil, and uncertainty, you are untouched. There is no sound save the wind and waves. Speaking here would be like sneezing on purpose in church. You three companions sail on, sharing your love for the boat and confidence that you will soon reach the remote horizon and pluck from the sky that low-hung star. Apart from that mutual tie, you are alone, thinking, a little incredulous at the pettiness of landbound mankind, but mostly just happy to be here, arm crooked over the tiller, or leaning against the coaming with the sheets secured behind you, or on your stomach on the foredeck under the jib, cleat pressing into your side, showered by the spray thrown up with each new wave.

Too soon you must give up that distant star and come about and head for shore. Once more terrestrial bonds have ensnared you in a fine woven net of minutes and hours. The run back is tinged with regret, yet even when you've moored, cumbersome sails have been bagged, and you are rowing to the dock in a wet-bottomed dinghy, the spell is not quite broken. There is only temporary sadness in this ending, for with the next night of moonlight and good wind, it will be the beginning again. You are tired, but filled with an inexpressible contentment; and when you reach home and bed, you fall asleep at once with peace in your heart and a taste of salt in your throat.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## The Quiet Time

I walked through the ruins and thought of the stories that must have been hidden in each stone. These walls had once circled a small monastery, and although I knew nothing of the history of its inhabitants, I tried to imagine what they were like. There was a court yard with a well in the center, an open altar and many small rooms. One of these contained stone coffins: long slabs of stone with a space for a body hewn out of them. No roof remained, and the sun and rain had nourished the foliage and grass covering each crevice of the place. A small house contained many chipped stones and images found within the walls, and the whole place was kept beautifully neat and clean. A little brook, with a bridge over it, flowed past this quiet spot and tall trees made a roof for the deserted stones.

It was a small place but full of memories. You could visualize the personalities of the monks that had once inhabited these ruins: simple men, but steadfast in their purpose and eager to do their duty. I could almost see their friendly eyes and still feel their presence after so many years. The children of the nearby village often came there to play; it was a perfect place for hide-and-seek. I'm sure that those former inhabitants would be pleased to see such happy faces in their old home. The minute you came near this spot you respected it and treated each small flower with reverence. A feeling of calmness hung over the remains of that monastery, a calmness which was transferred to each visitor and stayed awhile, until driven out by other thoughts.

PATTY SMITH '51



## Magnetic Illusion

The unkempt, haggard-looking man peered quizzically at the other men in the small group. His whole expression was uncertain and his gaze bespoke a deep-rooted sense of anxiety and insecurity. His eyes were small but they had a sharp gleam and darted from place to place with a nervous twitch. Although his clothes were fairly new they fitted badly and looked as though they might have seen many nights in downtown parks. He needed both a haircut and a shave but even these alterations would not have changed the coarse features of his large, pasty face. His nose was wide and insensitive and his long, thin lips curled into a sneer or a snarl whenever he spoke.

Soon he addressed one of the group around him. His face hardened as they started to argue vehemently. Others joined in but the argument centered around the disheveled man known as Pete by his cronies. The subject in question was the afternoon's race and the bets Pete had placed. He was sure he had picked the winners. Hadn't the bookies given him tips; hadn't he consulted men who really knew? Only last night this same group had argued and decided which horses to bet on, but now they were telling him he would lose. Well, he would show them.

He was desperate and his voice grew louder. Only he knew how much money he had risked on three horses. How could they stand and laugh, arguing, swaggering and whistling at the cheap chorus girls walking along Broadway? How could they take life so complacently while he was in danger of losing money — a lot of money — more money than he could account for, if he lost.

Pete shoved that thought from his mind. He began calculating how much he could win. No one listened. He made wild speculations, not only on horses but on anything he could grasp to obliterate the fear that clutched his mind. He grew louder and more arrogant, but it was clear that his bravado was only skin deep.

"I'll bet I win all three races and next time I'll win again. Why I bet that this time next year I'll be sitting up in a penthouse while you boys are still hanging around the bookies."

Soon he could stand it no longer and flipped a coin to one of the

small boys who stood gaping at the group of men and at Pete in particular.

"Get me the *News*, quick. Wait till it's out and bring it here."

While he waited he shrugged his shoulders and hunched his back. In spite of his anxiety life continued around him and the crowds got thicker as evening approached. The Needix where the group was huddled was doing a rushing business as people lined up for the hockey game at Madison Square Garden next door. Customers sipped their fresh-fruit orange drinks but paid no attention to Pete or the rest of the group. Neon lights blazed through fog and smoke and all the colors fused together in a grey haze. The crowds melted into a flowing mass before Pete's listless eyes. His life depended on the outcome of the races but no one else cared. The soda jerks with their blue and white starched caps repeated endless orders over dictaphones and poured countless orange drinks. Customers plunked down the necessary change and slid off their stools paying no heed to the lonely figure in the corner.

Pete stood with his hands clenched. His knuckles were white and his nails dug into his palms. He stood with his nose pressed against the window looking for the boy returning with the all-important paper. His life depended on the betting tables on the sports page and the headlines proclaiming the winners of today's races. An image of a newspaper whirled before his eyes but everything was blurred beyond recognition. He strained to be able to distinguish the words but only phrases like "and the" or "today's winner" leaped up at him from the blur.

His hands dug down deep in his pockets as if they thought they could grasp security by plunging into the familiar warm depths. Pete's breath came unevenly. He had ceased to argue or to speculate, and he was worn out physically and mentally. The sudden loss of strength spent trying to convince himself and others that he was right had left him weak, and his legs felt like macaroni.

The others wandered off in twos and threes. Some went home and others continued their nightly round of bars and taverns. Nobody paid any attention to Pete as he stood slumped against the plate glass front of the Needix.

A small hand clutching the *News* thrust itself up near Pete's face and startled him out of his dreams. He tore open the paper to the

sports section, fumbled as he found the correct page, and took one look at the headlines.

He paid the boy, dropped the paper, and left.

The next day the same group gathered idly near the Needix but Pete was missing. The conversation moved desultorily from the forthcoming Stanley Cup play-offs to the prospects of the Dodgers and presently to the races. A short, stocky Italian asked for Pete because he had a sure winner to tell him about. The others quietly told him that Pete had been picked up again late the night before on charges of starting a brawl over next week's races. The scene of the fight was a bookie's pool room hang-out where Pete was accustomed to placing his bets. The Italian shrugged his shoulders and said he could wait. The conversation lagged. The men dispersed.

The racing sheet of the *Daily News* still lay in the corner next to a scrap of the one from the week before.

MUFFY FINGER '51

## Upon Reading Too Many Detective Stories

Hot ice silhouetted against the black  
Of a sky shot with the salmon pink  
Blood of the bullet-riddled sun, dying slowly  
In the hideout of the western mob.  
The wind, a tawdry gangster's moll,  
Clad in a sleazy, too-tight rayon dress,  
Wails in a two-bit dive for supper.  
Coffin-nails, snow, trailing off  
Into the gruesome glimmer of a burglar's wick,  
And through it, as a theme, the blues songs run.  
A heritage of death, a bitter cake  
Baked by our fathers to keep us from starvation.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## The End

I unsnapped the latch and pulled open the heavy half door of the stall.\* The stud extended his head to snuffle my shirt. As I put my hand up to touch him, he squealed and wheeled quickly.

"Don't show your heels to me, kid," I muttered.

He halted and turned. His eyes rolled wildly, showing the whites. His nostrils flared in mock terror. I extended the halter. He eyed it curiously. Then, dropping his head, he swayed slowly back and forth until he was just out of reach. There he stopped. He blew loudly, sending up a flurry of sawdust. I let him take his time.

"Today's one day I'm not anxious to get hold of you, fella. . . . For once I don't want to put this halter on that pretty head of yours. . . . Take your time. . . . Please don't come. . . . Please. . . ."

His muzzle pushed against my stomach. I didn't move. He began to blow down my neck. It tickled, so I pushed him gently. Without a struggle he let me put on the halter. Carefully I slipped it over his ears. He didn't like having his ears touched. I pushed open the door. Before leading him out I put my arms around his neck, pressing my face against the warm body I loved so well, smelling the horse smell. I love you, I thought. Lord, how I love you. . . . I couldn't keep this from happening. . . .

Impatiently he stamped his hoof, bringing me abruptly back to reality.

His hooves clattered over the cement floor and down the runway.

"Okay, Mister," I said. He looked at me sharply and turned to lead the way. Silently we passed the gang of horse people who were my life. One gave the horse a pat.

We walked across the field and into the trees. The dust rose in sickening waves, cloying my throat, irritating my skin. I couldn't get a firm grip in the sand. The stud began to fidget. I patted him absently.

In the little grove of trees stood the vet. His black case sat like a watchdog by his side. The horse pivoted in a circle around me, testing the lead. His muscles rippled smoothly under the bright bay coat. Nervously he pricked his ears forward, then back.

\* We used a snap because the horse could open regular bolts.

He struck his show pose, stretching his hind legs, arching his neck, freezing his whole body into a statue of perfection.

"I can't do it," I said quietly. "I can't do it. You'll have to hold him."

"No. You're the only one he trusts. You saw him born, you trained him, you showed him, you put him in the stud. And now..."

"Don't finish. I'll stay."

The vet looked at me kindly.

"All set?"

I nodded.

The gun glinted in the sun. The stallion's eyes followed the pistol as it was raised. He leaned back a little without breaking his pose. His eyes met mine.

The crack of the pistol echoed off the buildings for several minutes. As the stud leapt into the air, the lead burned through my fingers. I turned toward the barn. But first, I saw the vet's sharp knife sink in. I walked slowly, fighting the sickness. Somehow I reached the buildings. I walked to the tack room and leaned against the door. Jim, the colored man, stopped his sweeping. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry he's dead. He were a good horse. Too bad he went crazy."

"Thanks, Jim. Thanks a lot."

I pushed away from the door and went to the old stall. For a moment I stared at the empty stall, at the hoofprints on the sawdust. Then I latched the door and slipped the lock into my pocket.

RUTH GARDNER '53

## Ella

And there was Aunt Ella—

Quite dry and crinkly, she sat on the horsehair chair.

Something rather timeless about her as she sat

Carefully darning, mending, patching with a bit of worn red velvet  
and gold silk thread

Her pride.

JO ANNE SMITH '51



## Sunday Morning Ordeal

Betsy dropped from the cushioned seat, making a loud click with her new patent-leather shoes as she landed on the marble floor. The father looked down at her reproachfully, gave a loud "ssshh," and started booming out the hymn in his deep bass voice. "Daddy loves to sing," she thought, looking up at him. "Daddy's mad, too, 'cause I made a big noise with my feet just then when I jumped. But I have much farther to go than he does, and I've got to make noise when I land!" The small girl looked around the church. Everyone was very busy singing. There was Mary Jane, sitting right across the aisle, looking very immaculate and pious in her new spring Sunday clothes. "She thinks she's so smart, just 'cause she's a little older than me! I'd love to cut off one of those big fat pigtails she's so proud of. Bet she'd go crybabying to her mommy." Betsy's thoughts were interrupted by her mother, who was pulling her down and telling her to close her eyes and to pray. Betsy knelt obediently on the little stool — that part was fun. The stools were cushiony and made squishing sounds if you jumped on them hard enough. "How could you keep your eyes closed," Betsy wondered, "when you were awake? In the daytime people's eyes were *meant* to be open." She opened her left eye cautiously to peek at her father who was sitting on her left. He had his eyes closed, too. She opened her other eye and looked cautiously around the church, being careful not to make noise so Mommy would not catch her with her eyes open. The people looked so funny, all hunched over. Some of them were mumbling. Betsy glanced sideways at Mary Jane. She had her hands folded and her eyes closed, too. "Maybe she'll fall asleep that way and stay there all day. I hope she does!" Betsy observed wickedly. She had a sudden desire to see what Mr. Stires, the minister, looked like when *he* prayed. Up went her small head, cautiously, till her round, wide eyes reached just over the top of the pew. "Oh, how funny." He was standing in his little box, looking up at the ceiling, only with his eyes closed and his hands all spread out. Everyone was saying "Amen" now, and people were getting up from the floor.

Mr. Stires was talking. It was something about God which Betsy did not understand. Mommy and Daddy talked about God, too.

Mommy had told Betsy once that all good people loved, feared, and believed in Him, and when Betsy had said she wanted to meet God, Mommy had told her he wasn't really a human-being, but a person who lived up in heaven and looked down and watched over everyone. "How queer! How can these people believe in God when he isn't here at all? If they've never met him, how do they know whether they like him?" She wondered what God looked like. She imagined him as very old, with sort of dried-up skin like grandpa's, and gray hair and spectacles. "He must have fun watching everyone. That would be a nice job. I'd like to be God. If I were God I'd give all the little girls and boys ice-cream and candy whenever they wanted it. Except maybe Mary Jane. No, I wouldn't give her any. She's too stuck-up!"

The click of Mommy's pocketbook opening brought the little girl's wandering mind back once again to reality. Men were walking around now with big plates, and people were putting money in them. Mommy had given Betsy a brand-new shiny quarter today to put in the plate, but the little girl knew if she gave a quarter she couldn't buy a nickel-box of candy drops after church, or those little round chocolates. They were so good, and they cost one nickel for five. And besides, a quarter's an *awful* lot of money to give to that old plate! A plan was forming in Betsy's mind. When the plate came to her she dropped her shiny quarter into it, but, much to Mommy and Daddy's dismay, quickly and unobtrusively extracted two nickels in change.

Now the people were singing again and the boys in the long, white flowing robes were leaving the church. Betsy suddenly grew aware of a great impatience to be outside and free!

But no — people were kneeling once more. Betsy got down quickly onto her little cushion, but she didn't pray. Instead, she watched the boy who put out the candles with a shiny gold stick. Then the small girl was aware of people around her moving and getting up. It was over! Betsy rose and pushed forward, eager to get out. But her mother was holding her back. Mommy didn't speak to Betsy. She just looked mad. She took the two precious nickels away with a reprimanding slap of the little hand that clutched them. Then Daddy led Betsy down the aisle and out into the bright, spring sunshine. Betsy never did get her mints or chocolates, and she sensed

that she was going to get something else instead — a good, sound talking to, but somehow she didn't mind too much. The small girl began to skip down the sidewalk in the shade-splotched sunshine. Church was over for another week.

DEBORAH SNOVER '52

## New York Street Scene

The dawn of a new day: the bristly sound of the street cleaner's brush in the otherwise empty street, the friendly clink of the milk bottles as the milkman keeps his six o'clock appointments. The city streets are bathed in the half-light of early morning. Here and there a blind is raised or a window thrown open. One by one the early morning commuters begin their days and the streets of New York resume their usual dusty, crowded atmosphere.

The crowd swells: children on their way to the park, hurrying young secretaries, shoeshine boys, business men and the people who are always madly dashing somewhere. It diminishes somewhat at noon and every eating place is filled to the brim. Throughout the afternoon people are hurrying in every direction, the shops are full and the streets ring with the cries of newspaper boys heard above the constant noise of the crowd. Then at five o'clock the streets, busses, subways and trains are suddenly jammed. It is pure bedlam for about an hour. Later there is a faint lull while people linger over their evening meal before seeking the thrills of the entertainment world. Lights begin flashing... red, green and blue. New York is a maze of intermittent brilliancy. Theater-goers step out of taxis and a spirit of laughter and gaiety hangs from the ceiling of the dark night, from the point above the streets where the light and warmth are overcome by darkness.

The gaiety lasts until early morning. The streets are finally nearly deserted; only a few are left: service men waiting for a four o'clock train, an old man without a home and a group of young New Yorkers waiting for the milk train after a late party. The occasional honking of a car disturbs the comparative quiet. Millions of people lie asleep; New York sighs and waits for another dawn to break.

PATTY SMITH '51

## Spring Story

I was walking along, thinking of a train to catch some time later in the day. Spring was coming to the Common: the ground was muddy, and I passed a woman playing hide and seek with her dog, and a group of kids playing baseball in one of the fenced, paved enclosures. A tiny colored girl was pitching and she had the man on third completely in check. I looped in and out of the many paths, past women with baby carriages and the usual pigeon-feeders. At a large tree, I noticed that a round seat had been made. An elderly woman and a pudgy man dressed in a plaid mackinaw were sitting there. The air was fresh and there was a slight wind. Some people hurried, but most took the time to enjoy the atmosphere. I walked on, sometimes ignoring the paths and sinking my heels into the mud and grass.

The rough pavement of a bridge was now under my feet and I seemed to see the wavy lines of a plaid jacket reflected in the water. My feet were getting tired, so I climbed a slight hill and sat down on one of the benches to rest them. A pudgy figure passed between the trees, and this time I was sure.

Hastily, I walked to the shopping section, where the sidewalks were thronged with people. I hoped to lose myself among them. I looked in all the windows, only half seeing what was on display. There was no fat man in their reflections. So, with a sigh of relief I leisurely examined a window full of colorful spring calf shoes. Turning to look at the matching pocket-books, I nearly bumped a man. The same man.

With terror, all thought flew from me. What to do? Where to go? My heels clicked faster and faster in time with my thoughts. I looked for a policeman. None in sight. Where did they hide? It's foolish to hurry. Slow down. Act calm. A policeman? There was a heavy tread behind me. I dashed into the traffic and found an officer directing it.

As I asked him what time it was, he pointed, with a puzzled expression, to a clock down a side street. But I didn't care, for a man had just walked quickly to the nearest subway entrance, with a look of terror in his eyes.

JO ANNE SMITH '51



## Fear

The fear of disapproving frowns, of snakes  
And guns, of atom bombs, of life or death,  
Or any shrouded mysteries or mistakes  
Congeals our inner souls and takes our breath.

What is this thing that swoops at hearts of men,  
Devouring trust and confidence in one  
Lone cry, as from a child in darkened den  
Pursued by dragons and by smoking gun?

It seizes man upon obscure thresholds  
That plunge to voids of fathomless nothing,  
Thus crushing love, building hate into molds  
That form men's souls, faithless and cowering.

Perhaps ourselves are what we fear the most:  
The God in us, to fear, plays absent host.

JOAN BAIRD '52

## Thoughts

The penetrating coldness that comes at night; dreary black through which the objects of nature and of man's creation seem but oblique mounds rising from the earth's surface creating ghost-like forms. A maze of misty nigritude which chokes each planet one by one. The lonesomeness which the blind feel when they know they can no longer experience life's joys in the light of day but must substitute the words of kind friends for God's trees, rocks, hills and valleys. The remnant of vast chaos which enveloped the earth before its birth. The one source of rest and peace for the weary and desolate; a refuge from the sights of the city's filth and utter hopelessness. . . . This is darkness.

LESLIE BURGIEL '54





## Mingled Emotions

The novelists would have us believe that our emotions take place in the chest. That isn't so. They take place, when they can be localized, in the stomach. I know. I've had them. Furthermore, they have colors. For instance, excitement or anticipation is a brilliant yellow streak shooting up from the stomach into the region of the chest cavity. It's rather like lightning. A sudden guilty conscience is very like this, only more powerful. They both leave a swarm of bees, just under the thoracic region. And they usually both occur at night, when you are lying in bed, letting your thoughts take their own sleepy course, when suddenly you remember that the Prom is tomorrow night or that a project that you had forgotten about is due next week end. Both thoughts are enough to keep you awake for a while, and the second is bound to keep you squirming.

Now the elemental emotions, such as sadness (depression), or happiness (an A in history), are among those that cannot be localized. Sadness is as sure a weight as an extra twenty pounds. It affects the whole body; it presses down on the heart and soul. Your feet become bricks and your heart literally "becomes heavy within you." As one might expect, joy has just the opposite effect. One feels like the first day of spring when the winter woollies are taken off and stockings removed. A new flow of energy courses through the body, and it is difficult to keep still. You feel like a balloon full of helium, . . . high!

Fear is well known to us in the forms of stage fright, exam-willies and pre-game butterflies. Those old butterflies are most definitely in the stomach and I defy anyone to deny it. I won't mention the cold hands and the urge to yawn associated with the same emotion. Hate, or more commonly, extreme annoyance, is found in the fingers. This can be proved if you will notice how your fingers react when you have reached the climactic moment and are sweating blood over deathless prose for Monday, and your room-mate starts filing her nails in the next room, — noisily. Disappointment is like the caving in of your hole in the sand at the sea shore when the tide comes in, — just uuuuuhh and there you are, flat as a pancake.

I hope the mention of a few of these symptoms will aid and abet you to recognize and understand more clearly your own emotions.

If after reading this article, you still have doubt (olive green), or worries (speckled like measles), send for my new folder, "Your Emotions and You" or come to the below address and I'll be glad to help you personally.

POLLY PARADISE '51

## "The People" versus the Individual

Historians make bland generalizations about "the People," census takers about the Swedes or Irish, newspapers about the Republicans or Democrats, while sociologists bunch all these together and expound the "average man." This herding and erasing of individuality, pooling and leveling of humanity, is deplorable.

Have you ever looked at rows and rows of hideous little houses, every one with a front porch and two windows above, and thought that each one of these is a vital, unique center for each of a thousand families? Or in the city, have you looked up at a huge apartment building with multitudes of lighted squares and thought that every one of those apartments is home to someone — and each in a different way?

In a bus, the uninteresting looking woman in the seat next to you has a complete and urgent life just as you have; she is part of a circle of individuals of whom you have no conception; there are some who are vitally dependent on her, who feel they couldn't live without her. In a crowd, the man who has just hurried past you is going somewhere that may mean the turning point of his career. The person ahead of you in line has aunts and her own problems. The boy in the grocery store has a sick dog, and the milkman has just been presented with a baby girl. Every living person in this populous world has a complete and self-involved existence which is totally unknown to all but the comparative few who share it with him.

When millions of entirely dissimilar individuals are thrown into an all-inclusive category, it is a step away from Democracy and toward the stifled horror of a totalitarian state. If everyone comprehended the great significance of the other person in relation to himself and his world, not to you and yours, we might have universal Democracy, and many of our highest ideals would not be folly.

CLEMENCY CHASE '51

## Magnolia Tree

Quite young,  
Moulded buds on thin green stalks  
Very white and hesitant.  
Sun at twelve, then rainy afternoons.  
Evenings always colder, stiller.  
Time to grow and wait and think.  
Crisp and frosted under the stars  
Almost luminous.  
Passing days, nights.  
The burst of blossoms now—  
Gentle, drooping as Spring.  
Like soft bits of rags, torn and gathered in bundles.  
The careless wind  
Snatches at them, sharply.  
They are slashed about, bruised.  
Almost torn from the tree, with passion.  
So free, it is almost indecent to watch.  
This clever cruelty.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## Appointment

I sat very still, hoping to pass unnoticed. They stopped fairly near where I was sitting, near enough for me to hear their voices. Their conversation was low, as though they suspected an intruder. It was terribly frustrating just sitting there, not quite daring to move but not close enough to discover the purpose of these two figures in gray. My mind wandered aimlessly over the past few days; these same two came here every morning. . . what did they want? They had always left when they saw me, and I was determined to discover their plot sooner or later. I sat for a long time until one foot fell asleep and I could stand my cramped position no longer. I moved, and the two squirrels scampered away.

PATTY SMITH '51

## Look In Your Closet

"Mother, have you any idea where my tennis racket is?"

"If you can get into your closet without breaking your neck, you'll probably find it there. Anne, I do wish you'd clean up that closet. I believe we'd find every missing article in the house in there, because I don't think you've cleaned it thoroughly since we've moved to this house. If you don't get to work I'm planning to give that closet to your sister. We let you have it when we moved because we thought you'd keep it clean, but I see that your sister deserves it more than you."

"Mother, I simply asked you *where* my tennis racket is."

"Look in the corner under that pile of dust you forgot to sweep up last week. I shouldn't be surprised if you threw it into the wastebasket to get it out of the way."

Oh, what a familiar conversation! I have always realized that my closet is equal to the cluttered family attic, in one's inability to move around in it, and my main argument is that nobody ever sees it, so why exert myself to tidy it up? In some miraculous manner I always manage to creep around in it without fracturing my limbs. Because it is kept cluttered it may be employed as a trap to ensnare any of my family who might be found prying among my belongings. If I hear a crash, while occupied in a near-by room, I know that my trap has sprung and that I can dig the criminal out from beneath all the fallen debris. If my closet were immaculate I would not have this pleasure.

This arrangement is very pleasing to my active brother. He constantly takes advantage of my closet as a hiding place in vigorous hide-and-seek games with his friends. He then has double protection. In the first place, his pursuer never possesses enough courage to surmount the obstacles to climb into the closet, so he usually gives up at that point. If he does succeed in entering, he comes upon me, laboring at some insignificant task. This task of mine is often attempting to dig a path around the closet in order to crawl in and out. The dejected pursuer departs hopelessly.

Even worse than my main closet is my inner closet. The tiny door into this wee attic is usually concealed beneath dusty shoes and lacrosse sticks, but in emergencies these articles may be shoved aside

and the inner closet becomes my salvation. Everything rapidly vanishes into it when it is necessary to neaten up my closet in a hurry. I always enjoy the annual cleaning of this inner closet. I can scarcely hear anything throughout the rest of the house and when any work is to be done I become unusually deaf.

These arguments may not have convinced anyone of the value of a cluttered closet, but I believe that in spite of the difficulty in finding any desired object, my junk-heap is a definite advantage.

ANNE SANBORN '52

## Vigil

Squat, black instrument  
With ten vacant eyes  
Staring placidly at nothing.  
Silent. Noiseless.  
Cruel.  
When silence is needed  
You delight in shattering it  
With your raucous notes.  
Now while I watch you,  
Mutely begging you,  
You sit  
Cold, callous,  
Impervious to my anguished yearning.  
How long have I waited,  
Praying, pleading for some sign?  
Still you remain  
Soundless and dead.  
No message comes  
Save that of despair.  
Then suddenly, jarring, frightening,  
Beautiful clamor;

"Hello," I say softly and so does he.

SUSAN HUNTER '52



## Two Coffins to Denver

The one-room, ramshackle frame station was set on an immense stretch of table-land, flat and dusty beneath the scorching morning sun. The air was still, filled with the minute buzzing of gnats and mosquitoes, the scent of the grey-green sage, and the thick brown dust. The landscape was a study in dust; there was dust on the ground, there were infinitesimal particles of dust in the air, and there was a mass of dust hanging over the solitary dirt road which trailed out to the horizon like the smoke from a half-extinguished cigarette. The mountains blocked the limits of the view on all sides, jaggedly piercing the sky like the teeth of a giant bear-trap.

A group of tourists stood uneasily on the weather-beaten planking outside the station-shed. The heat, so sweltering as to be almost visible, the dry brown monotony of the landscape, and the torturing wail of the station-master's tinny, antique gramophone combined to stretch their nerves to the breaking-point. They had been conscious of the heat and the dust for hours; it was the insult of the scratched old records that broke their dream of relaxation. The needle revolved repetitiously in the worn groove, "The music goes round and round — and round and round — and round-and round — and. . ."

The station-master appeared dispiritedly from the rear of the shed, pulling behind him the large baggage-cart. Mouths dropped open and restlessness changed to sudden immobility as the tourists looked at the "baggage" perched in icy calm above the level of their heads. Resting there, aloofly unconcerned, were two coffins.

The old trainman grinned to himself when he followed the direction of the collective gaze.

"Them?" he deigned to reply at unusual length to the queries of a large and determined-looking lady.

"Well, they was both tourists. Anyway, I reckon you'd call them tourists. One of them was, anyway. Came up here to the mountains to get a rest, and stayed at one of those fancy hotels up there. Second day he was climbing the stairs to get to his room on the third floor. Halfway up he dropped dead. Doctor says he had something wrong with his heart, and the air up there was too hard for him to breathe.

"The other one was his brother. Came up to take the body back to

New Orleans. That's where they lived. Registered at the same hotel; dropped dead two hours later.

"The third brother is coming up to get them on this morning's train, the one you're waiting for. He's taking them down to Denver to be cremated; don't reckon they'd last long else, this weather. He's a young fellow, an Army officer; should be pretty tough. Still you never can tell. Tourists do crazy things sometimes, like coming all the way from New Orleans to be cremated in Denver."

The phonograph screeched into another rut — "But the merry-go-round broke down — broke down — broke down — broke down" — as, far off, they heard the whistle of the approaching train echoing among the mountains in the peculiar way that warns of bad weather ahead.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## The 5:10

Jersey City was cold on a Tuesday early in February, and as this did not enhance its perpetual squalor commuters were eager to get home. But it was not only the cold which hastened them and made the station a milling, pushing thoroughfare; there was a train strike and The Broker, a train for the Jersey coast, was forced to take a double load.

At 5:10 the mobbed train left Jersey City. Passengers were packed into the aisles in every car except the last, which was a private commuters' car rented by an association of men who play cards, smoke and talk business on their daily pilgrimages to the Capital of Capitalism. In all other cars men and women read newspapers; students did homework; and some men played cards in groups of four with briefcases on their knees, absorbed in the mind-relieving vacuities of poker or gin. In the fourth car the commuters were deprived of their usual diversions; the lights had gone out and the conductor was unable to replace the fuse till he had collected the tickets. To someone at a crossing this roaring train must have appeared cut in two unconnected pieces, the front half pulling the rear as if by a phantom link; perhaps a guardian link which separated the last half from the first as if those first three cars were unclean — or unsafe.

At about 5:35 the train speeded up and continued to gain speed.

The loaded cars swayed and bounced, the club car on the end whipped around corners shaking up the passengers in their plush chairs, causing frowns and irate remarks about gaining lost time and bad train scheduling. In the cars further forward, excluding the fourth, the pace wasn't quite as noticeable although cards slid back and forth on briefcases, standees careened into seated passengers, and the readers had trouble focusing on the jiggling print of their newspapers. The fourth car was perhaps the *most* acutely aware of the accumulating velocity of the train. They had no choice in their blackened coach but to watch the flat and hideous Jersey coast rush by, at an ever increasing speed, and conjecture wearily as to the engineer's reasons.

The train started up a slight embankment which led to a temporary wooden trestle over a new highway. The engineer did not decrease speed. The makeshift tracks swerved sharply and the flying train plunged around the curve; the rear cars, separated from the precipitate engine by the curve, came flying after and set the train rocking. It swayed sickeningly to one side; cards slid off briefcases to the floor, standees fell into unsuspecting laps, and bags fell from the racks above onto people's heads. All faces looked up startled for a reassuring sign from authority; there was none, and hopeful faces turned a glistening clay-color with terror. In the fourth car and those behind, the train rocked slightly to the other side and settled shuddering back on the track. The first cars swung to the other side and hovered in air, the occupants' stomachs contracted and dropped; their veins stood in relief on their foreheads. The front cars succumbed to gravity. The splintering crash, hissing steam and screams struck the Jersey air unkindly.

CLEMENCY CHASE '51

## Glimpses

Rainbow pictures in the morning dew,  
The lovely sound just behind the wind  
The ever-changing patterns of waves and fire  
And an expectant feeling when turning a street corner.

PATTY SMITH '51

## Moore

Moore had always lived in the great forest. He knew every polluted brook, and when it was just dawn, he could find the ripest mushrooms and toadstools. Surrounding the forest there was a cedar swamp. Moore had a garden on one edge where the ground was water-laden, and in the sour soil, ferns and mosses grew. The light was pale yellow and the vague shadows of dead branches made a deceptive lattice pattern on the ground. It was his favorite place. Instinctively he wandered where his pale color blended with the vegetation. His face was like the under side of a fungus, for he never saw bright sun. It bothered him; he felt naked when the sun shone. It was only on damp foggy days that he ventured near the forest rim. He took his rusty old shovel and indulged in his favorite pastime — trapping: but not in the ordinary sense. You see, he dug holes: nice deep holes. Then he placed a light framework of sticks and leaves over them. Even though he never caught anything but water, he always thought that the next foggy day would surely bring some game. The pits were always placed in the middle of paths, because that was where living things walked.

Moore was a curious child and he had lived a life of fantasy. When he was very young, he had wandered away from his backyard and had, with an amazing primitive instinct, picked his way on dry, breaking sticks and unstable marsh mud, into the hidden animal paths of the impenetrable wood. Men had come out with lanterns when they were alarmed by his absence. The stolid villagers, however, had searched many times and knew its futility. Once night had fallen, no man could trace a child's path. The dogs howled and bristled the fur on their neck ruffs, but would not go in. The search was abandoned until dawn, when another attempt to penetrate the treacherous marsh and clinging brambles was made. Hopelessly, the men pushed forward. Still the dogs yelped and howled, tails between their legs, and would not go in. The Marshal and his men disregarded them. They leapt the brown slime, from a fallen tree to a rotting stump and over to a tuft of cat-tails which at least looked substantial.

High noon came and the dead branch shadows were clear and almost tangible on the chunky plaid-covered backs of the searchers.



Perspiration covered the men and you could smell steaming wool although the air was barely warm. Suddenly a cry. Hope and hearts quickened, but it was not Moore. The Marshal had stumbled, clutched at nothing, and was lost. There was no place to stand and haul him out, so he was left. Reluctantly, yet almost with relief, the search was given up and never renewed.

Moore lived for three or four years in the forest, eating poisonous mushrooms, drinking unclean water, and on foggy days, digging his deep pits.

He was quite tall and very thin, and his eyes glowed in the dark like those of a wild thing. Even in the daytime, they gleamed because they were so deep-set, under eyebrows like a fine charcoal line. His hands were restless and bony, and the nails were flattened but short. He frequently brushed at his shaggy black hair with them.

Moore never sang, or even whistled. He didn't make a sound when walking, but sometimes at night, his glee in finding a prized mushroom would overcome him and he would make sounds of stifled laughter. Why did he suppress this mirth? No one could hear him. . . could they?

He never looked at the sky or stars. They were too bright. He preferred to expose the white worms which could be found under flat rocks. When they writhed he knew inside himself how the searing pain of the bright light affected them, and often took pity and covered them again with the protective slab of stone.

His pits, however, were his main pastime and he did not do many other things. In spite of this, he was not unhappy. The forest was inherently like him and he could never hate it any more than he could hate himself. Moore never thought of being lonesome. He never knew any of the beasts, not because they feared him, but because they disliked and distrusted him and he them.

Day after day he crept to his pits. One morning when it was especially misty, Moore had an idea that he could see something struggling above the ground near one of his pits. He wanted to run and help it right away; and this was strange, for he had never felt this way about any other living thing, not even the carefully tended mosses and ferns of his swamp garden or the animals of the wood. It seemed to be a large figure, and Moore saw two arms beating wildly, as if it hoped to fly up from the pit and regain a footing. Moore was



terribly excited. His eyes were cloudy and dark and he was breathing in gasps when he reached the pit. Suddenly its inhabitant was quiet; he blinked and weakly groaned, "My God!" His sudden inactivity did not daunt Moore, who stood silently and carefully watching every reaction of the quite elderly man, who in turn found himself staring desperately into the clouded eyes of an unearthly child. The captive made another effort to climb out of the hole and Moore did not move at all, but watched every motion. Bradley rested awhile and thought of a way to reach the boy. He fancied that he understood children pretty well and that they usually liked him. Some did. Being a bachelor and rather lonely, Bradley was inclined to be overly hearty with people. He thought if Moore was an orphan, that it would be kind and pleasurable to take him home from the forest although he doubted that he would be able to find again the path through the swamp. He had stumbled upon it accidentally exactly at nightfall the evening before while hunting for his hound. She was about to whelp and he had wanted to keep her home. He was fascinated by the faint path, and forgetting the dog, he had continued deeper through the swamp and into the forest until he had fallen, in moonlight bright as dawn, into a hole. There he, of course, had remained until Moore had found him just at daybreak.

Bradley said tentatively, "How about helping me out of here?"

Moore frowned and handed him a stick. Bradley was able to use this as a crutch and gradually work himself up the earthen side until he was sitting on the edge of the hole.

He smiled. "And what's your name?"

"Moore."

"Aren't you ever lonesome in here?"

"I don't know what it is."

Bradley postponed an explanation and proceeded with his questions.

"How would you like to come and live in my house with me and be my little son? I don't have any son, but I wish I did."

Moore retrieved his shovel and leaned it against a tree near the pit. Finally, just as Bradley was about to repeat his question, Moore nodded.

He led the way out; Bradley followed, making loud crackling noises, tripping over briars and keeping every muscle tense. He re-

marked on the many strange yellow colors of the toadstools and the familiar deadly nightshade, as they passed by Moore's garden. He kicked the tops off several fungi but Moore did not make a sound. The shadows like bars were on Bradley's back, black and bold at high noon. Moore stooped quickly to drink from a brook covered with green and tan slime. He seemed like one of the shadow patterns, so volatile were his movements. Bradley had been examining a rotted stump which he had just tripped over and did not notice his motion. They continued, and as morning turned to afternoon, they reached the cat-tails and then the solid ground. Moore stopped and tacitly Bradley took the lead.

They came to a small country cottage. Bradley cooked supper, but the boy did not eat. His companion showed him a cot which had been left unused for many years. The house was clean and cheerful; there were lots of windows; there was good, wholesome food cooking on the fire; the bed had clean, cool sheets on it; the ground was solid and covered with well-trimmed lawn; all the trees were getting spring leaves. As the smoke left the chimney and the birds sang their evening songs, the cottage was completely secure and at rest.

Moore hated it. Whatever stirrings of sympathy he had felt were gone. How could anyone live like this? Quickly and quietly he slipped the bolt of his window and climbed out of it and onto the ground. He loped to the swamp's edge and concentrated on nothing but his objective. At last he passed through the swamp and then reached the forest's heart. Again the mud oozed between his toes and a dank smell was everywhere. He glanced at the garden and ate several plants.

The watching animals could see his luminous eyes flashing as he ran noiselessly to the pit where Bradley had been. He snatched his rusty shovel from its rest against the tree, and began digging the pit deeper than it had ever been.

JO ANNE SMITH '51



## Growing Up

The old tree stood drowsing peacefully in the oppressive mid-day sun of summer, when suddenly its rest was abruptly disturbed by the shrill sound of voices. Two children, a boy and a girl, were running up the hill which the tree dominated, the boy apparently chasing the shrieking girl with a shiny black and green object swinging gracefully from one dirt-encrusted hand.

"Don't you dare come one step closer to me with that filthy thing," cried the girl, flinging herself, exhausted, onto a cool patch of shade afforded by the tree's branches. She was about thirteen years of age, as was the boy, and already one could see she was growing very pretty.

"Aw, this little old snake won't hurt you. Say, what's the matter with you, anyway? You used to be fun to play with, but now you're acting just like a girl." This last statement was uttered with obvious disgust.

"Well, I *am* a girl, and if you're going to be so nasty, you can just go away and leave me alone!"

"Gee, you must be sick or something, but I'll throw this thing away, for the time being anyway. . . . I got an idea; want to go see if we can catch some frogs in the pond? Steve says there are some whoppers there now."

"Ugh, no. I'd rather sit here and think by myself."

"Heck, you're acting just like my sister now. She's always moping around the house trying to be real dramatic. . . . What are those pictures you're looking at? Oh my gosh, some dumb movie stars! I think they're all a bunch of sissies!"

"Peter Stone, you leave my pictures alone! And they're not sissies! I think Cary Grant is just dreamy, don't you?" A glazed, rapt look had come over her eyes, but it was immediately removed by her tormenter's next remark.

"Are you kidding? He's got a big hunk out of his chin. You sure are getting more goofy all the time; did you fall and hit your head or something?"

"I did not hit my head. I'm just getting older and I haven't got any more time to waste on mere infants like you."

"Infant! I'm three months older than you and you know it. But

if you're going to act so crazy, I'm leaving. Guess I'll go look for those frogs by myself. So-long." He turned and started down the slope when —

"Peter."

"Yah?"

"Wait for me. I'll race you to the bottom of the hill." And tossing aside the already forgotten pictures, she tore down the hill after the boy, leaving the old tree to its nap once more.

SARAH EMMONS '52

## His Mad Ride

On and on they rode, faster and faster, until at times they seemed a part of the swiftly passing scenery. Over high, craggy mountains and through deep oceans they plunged.

The little boy at the head of this force of brilliantly clad men was truly a fearless leader. He showed no signs of fatigue or hunger (truly an amazing feat for one so young). His uniform, which was bright red with a dash of yellow here and there, fitted him smartly. It was just as clean and smart looking as it had been when he had first bought it, even after all the marshes, fire, and water he had been through.

He turned once or twice in his saddle to look back at the colorful array behind him. A smile of contentment crossed his face as he noticed a man in the back ranks. Ah ha! That man was his Uncle Ned. The fact that this man had one ear hanging at an odd angle from his head did not seem to bother the little boy. Serves him right, the little boy muttered, served him right for telling me I was acting like a baby the other day. I wasn't really crying...well, not too much...at least not like that sissy, Johnny Drake, who lives down the street, he amended hastily. Gee, HE'D cry if you just looked at him. Anyway, I bet big, big soldiers cry sometimes...and I did hurt myself awful bad.

He looked sideways at the strong lad who was riding beside him. Good ole Sammy. He's stucked by me through everything; guess when I'm not so busy planning all this war, I'll reward him. Maybe even to captain, he added as an afterthought.



The little boy gave a last swift look behind him before plunging into the Yellow Sea. (By this time, these brave men had ridden halfway around the world). As he looked, he noticed a stern-looking man out of line. This new object of interest was a rather tall, slenderly built chap with spectacles that were continually slipping down off his outstandingly long nose. The little boy assumed an attitude of strictness, coughed and ahummed a couple of times, and finally called a halt. He turned around slowly, giving his full attention to the unlucky one who had chanced to be out of line.

"Mr. Wilkin, explain yourself," he barked. The little boy shook off the remembrance of a similar occurrence that had happened the day before in school. Then, he had not been where he was now. . . in power. Now that HE was the one who had his teacher in the palm of his hand, he relished the many thoughts of what he could do to him. By this time, the brave horsemen were in the middle of the ocean, and they were a little impatient with this new disturbance. The man in question got down on his knees and begged forgiveness for daring to be out of line. The little boy magnanimously accepted these awkward apologies and ordered the continuance of the ride.

When the men reached the other side, the young leader felt a need for some relaxation. Everyone immediately dismounted and played a spectacular game of football in which this same little man made all the touchdowns with no help at all! He was lifted up on the shoulders of his fellow players, while they all sang a song to him, which someone had obligingly made up for the occasion.

While he was thus engrossed, a voice broke into his consciousness; a voice which certainly had no business here at this time. Again it came, this time more insistent, "Jimmeeeeeeey, where arrrrrrr yooooooo?"

Since he had ridden to the end of his mad little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking horse, staring fixedly into its lowered face.

BETSY GARVEY '51



## The Showpiece

During prohibition my grandfather, always a resourceful man, added a "secret room" to our mongrel house. He had designed the house himself, as he had designed all the houses the family had lived in throughout the sparsely populated back country. The room was added in the event that prohibition become unduly restrictive, a state which fortunately never arrived. It is in the cellar, and is reached by an ante-room which has shelves from ceiling to floor on three sides, the cellar door being on the fourth. The section of shelves opposite as one enters pulls out and discloses a plaster wall; in this there is a door whose edges are concealed. The secret room has no light, dirt walls and floor, and is very damp and musty. I always expect to see nitre on the walls and a cask of Amontillado in the corner. Outside the house its shape is covered with grass and makes a peculiar hill, quite inexplicable and alien to the line of the house.

Prohibition having been repealed, the room's purpose in life was soon lost in family archives. It just sat and mouldered until my brother and sister became old enough to appreciate its great charm and value as a social asset. They would show it off to rabidly envious friends; it had equal billing with a mummy's hand my grandmother had bought in Egypt.

My mother, never one to pass up such a perfect opportunity, was in her element with our eerie cavern. She always managed to use our house to advantage on holidays, birthdays and other special occasions and Hallowe'en became one of the focal points of the year, both for us and for our friends. Everyone would arrive on that fateful night dressed in something suitably grotesque, and terrified for weeks ahead by our diligent accounts of former Hallowe'ens. We would bob for apples, throw the peelings over our shoulders, tell fortunes and eat pumpkin seed; and during these traditional activities my mother, dressed in a weird costume of her own invention which invariably had a tail, would create a decidedly Hallowe'en atmosphere, taking advantage of the creaks and groans of the old house, and climaxed by a series of moans, groans and ghostly wails from the garden outside, it all produced a horrible effect. This was the crucial moment, and we were led by the light of one small candle down some old and winding cellar stairs, seldom used and full of

cobwebs, to the "ghost room," which because of its spooky functions is what we call the secret room. We crowded into the ante-room and were led, one by one, into "*the* room" by a strangely intrepid mother. In the dank hole lit by one or two flickering candles a figure sat, without doubt the most awful object ever seen: its face had a ghastly bluish glow and it would glare with brimstone eyes. The object of entrance was to gather up momentous stores of courage, go to the table at the figure's feet and take an apple off it. In this apple a slip of paper held your fortune written in blood. It was many years before I got as far as the apple but I loved Hallowe'en and was always sure that I would have the courage the next year.

None of us are home now for Hallowe'en and the "ghost room" isn't the high-spot of tours as frequently as before, but I have unlimited confidence in its eternal appeal and I'm sure its day is coming soon again.

CLEMENCY CHASE '51

## Futile Query

Why is there such a bitter thing as war?  
 Why must the centuries repeat its dirge?  
 Has its appalling chaos come once more  
 Around the frightened earth to boil and surge?

The shattered minds and bodies of those men  
 Who lived in horror and who died in pain:  
 A brutal price — must it be paid again?  
 Has all our former heartache been in vain?

What reasons for these preludes to despair  
 Are found by those who say that we must fight?  
 And have these reasons strength enough to bear  
 A soldier's groveling terror in the night?

Dear God! Let our war banners remain furled,  
 And bring, at last, peace to our bruised world.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## In Darkness

All day long Mercy had been sitting at the window, her face turned toward the garden, from whence came the soft fragrance of lilacs. For a while, she had had the radio tuned in for company; but presently even that amusement had grown stale; so now she merely sat, her hands folded, and dreamed.

Dreams can lose their spangled brilliance if you handle them too often, she thought. Two months ago she would have scorned the thought as being blatantly untrue, and an excuse thought up by her mother to make her spend less time day-dreaming and more time in the real world. She now knew that it was far too true, and that the precious dream world she had chosen to live in when she had a choice was as leaden and dull as the world of every-day living had once seemed. If only she had the power to choose over again. . . she forced her thoughts away from the danger point. She was determined not to become despondent, for she knew how terribly hurt her mother would be if she gave up hope.

Hope! What hope did she have, after all? Her hope was as tarnished and worthless as her dreams. If she had had any hope, just at first, it had disintegrated like a soap bubble when she had grasped it. Again she forced her thoughts to leave the subject. She knew, instinctively, that to give way to self-pity would be dangerous; she was balancing precariously on the thin edge between sanity and insanity, and one swerve would send her off. She was not perfectly sure, of course, that she would become completely mad; she had lost the familiar landmarks, and she was not perfectly sure of anything.

"Fudge!" she said aloud, suddenly, and then started listening to a distant sound.

Faint and far away, over sweet-smelling gardens, came the lilting sound of a Viennese waltz. She had begun to call it "moon-music," for she always heard it when the moon was up. It made an excellent background for the worn dreams to which she gave herself, half despairingly. When reality has become too bitter to be born, when the every-day world does not really exist for you, the dream world of your own creation is the only world in which you may find reality.

She glided across the polished marble floor in the arms of a handsome prince. The light from the ancient but dazzlingly graceful

crystal chandeliers suspended from the high-arched ceiling glowed in the mirrored walls, glinted from the slender pillars, and gleamed in the ornaments — diamonds and jet — entwined in her hair. Her gown was created of billowing yard upon yard of chiffon, silvery gray underlaid with pink and embroidered with rhinestones until it resembled a foggy, dewy dawn. Although the vast room was teeming with gorgeous women, the prince gazed only at her. "Are you thirsty?" he murmured, solicitously. "A little," she admitted. They turned and, looking into each other's eyes, they swayed down the long hall to the refreshment table. After they had sipped a fraction of a glass of Burgundy, they threw their glasses at the marble hearth. The fragile bubbles of glass broke, and the crimson wine mingled with the fragments as if it was the blood of her broken dreams.

A voice spoke near her ear. It was the nurse.

"And how are we this evening?" Mercy smiled, quietly.

"Just fine," she said, and reached out, a groping gesture. The nurse quickly took her hand — to lead her through the brightly-lighted room.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## Searching

Flat patterns of dripping leaves against sea-spray  
carried inland like a moving mass.  
Thin as glass, the discarded shells of birds' eggs  
fallen on living grass like bits of sky.  
Endless repetition of wave on shore.  
Swooping cries of screaming terns.  
Endless rhythm, always the same.  
Beating of horses' hoofs.  
A pattern in all nature,  
But where  
the pattern for life?

JO ANNE SMITH '51

## Escape

The glaring, noonday sun poured down relentlessly out of a cloudless blue sky, surrounding the vegetation with suffocating intensity. The slight sea breeze that had tried to bring relief to the scorching earth had died down, leaving every leaf motionless and withering. Only the sparkle of the sun touching the waves softly breaking on the beach gave any sign of life to the setting. The oppressive heat had created a stillness close to that of death, as if it had a premonition of the impending disaster.

In the lagoon a black fin was cutting the water with the precision of a razor, weaving in and out of the multi-colored reefs, leaving a trail of whirlpools which the sea slowly replenished. From the low shrubbery that bordered the beach there suddenly appeared two figures, that of a young man and a girl. They seemed to be expecting pursuit, as they kept throwing glances over their shoulders. (Yes, these were my two pupils.) They were both natives of the island dressed in those colorful printed cottons that have long been characteristic of the south seas.

As they approached an overturned dug-out that was lying on the beach, the protective bushes parted again to reveal another character in the play of which I knew the outcome. The latter was older than the others, of fat and sluggish appearance, and seemed to be in a great furor on finding the couple setting out in the boat. A flood of angry words was spoken by both parties and during this episode it was my turn to contemplate. (For you see, you humans have the power to make your own destinies if you fight hard enough for what you believe to be right. That is the time when I just stand on the sidelines and don't help your choices, but simply take the consequences.)

But to get back to my story. . . . The young couple paid no more attention to the loud cries of the man but pushed themselves out of the beach and began to paddle quickly. In a surge of uncontrolled anger the father took off the rusty rifle he had slung over his shoulder, a present from the presiding Japanese officer, and after taking careful aim, fired. . . .

The sound of the shot echoed across the water, breaking the spell which the heavy tropical heat had spun. There was the sound



of a splash as the canoe capsized and then the air was filled with anguished screams for help. But the cries fell on deaf ears, for the old chieftain had disappeared as swiftly as he had come.

The screams were suddenly broken off. . . and silence reigned once more. That horrible silence that associates with my fellow partner, Death. The sun still scampered along the wave tops, weaving unearthly fleeting patterns with the reefs and sky. The forest was quiet, clasping her secrets close to her deepest part, and I walked away, for my job was done.

The sole object left was the lone canoe, floating with the tide in the middle of the lagoon. And what of me? Some call me Fate.

PENNY WHITTALL '51

## Bell Ringing

The twisting stairs were almost incredibly narrow and steep, just wide enough for one person and more like a ladder than stairs. As we hurried up in the near darkness, our coats brushing against the moldy lime of the stone walls, we left the usual Sunday morning noises behind, while the rhythmic clash of the bell beat unceasingly on us. The steps abruptly opened out into the loft, a square, bare, room with a dilapidated saw-horse and a single ladder reaching up to the dim, lofty regions where one could barely see the outline of the huge bells. Dim light came in from a low, dirty window set deep in the stone wall. The loft smelled musty and damp and the rough floor showed the presence of pigeons as well as the usual dust and dirt.

He wore a black cassock, and his ruddy face had the square, rugged simplicity of the old country, with a shock of brick-red hair over his brow. He was ringing the big bell, using all his weight on the down-stroke and rolling with the pull as he released it through his hands on the up-stroke. The constant clash above our heads reverberated, regular and deep in tone. Although this stocky Scot was more used to driving a truck or working a tractor, his movements in the ringing of the bell were the most beautiful and graceful I have ever seen. He seemed to be one with the pealing, somehow united with its very sound and substance.

It suddenly occurred to me how universal and changeless is the ringing of a bell. This motion and sound, that was now in front of

me, was one with the thousands of bells that must have been rung through countless centuries: the exuberant pealing in times of joy and exultation, the doleful tolling in times of death and misery, the urgent tocsin in time of danger and disaster, the chimes that have announced beginnings and ends, and then the countless bells ringing for daily and Sunday services of worship, calls for devotions in the temples of the East, angelus bells, vespers, and even the simple measurement of the ever-passing hours. Human history seems to be written by the pealing of bells.

Dave McKee stood back from the swaying bell rope and let me swing into its peal without missing a beat, and as I kept it clanging regularly, I thought that if ever I have a joy too deep to hold, I shall find a church bell to ring, for it is one of the most perfect ways of expressing and fulfilling joy that I know of.

I released the rope and in the sudden silence we could hear coming up from below the shuffle of footsteps and the hushed voices of the entering worshippers, and from the distance, a faraway church bell striking the hour. We turned and clattered softly down the stairs.

POLLY PARADISE '51

## Nightfall

With the night comes Death,  
Riding swiftly down on jetty wings  
To the quiet country town.  
All are at home, snug, cosily tucked in.  
Squares of lamplight fall beneath windows,  
Coloring golden the forlorn white snow.  
To a girl, busily knitting at a khaki sweater,  
Comes the shrilling of the telephone bell.  
Death moves in closer, crouching — to pounce.  
She lifts the receiver: "Madame, we regret. . ."  
She is stunned. The knitting falls, unheeded,  
To the floor. She looks at it and laughs.  
Then, slowly, she sits, and with raw red hands  
Unravels the yarn, clumsily, stitch by stitch.  
Death moves on, chuckling, in the night.  
He has many calls to make.

ANN TAYLOR '51

## A Changed Viewpoint

I was a victim of circumstance. My usual good fortune in planning an interesting and profitable weekend had apparently deserted me and I was literally trapped. Mother was in New York, every girlfriend had other engagements; even my homework, for once, was completed. I wasn't actually alone, because Dad was home, but his program for that Saturday afternoon, I soon learned, consisted of two or three hours in the Department of Egyptology at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. I waited until the last minute hoping that something or someone would rescue me; but that failing, I accepted his invitation to go along.

The trip to Boston was uneventful, and we were soon walking by the familiar Appeal to the Great Spirit, and entering the massive doors of the museum. Since my interest in hieroglyphics was probably not all that it should have been, I was left to my own devices among the vast rooms and twisting corridors of the huge building.

It wasn't true that I was bored. One can never be bored in such surroundings, but I felt lonely and not quite up to my usual appreciation of statues and pictures. I sank down on one of the benches and idly studied the parade of visitors walking past. Here was a naval officer in blue and gold, there a young couple strolling along hand in hand. Across the room an old man was peering through his thick glasses as he searched for some item in his catalogue. Suddenly, this thought struck me. Why do these people come to the museum? What mystical force attracts them to this collection of faces and figures of beings long since departed? What fascinates them so that they carefully study the most minute coin or ancient bit of jewelry? Here was the answer to my loneliness; here was a problem I could solve myself.

I stopped first at a display of Roman coins. I was at home in this department, because I have several ancient silver denarii in my collection, but somehow these coins appeared now in a different light. Here was the head of Caesar with the inscription LII indicating his birthday. Why, this was a memorial coin celebrating Caesar's hard won triumph over Vercingetorix. People actually had once used this money, spent it wisely or foolishly, jingled it in their pockets, and probably bargained shrewdly to obtain it as we do today. Was this

ancient piece so different from our modern dime issued to commemorate the late President Roosevelt and his fight against infantile paralysis? Somehow Caesar and his Gallic war didn't seem so far away any more.

Here was a queer little room barred and bolted by a massive grill. The sign said, "Opened by the guards upon request." The sign told the truth, and the little old guard in his blue-gray uniform graciously allowed me to enter — not, however, without first giving me careful scrutiny. This was the storeroom of ancient and priceless Egyptian jewelry. Gold rings, amulets, golden combs, precious or semi-precious stones were everywhere in profusion. In one case my attention was attracted to an almost modern-appearing necklace made of delicately carved amethyst, sapphires and lapis-lazuli threaded upon a fine golden-mesh chain. I could almost sense the thrill of pleasure some dark-skinned Egyptian girl must have experienced when this was placed around her neck centuries ago. Maybe it was for her birthday, or perhaps it was a wedding gift; no matter, it was to me a link with the living past.

And now as I walked through the great rooms I was impressed by a lofty wooden door, all cracked and weather-beaten, yet strongly held together by massive, wrought-iron hinges. This was from France, an ancient Cathedral door, probably all that remained of one of Christianity's earliest churches. Here was a real opportunity for my imagination to take flight. I could almost smell the incense and hear the chanting of the choir as I pictured the procession of priests and peasants slowly winding their way into the solemn service. Such a mighty door! It seemed to be symbolic of the strength of Christianity itself.

And the pictures! One could spend weeks without seeing them all. I was amused by a family group. There was the father, all puffed up and as formal as could be, trying to look stern, but really appearing just a little tired, as though his shoes were too tight. The mother, in the background, radiated pride and devotion, while the three little girls in the foreground looked so alert and vivacious that I half expected them to speak. Here was a truly American family. Maybe it was overdressed or old-fashioned, but this was the portrait of real people.

Very gradually, as I wandered about, I began to get the true mean-

ing and purpose of the place — to understand the force which attracted the same people back time after time to stare and wonder. These things make history. They erase the dates, the maps, and the dry-as-dust facts and put history where it belongs — in the hands of the people who lived it.

HELEN GLIDDEN '53

### So Little

There is so much to learn  
we know so little.  
There are so many to give our love to  
we have loved so little.  
There is so much to understand  
we have understood so little.

FRANCES NOLDE '54

### Black Magic

You have stolen my soul with a sidelong glance  
And a heart as cold as a stone in the sea.  
Did you learn those charms that serve to entrance  
In the Goblin Market, over the lea?

You have hexed my doubts and banished my fears  
With a four-worded charm to a night-black cat;  
You bring with you Trouble, you bring with you Tears,  
But the charm has prevented my thinking of that.

A wise girl would flee from you, home and to bed,  
(After a dose of peppermint tea),  
And would pull the coverlid over her head,  
And not venture out until half-past three.

But I never was wise, so I sit here and smile,  
Watching you weave your gossamer spells,  
Marvelling at your age-old guile,  
And hearing the bugles from over the fells.

ANN TAYLOR '51



## The Cloud

Every morning the sun and my little cousins would arise simultaneously, and with bellows, shrieks of anguish, and artful peering in at the door "to see if you were awake" (when they were very sure you weren't), they would awaken the whole family. On one of these mornings I had managed to screen out about one-half of the holocaust with a pillow and a few blankets over my head, a rather solid front that must have discouraged the boys, as they left for the more enticing outdoors. Two men were building a concrete sidewalk to the house and the process was the ultimate in excitement for the boys, as was later evidenced by the tell-tale imprints of experimental feet in the still-wet concrete.

I fell back into semi-somnolence during the lull and was just reconsidering sleep when I was irretrievably forced upon the day by excited shrieks from the kids who were calling their mother to "*Come and see the snake that Jim killed!*" Jim was one of the workmen on the sidewalk.

My curiosity and the repugnant attraction that snakes have moved me to pull myself together and go see. When I appeared, sleepy and not very communicative before breakfast, I was eagerly dragged to see the death-site of the unfortunate reptile. Across the rutted drive and in the scrub grass on the other side, the snake's nether end writhed wildly; Jim had cut it in three pieces with his hoe. The head and a small middle piece were very dead and already attracting ants. It was the snake itself, however, not its half-dead-half-aliveness, that first struck and horrified me; this sinuous little being that had injected itself insidiously upon the golden Florida morning was a coral snake, because of its cobra venom one of the most deadly in the world. My stomach careened as I thought of the night before when I had walked several hundred feet through the grass, bare-foot and alone.

I realized suddenly that the older boy, looking happily at the snake, was half-asking, half-remarking that it was pretty. I considered its brilliant coral and yellow bands, agreed with a dispirited grunt and went back to the house for some sustaining breakfast.

CLEMENCY CHASE, '51

## Why

Is life a winding road, a twisting course  
Mapped out and preconceived in thought; all planned?  
Are we, like puppets, guided by some force  
Which dominates our ways by its command?

Is God above e'er mindful of our wrong  
And does he truly answer to our prayers?  
If we seek light and truth, will we be strong  
In will and purpose — free from petty cares?

What is our purpose on this troubled earth  
When all about us seems in such distress?  
Has each of us a mission to find worth,  
To make complete the search for happiness?

A multitude of questions sought by man  
Have ne'er found answers since the world began.

DEBBIE SNOVER '52

## Snubbed

They walked right by her, talking, laughing, not even seeing her, much less deigning to speak.

An unreasoning fury swept over her, bringing tears to her eyes and making her grit her teeth together viciously to keep from screaming aloud how she hated them. The May afternoon which a moment before had seemed so lovely, warm and sunny and full of flowers and birds' songs, suddenly evaporated, revealing the bare stony blackness of reality. If she could only hurt them, worse than they had hurt her — hurt them so they would never forget it, so they would be sorry they had been oblivious to her loneliness in their gay, cruel cliques. They had their friends and were happy; why should they invite her, an unwelcome outsider, to interfere? "It was up to her to make them like her." Oh, certainly. But it wasn't fair! They had her at a disadvantage. She wanted friends desperately — a new school was hard enough to get used to, without having the girls so hostile. . . so subtly hostile that no one else realized it: every-

one said they were "very nice" . . . they would smile sweetly and say "How-are-you" when she had them cornered, as though they thought the world of her, but if she said anything else they were maddeningly distant, and if they could avoid it they wouldn't even speak to her at all. Yet they were judged by that hypocritical sweet smile . . . the nasty sanctimonious brats! She hated all of them! If only she had her own friends, so she could tell them she didn't care! But no. She would just have to keep taking it. She kicked at a stone, forgetting her open-toed shoes. It was the last straw.

She gritted her teeth again, belligerently, and went into the house. Her mother called,

"Hello, dear! I'm just wondering what to make for dessert tonight. Would you rather have ice cream or shortcake?"

"Oh, what's the difference? Make anything you want. Don't have any dessert for all I care."

And her mother was hurt.

FRANCES LANE '51

## The Meanest Boy in Town

The Saturday afternoon kiddie show was over. Hordes of wild "kiddies" stampeded the lobby, the sidewalk, the drugstore. They screamed, laughed, fought, made eyes, shot each other in grim play, blew bubbles, and made a general mess of everything and everyone.

Harry stood — tall, much too handsome, and very calm in the midst of the lobby's chaos. He was callous and indifferent to Saturday and Saturday's children. Leaning against the wall, he filled out his usher's slip for the day. I watched him, puzzled that a boy with his extreme good looks could possibly have the reputation he bore.

The meanest boy in town, I thought, noticing a stray piece of black hair curl on his damp forehead. The boy no nice girl in her right mind will date, I reflected, watching the muscle in his square jaw tense and relax, tense and relax. This action made the scar on his left temple, the result of reckless driving, show clearly. The boy who took on, and mangled, six others who had dared to call his mother a name, I thought, seeing his powerful hands move with easy assurance over the page. Strong and terrifying, those hands were like everything else about him.

I waited in the lobby for a long time, because my best friend was coming too. I talked to Liz, the candy-counter girl, about her steady. They had broken up the night before, and her heart was broken along with it. Then, while she was waiting on someone, I heard Gina, the girl I was waiting for.

"O.K., snobby, don't talk to me. See if I care." I turned to see her toss her ticket stub in his face. I saw him with one quick animal-like movement grab her arm in a vise. She had expected this movement and tried to dodge, but he was too fast. I didn't say anything, but I knew how she felt, for he had hurt me in the same way.

"Can't you ever do anything without hurting someone?" Gina asked.

After watching the movie for about two hours, I suddenly remembered a phone call I had neglected to make. I excused myself to do it. I remember pausing for a moment in the lobby to adjust my eyes to the light. Then I turned the corner to the alcove, which held a few chairs, a sofa, a Coke machine and two telephone booths.

I saw Harry, but he didn't see me. He was down on his knees before a little girl. Tears had left two startling white paths down her smudgy face. His face was in profile to me. I was stopped by the gentle look in his eyes and the quiet, kindly tone in which he was speaking.

"Try and remember. Your first name's Alice. Your brother's name is Billy. Can you possibly remember your last name? Come on, Honey; try just once more."

She pouted her lower lip in silent consternation, then shook her head.

"No?"

She burst into tears again and flung her arms around his neck, sobbing, "I want Mommy. Billy went off and left me. I want Mommy."

He put his arms around her gently. They looked huge on her tiny back. He said something I didn't hear. But I didn't wait to find out. I turned silently and went back, my phone call quite forgotten. I felt small and insignificant when I realized what I had seen. And then, suddenly, I felt very big. For I knew something nobody else — maybe not even Harry himself — knew. For I had seen inside the meanest boy in town.

RUTH GARDNER '53

## Character Sketch

Even though you have been through the house, you do not know it. It is lived in and loved. The three people who live in it have all lent their personalities. They are the only ones who have ever lived in it and it is clearly reflected in every part of the house. Rumor has it that the front part of the house, with which we started when we remodeled it, had been used as a church for negroes during the days of the underground railroad. True or false, there is little evidence of it now.

There are so many aspects of this house which I love and which make it lovable...the unlocked doors continually opening to friends — the ring of the telephone and long conversations — the half-finished dress on the sewing-machine table — the smell of oil when Peter has been cleaning his beloved guns — the bark of Tip, always on the wrong side of the door...the victrola playing in the living room...the fire smoking but smelling of seasoned apple wood...the daffodils scattered through the orchard...the cedar waxwings fighting over the rotten crab apples...the crunch of tires coming in the driveway...the sound of the kitchen fan drawing tantalizing odors outside...the way my bed rolls a little when I get in...the light of headlights travelling across my room from the bookcase over my head, to the knick-knack shelf, across the closet doors and out...the way Tip takes up all the room on the bed...the rogues' gallery in Mother's room and along the hall...the numerous snacks in the refrigerator...the welcoming path across the field...the multi-colored bookshelves beckoning the curious mind...the woodpeckers in the tree outside my window every morning...the sound of the stoker carrying coal into the fire...the sump pump taking water out of the cellar, busy in rainy weather...a bee in the bay window flowers...all these things make this house a home. My home.

ROSAMOND REIFSNYDER '51





## Rain-Washed Train Window

Mellow neon,  
 Fuzzy rows of lights  
     grope in the fog.  
 The quivering fires  
     by straight tracks  
 Are pulled into the enticing wind.  
 And follow its misty call  
     with dancing heads.

CLEMENCY CHASE '51

## Day Before Easter

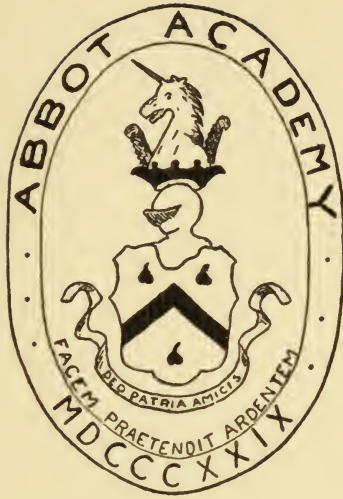
The gaudy mass of smelling humanity surges forward. "Going down" shrieks an exhausted but patient negro girl from her dark, stuffy cubicle. One heave and all are mashed against grimy steel walls. I can see nothing because my face is submerged in heavy raccoon fur, but I faintly hear a door slam. Whish! My stomach comes out my ears and my hair becomes tangled in the green button on a purple bonnet. As my stomach slides back down again there is a distant click and with one mighty shove I am left high and dry out in the middle of the floor with my squashed parcels. I weakly crawl toward the distant light and air.

ANN SANBORN '52

## The Shape of Time

A day is a piece of time  
 given to all with equality  
 to hammer into a link of lifetime.  
 Each one separate.  
 Entire.  
 Keep the edges hard-bitten and sharp.  
 Forge with conscious will and instinct  
 a chain which will not bind,  
 but will help to raise all that remains  
 when the last link is complete.

JO ANNE SMITH '51



# The Abbot Courant

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## My Little Chapel of Faith

The light was seen from the neighboring town:  
The signal of disaster  
For the little chapel of Faith.  
Glass and stones scattered,  
But on the planes go, roaring  
And destroying.

The remains, our chaplain salvages.  
He leaves each friend one prayer;  
And to me a pane of colored glass,  
An antiquated bird  
To take to my new home.

In my window now I see my shattered England,  
And my little chapel of Faith.

ANNE SANBORN '52

*The drawing, by Helen Glidden, on the facing page is of the fragment of stained glass which hangs in the window of Miss Hearsey's office.*

## The Monument

The tractor was taken out, the land was leveled off, new grass was seeded, and trees were being planted. Also a level wall was being built on one side, the side facing the road. All this was in the shape of a square.

Word got around that a new monument was being built. They said that it was in memory of the boys from our town who had been killed in World War II. There were twelve from Douglas who had lost their lives. I knew none of them. I had only heard people talk about the woman down the street who had lost her son. She had hung a little flag in the window which notified people of her loss. The same must have been true of the other families, with all those mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, wives and children. My parents used to tell me how lucky we were not to have any brothers "over there." I used to listen to news reports over the radio, and I used to read the headlines of our papers. And that was just about all. Surely I knew that war was a horrible thing that was happening over there, but that was all there was to it. I seemed to take it as a matter of fact.

When V.J. Day came, I was at camp. I can still remember that night. The news was announced on every radio station, and the joyful victory was known in every section of the country. We were all very happy, but mostly because of the celebration the news brought about. There was a huge bonfire, a midnight dip, and a parade of counsellors banging on their wash basins. All these seemed like so much fun. It wasn't every day we had such excitement. I honestly believe that not many of us, the campers that is, knew the real reason why we were celebrating. Of course we could tell anyone it was because the war was over, but is this the real reason when you come right down to it? Did we understand what it is like to sacrifice your son? Some parents even lost as many as five at a time. Did we realize the strain and anxiety that comes to one while waiting to hear from her son or husband? Did we know what goes on on the front lines? Did we know half the phases of real war? No, I don't believe we did. . . .

And so the monument was erected. An immense gray stone, known as granite, stood nobly in the square. On it was inscribed



those twelve names. Geraniums were planted around this gray mass. The twelve trees, now blooming and sturdy, were in their places around the square. It certainly was a serene and memorable spot. The grass was so green, and the trees and geraniums blended in so well with the blue of the sky, it was just like a picture you couldn't touch. And in the middle of all this, the monument.

I can remember the Memorial Parade that next spring. It was the first time the parade had marched up that way, and I was holding the Girl Scout flag. I certainly felt proud! A silent prayer was said, the gun was fired, and the parade continued. Still I was oblivious to what all this really meant, down deep.

And yet when the word monument is brought up for a topic this is the first monument I think of. There must have been a greater significance or it wouldn't stand out so in my mind. Of course the geraniums have died and a lot of beauty has been lost, but it still stands for the same purpose and will forever. Maybe after this next war another monument will be erected. Let's hope not. That is exactly what we don't want. Now we are beginning to realize exactly what a monument is for. We know boys in our crowd who have gone over, and we know of some who have lost their lives in Korea. We are going through what many generations have gone through before us. And has anything been changed for the better? No, it gets worse as time goes on. We begin to wonder what is wrong with nations and why they are always quarreling. Why can't there be peace and concord? It shouldn't be necessary to have such monuments as these.

This monument, in our little country town, is just as important as any other monument no matter how large or small. They all stand for the same thing. Each name indicates that an individual has given his life for his country, and no one could do a nobler thing. And so the monument rests through rain, sunlight, snow and hail, each day bringing about in us a clearer understanding of this dedication to our boys.

BETSY ALDRICH '52





## Change

The beach stood still in the pale sunlight.  
White snow furred up on its edge,  
And a gull disguised in the falling white  
Soared in from the sky to its ledge  
And looked.

And the waves came in  
And the waves fell out  
And the seasons came round again.

The snow went away,  
But the beach was still bare,  
Except for a few men on their way  
To anchor new boats with exquisite care,  
In the empty Sound.  
And the waves came in  
And the waves came out  
And the seasons came round again.

The sun came its way,  
And the days grew long,  
And the sand grew hot  
In its sudden way,  
And the beach became thronged,  
And the water too.  
And the waves came in  
And the waves fell out  
And the seasons came round again.

The days grew short and began to be marked  
By the tide growing long in coming in,  
And by the moon hanging low in the closing dark.  
And the stillness of autumn crept in,  
And grew still.  
And the waves came in  
And the waves fell out  
And the seasons came round again.

## The Adventures of Two-gun Jones and the Cattle Rustlers

Our hero, Two-gun Jones, was out in the stable feeding his faithful stallion, Buck, as the sun changed from a beautiful red hue, creeping across the sky, to a fiery ball, slowly rising in the heavens. Two-gun was the sheriff's deputy in the town of Badman's Creek and a mighty fast man on the draw. He was preparing for an all day trip, if necessary, for the purpose of tracking down some cattle rustlers. Besides stealing a thousand head of cattle in the last two weeks, they had terrorized all the ranchers in the vicinity by killing anyone and everyone who happened to get in their way; but, always, they seemed to elude capture. Two-gun, however, was sure he had a promising clue as to their whereabouts.

Half an hour later he saddled Buck and started off in a cloud of dust on his search. He had learned bits of information from various sources, and these he had cleverly put together and had come to the conclusion that the rustlers were hiding out near an abandoned mine shaft in the hills. This was his destination now.

An hour's ride brought him to the mine where he left Buck and made his way to the shaft itself. Suddenly he heard voices, and he darted behind a large boulder. Two men approached. One was a tall, dark, swarthy-looking character with a long scar on his left cheek. The other was rather short and stocky. The one with the scar was speaking. From what Two-gun could gather, they were the "boss" and one of his men. The boss was telling the stocky man to inform the rest of the gang that there would be a meeting at the mine at nine o'clock that night.

Two-gun waited no longer but cautiously made his way to the spot where he had left Buck, mounted, and rode off to warn the sheriff of the meeting, which would offer a good opportunity to capture the rustlers. Two-gun figured that by waiting until that night, he would be able to get the whole gang at once. When the sheriff had been informed, he, one of his men, and Two-gun headed back to the mine. It would be a race against time, for it was already late. The three pushed their horses to the utmost possible speed, and at last, Two-gun sighted the place ahead. Cautiously they dis-

mounted at a safe distance. "I can hear them talking," he said. "We just made it."

But suddenly they were discovered by the rustlers. They were three against twelve. The rustlers opened fire and Two-gun fired back. He hit one man and then another. The night was filled with gunfire and gun flashes. A bullet got Two-gun in the arm, but he kept right on fighting. Then seeing that the sheriff and his man were keeping the others busy, he relaxed a minute to reload his gun.

Behind Two-gun a shadow was creeping from boulder to boulder, getting closer and closer, but he was unaware of it. A gun was raised, and aimed carefully at his head. It was one of the rustlers, who had managed to break loose from the others. Two-gun whirled around apprehensively. There was a shot, then a tense silence.

Suddenly a soft voice broke through the stillness. "Johnny Jones, it's time for lunch. Come in this minute and don't let me have to call you again."

"Awwwww shucks!" muttered Two-gun to himself, as he stamped into the house.

KAREN LARSON '52

## Mother

Oh Mother, where ever thou wilt be,  
I will shout, I will call, just to tell  
What happens, what occurs, just to me.

Thy warm breast which is now not near,  
It is sweet, it is smooth, it is strong,  
It protects. I will have no more fear.

Oh Mother, where ever I will be,  
Wilt thou shout, wilt thou call, just to tell  
What happens, what occurs, just to thee?

CHALOEMKWAN KRISHNAMRA '52

## Winter Interlude

Snow glistening harsh under the morning sun. The road curling softly through the dead stillness. A vast, white, lonely, warm blanket covering tree, bush, earth, every little twig and leaf. Frozen still. The icy branches stretched taut in glazed shells sighing and whispering against each other. Cracking sounds. Wide glaring sky, bright blue against the white. Naught but hills and road merging together. A lone figure; no, two. Child and dog. Silent in wonder.

This is winter.

Scrape of shovel against hard ground. A path is made. It winds in geometric loveliness from road to crest of hill. The driveway is no more but untracked white, the path a link from door to road. The hills and woods rise high around. One house, one family, one world alone. A time of cheer, surprise, new awakenings. "But everything's so different, so new, so clean, so *clean!*" Protesting voice then dies away. The snow has come. Not yet the brown leaves exposed from underneath the quietness of white. They'll come in spring as dead reminders of things past. Not yet. Not yet. So clean. So clean.

For this is winter.

A little girl comes out of the house with a cardboard box of breadcrumbs. A dog goes on before her, looking back inquiringly as she speaks.

"I'm going to put it under the trees on the ledge. Then the little birds can find something to eat. Poor things. So hungry and cold."

The dog wags his tail companionably and hops over the heap of snow left by the shovel when the path was dug.

"Oh Lance! You look so silly! Just like a wild bunny." The child bursts into laughter at the antics of the dog, who obligingly leaps through the snow, sending showers of whiteness into the air to land on his black nose in glistening flakes.

They go together over the hill to a cluster of trees beside a ledge. Later the little girl comes back, a satisfied little smile lighting up her piquant face.

"I do hope the birds find the crumbs, Lance. It snowed so suddenly, they must have been surprised." She reaches the porch and stamps her feet. The dog follows suit with more boisterous action, leaving on the steps a fine coating of snow. They go inside.

The child forgets her box laid out for the birds, and the day passes. Night settles down, the stars distant and cold. The trees sigh in the wind, their glassy branches clicking. The wind is fiercer, and it grows colder. But the lights from within the home are warm and bright. Merry voices ring out dimly on the lonely places outside. The snow is muffled in heaps against the trees. No noise. All solitude.

The box of crumbs blows over a bush. The bread in tiny frozen chunks. A bird lies still on the hard packed snow, his tiny claws raised to the sky. A little child will find him there next day. The wind whips howling round the tree.

For it is winter.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53

## Mountains and Mortals

The solemn hill stood cold and lone  
Against the frozen winter sky,  
While all around her lofty head,  
The sifting snowflakes whistled by.

The sky had on that snowly look,  
And whipped the whitish clouds about,  
Till she had tossed most every one  
Around the summit of the mount.

The clouds flung 'round the mountain's head  
Like fuzzy earmuffs seemed to be.  
But even though her head was warm,  
The hill was filled with misery.

For like us mortals, mountains, too,  
Refuse to see God's works with awe.  
Instead, when cold, we just sit by  
And wish our frozen foot would thaw.

VICKI SCHWAB '54



## The Principle of the Thing

The day had started as a dismal one and, contrary to all hopes, had shown no signs of clearing. The dull, cold strings of rain continued beating down, turning the lawn into a small green swamp, and the garden beds into muddy rivulets in which the early flowers drooped their battered heads.

Mick stared gloomily out of her window at the grey downpour. From her mother's bathroom came sounds of the shower, blending in with the splashing outside in the gutters. She sighed. It had been weeks ago that her mother and Mrs. Barnes had first decided on this jaunt to New York, and the two women had unanimously decided on Mick to take care of David, the youngest Barnes, for the afternoon.

Why did it have to rain? That makes it very difficult. That cuts out all the charming diversions like the sandbox and trampling down the vegetables and going for a walk. Now we'll be house-bound all afternoon and neither of us is going to like it one bit. Nuts!

She shambled downstairs and began racking her brains to think of a sufficient number of games and so forth that would keep David amused, or at least bemused, enough all day to prevent such unfortunate actions as kicking and screaming and throwing things. She had not yet reached any encouraging conclusion when her mother came down, heels clicking and smelling deliciously of Schiaparelli cologne. And she was still racking when Mrs. Barnes and David arrived. By the time the two ladies left in a swirl of gay laughter and last-minute instructions, no inspiration had come, and the day loomed long and foreboding before her.

But games or no, the afternoon went quite well. David, it turned out, was not too adamant in carrying out his plots of pulverizing the entire house, and was, in fact, quite amenable to Mick's suggestions for more civilized play. It was rather strenuous, as Dave was a sort of junior variety cyclone, but they had fun and there weren't too many casualties. David liked her, as almost all children did, for she had some intangible quality that made her a part of their age, and they a part of hers. Perhaps it was that she saw no reason to look, talk or act down to them. They were equals. She felt that the baby talk routine was nothing short of disgusting. "After all, they

can understand plain English. Why make it hard for them? Baby talk is strictly for dogs." She read to him from "Pooh", whom they both adored, and, as in the book, they held races between the different raindrops rolling down the window panes.

But when evening finally came, they were both exhausted, for activities more strenuous than those mentioned above had also been engaged in, and they were somewhat cross. They got through supper fairly well, except for the time David threw his beets on the floor (I don't really blame you, you little stinker, I can't bear them either). But after that they both became more and more crotchety, until finally Dave reached the snatching and smashing stage, and Mick reached her wit's end.

"Dave, give that to me," said Mick when he had grabbed a china figurine for the fourth time in a row after having been told repeatedly that it was not his to heave about. She stretched out her hand, waiting for it. Laughing impudently, he slapped the upturned palm. Without a change of expression, she reached over and slapped him lightly in return.

"Give it to me, Dave."

She was sitting in a chair by the table, and when he came to stand in front of her, he was almost as tall as she was. Holding the figure in question behind his back, he reached up and deliberately struck her face with his fist. He was no longer laughing. His eyes smouldered. Gently she smacked his cheek in return.

"Give it to me, David."

He struck her really hard this time with all the force of his fury which was, by now, well aroused. Involuntarily her eyes smarted. He waited, sullen, angry, staring fixedly at her.

All right, you're mad. But I am too. And you know just as well as I do that you haven't got any right to that dumb little statue. And you know too that now it's more than the statue that counts. You've got to learn that you can't just grab something that isn't yours without paying for it. It's people who think the way you are thinking right this minute who make wars and cause all the trouble in the world. Can't you see that?

"David."

He did not move.

Please, Dave, can't you understand?

"David."

Her hand reached out; the slap made a nasty sound when she hit him. The following silence was as brittle and crackling as the noise that had caused it. She had hurt him; she could see that in his eyes. And there was a terrible, frightened pain in her own throat. They were both so young, but something had made them suddenly, and in an odd way, old.

O.K. fella, it's all up to you now. We're even, and if you start to holler it'll be messy and we'll both hate it. You've got the ball, now run with it — any way you want to — I can't stop you. But don't you see, if you give it to me, we'll both win? Please, Dave, please.

The silence continued countless seconds longer. Then slowly, shyly, his hand came from behind his back and placed the little figure in her lap. They both grinned as she put it back on the table.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## Snowfall

Silver  
     sifting,  
         softly  
             drifting;  
  
     gleaming  
         whiteness,  
             dazzling  
                 brightness;  
  
     sunlight  
         aiding,  
             moistly  
                 fading.

ANN CLARK '53

## On Complaining

How lucky we are to have so many, many wonderful things. Have you stopped lately to think of how much you really have? Why, there aren't nearly enough numbers to count all our blessings.

Each night we sleep between two cool white sheets and think nothing of it, while far away in Korea boys not much older than any of us may be shivering as they lie under their blanket of wet rain in a muddy foxhole. We have steaming hot coffee and muffins for breakfast, and yet we know that somewhere in the world a girl our age is going without a meal for another day, and may continue to do so until she collapses. Another blessing is the love that is bestowed upon us every day by those whom we love, although, in some countries there are people our age who have lost all their loved ones and will never be with them again.

And yet we complain; complain about any trivial thing that happens to block our egotistical path. I will admit that there are few tangible things that we may do for one another in the world of today, but I feel certain that it is up to each of us to keep our spirits high.

The other day I had the opportunity to read a letter, sent by a Korean soldier to his parents. He had been fighting in Korea for a long time, over a year, and was absolutely fed up with anything pertaining to war. His letter said that every man over there hated to fight. A part of him was extinguished every time one of his friends was killed. He said that the servicemen there are fighting for peace; a peace that is in no way false or insecure. Every single one of them is willing to give up his everything in order to obtain peace for the world. He hoped that we realized this; and ended by asking his mother and dad to take care of themselves. Two weeks after the letter arrived home, his parents received word of his death.

And so another soldier gave himself to what he believed to be more important than life. You and I both know that this dying for peace will go on and on until life exists no more. It is up to us whether or not the longed for peace can be obtained and then preserved. For as long as our lives revolve completely around ourselves, and for as long as we remain so trite, there can be no hope for the cause of real peace and freedom for all.

BETSY GRIFFITHS '52

## The Emerald Vase

In the days of long ago,  
There was a legend of which I know.  
The ruler of India, greatest of kings,  
Had ever so many precious things.

But what he desired was the emerald vase,  
Renowned from Crete to ancient Thrace.  
He asked his wise men where it was to be found,  
In the forest, on the mountain, or under the ground?

They said it was where waters ne'er roll,  
Under the sea in the deepest hole.  
And the king of the world under the sea,  
Knew what the king of India's wish would be.

"We give it up," said a water sprite,  
"We give it up to the king of might."  
"It is ours, it is ours," cried the spirits of air,  
"It belongs to our queen of the golden hair."

"What a terrible storm!" said the people on earth,  
As the two forces fought o'er the vase of great worth.  
Spirit number one went to snatch it.  
Spirit number two stood by to catch it.

Down the vase fell, crashed to the ground,  
Broke into pieces that flew all around.  
It was a sight to see the change of his mien,  
As he watched the pieces of emerald green.

The ruler of India, greatest of kings,  
Desired so many precious things.  
But the one he desired the most of all,  
He never saw after that fateful fall.



## Alone

With one long mournful whistle the train puffed with increasing speed out of the dimly lit station. All through the crowded cars people laughed and talked together. Smoke soon frosted up the windows, closing out the bleak landscape outside, and all appeared happy. All, that is, except one small boy, seated alone and inconspicuous in the back of one car. He was a healthy looking boy, one who should have been laughing, and running and playing cowboys and Indians. But instead, he was all scrunched up in a little heap on the seat, looking blankly out the window and trying awfully hard not to let two tears, which gleamed in his brown eyes, find a course down his cheeks. Nobody noticed him and nobody cared. It was as if none of the grown-ups on the train could ever remember being small and alone and on their first train ride to boarding school. The wheels rolled on. "You're leaving home, you're leaving home, you're leaving home. . . ." The sound filled his ears until he had to cover them with his hands to shut it out. If only his mother could have come with him. But he had to remember to act fully his ten years! A boy who had walked "no hands" along the highest wall in town, crying for his mother! Gosh! He was no sissy! But it would have been nice to have her along. Why, oh why did they have to send him away? He knew his father was awfully sick, but he was old enough to help. He didn't want to be sent away. The tears that had been waiting found their chance, and down they came. He fumbled quickly for the clean handkerchief his mother had put in his pocket, worrying that someone was watching him, but nobody was. He wished the train would hurry up. . . and then he wished it would never stop.

Presently everyone filed out to the dining car and he was left alone. There was a peanut butter sandwich in his pocket, but for once in his life he wasn't hungry. He thought of all the neighborhood gang left at home, wondering if they'd miss him. If only right this minute he could be back with them, climbing into the tree house in the lot at the end of the street. For awhile he daydreamed, waking when some people came chattering loudly from the diner.

What would boarding school be like? He never had been too smart and he hoped the teachers wouldn't be too strict. A happy thought

struck him. At least he'd be getting away from his mean old sixth grade teacher who always kept him after for throwing spit balls. Even so, he'd rather be home. Everyone would be sitting around the supper table now, laughing, talking, maybe not even thinking of him.

Finally, the train began to slow down. Just ahead the bright lights of the station appeared. He was here. A panicky feeling arose in his throat. He dug back as far as he could in the seat and waited till everyone had filed out, listening to the cries of greeting on the outside. Finally he timidly got up and peered out the door. Everyone was busily talking on the station platform. Taking a firm grip on his suitcase he stepped hesitantly to the platform. No one looked at him, they were all too busy. Feeling terribly scared and unwanted, he hunched up against a post. Suddenly a boy about his size ran toward him through the crowd.

"Hey, you Tim Scott?"

He nodded.

"Hurry up, we've been waiting for ya'. Gee, I'm glad you've come; now we'll have enough guys in our house for a football team."

And waving his hand as a signal to follow, the strange boy started back through the crowd.

Tim hesitated only a minute. A slow, wondering smile crept on his face. And grabbing up his suitcase, he tore after his welcomer.

SARAH EMMONS '52

## Death

When you are born, life walks by your side; Death hovers behind — waiting.

If you stumble, Death is there; a devouring, shrouded mist, reaching greedily, and — waiting.

If you fall, Death is there, all enveloping; the light is gone, and darkness forever closes in.

For you Death is no longer — waiting.

MARGERY WEBB '52

## The Old Man

- I.     A pitiful sight was the old, bent man,  
      As he trudged across the road,  
      And slipped and fell down the steep incline,  
      To a field that was newly mowed.
- II.    A fragrance of hay was in the air,  
      Birds flew from limb to limb;  
      But the old, old man kept walking on,  
      And did not look at them.
- III.   He did not notice the flowering trees,  
      Nor the small white butterflies;  
      But plodded on and on and on,  
      And did not shift his eyes.
- IV.    He'd the look of one who was recently stunned,  
      And not recovered from shock;  
      His eyes had a dull and steely look,  
      His head a peculiar cock.
- V.     His long gray beard hung down on his chest,  
      Dropped on his head, a hood.  
      He went along the path and soon  
      Was swallowed by the wood.
- VI.    Later, two woodsmen entered the thicket,  
      And found the old man: dead.  
      And burnt as if by a finger of heat,  
      A gold cross on his forehead.
- VII.   They trembled with fear at the awesome sight,  
      And back to the village they ran,  
      To tell the folk of the marvelous thing,  
      And the old man, pale and wan.

VIII. The housewives left their pots and pans,  
The gardeners left their hoeing,  
But when they arrived, there was naught there,  
Save a few white lilies growing.

EDITH WILLIAMSON '54

## The Reversal

They were both twelve years old, and they had known each other for nearly all twelve of their years. Until lately, they had been fairly close; well, as close as a girl and a boy can be. Cowboys, roller-skating and soldiers had been among their likes and they had done a great deal of imagining together. All at once, they were total strangers. Tonight they were completely changed in each other's eyes. She was wearing shiny shoes and a light blue dress, and he was wearing a brand new light brown suit with a tan and yellow striped tie. They were trying to dance and to make conversation at the same time, and it wasn't working very well at all. In fact, their strict attention to both seemed to make them feel even more awkward and uncomfortable.

Finally, the music stopped and they were able to sit down. They had been settled only a moment when she asked, "This is fun, isn't it?"

She thought to herself, "It is not fun and I am having a terrible time. I hate, hate, hate him and wish that I had never come. He is so childish and silly. Mommy said I would have a good time with him and that she was glad he asked me. I wish she had come instead of me and *then* she would see how awful it is. He can't dance at all, and he never says a word. Oh, I wish. . ."

"I'm glad you came," he answered.

And then he thought to himself, "I guess! Only I wish that she acted more like she used to. She looks so pretty, too. Heck, I don't think she likes me at all. Oh well, what do I care? She's just a girl. I'd like to go over there with those fellows anyway. Maybe then. . ."

The music started again and they went back to their monotonous waltzing, not much happier.

BETSY GRIFFITHS '52

## On Faux Pas

A faux pas, says Noah Webster, is "a false step, an offense against social convention." This definition sounds to me as though Mr. Webster was one of the rare creatures who haven't had much experience in dealing with the faux pas, and therefore is unqualified to write about this subject. While I, on the other hand . . . !

The faux pas is one of man's worst enemies; it is the epitome of shame and embarrassment. Unfortunately it has many types and variations, so that it is almost impossible to avoid in at least one of its forms. I, myself, have become a past master at this unpleasant form of recreation, and I shall now proceed to relate some of the intriguing facts I have learned through practice and great diligence.

The first, and perhaps most common form of faux pas goes by the name of "Shh! here she comes!" This usually takes place when a group of people are discussing someone not present. One of the group becomes vehement and launches quite a tirade against the absent party. The conclusion to this is unvarying: the speaker turns around to find his victim close behind him, listening intently with a venomous expression. This is a kind of faux pas which is virtually impossible to laugh off, and you can't pretend ignorance of the whole thing. In other words, you're stuck.

Another kind of faux pas is more rare. Your friend has been telling you for days how ugly her roommate's family is. Looking around their room one day, you come across a picture of a mule-eared boy and say, yes, you certainly think her roommate's brother is unattractive. Drawing herself up, your friend of yore informs you that it's *her* brother you have just insulted. In cases like this you have to do your best to laugh the whole thing off — of *course*, you were only kidding.

There are a large number of faux pas that involve, directly or otherwise, teachers. For instance: usually you're well-behaved; you walk sedately; you're fairly courteous and have good manners. But today you're late to class, and although it's against the rules you race down the corridor. After all, you reason, once in a thousand times it's a necessity to run, and anyway who'll know? You round the corner at top speed, and bump smack into your corridor teacher, accompanied by the startled principal. In this case you must vanish



instantly, pretending with an apologetic smile that you really weren't there at all. There's no alternative.

One particular faux pas is always cropping up when marks come out. You're all hashing over your marks, and you suddenly come up with, "Oh, she's a good egg. She never fails anyone — in fact, I think everyone in our class got B or better." At this point a down-cast voice contradicts you with, "She gave me a D-." (This faux pas has no known remedy.)

There are other types of faux pas, both major and minor, too numerous to mention. The obvious conclusion, it would seem, would be not to say anything at all. But alas! even this strategy never works. If you don't talk, teachers think you don't know your lesson, and your contemporaries think you have no opinions. Scientists are finding cures for everything from the common cold to schizophrenia; I have a faint hope that they will, in time, find a cure for the faux pas, most common malady of all. Until they do, you just can't win.

DEBORAH BETHELL '53

## Solitude

The night is still, there is no human sound,  
Earth sleeps, dark shadows splotch the dew-kissed ground,  
Warm summer breezes rustle in the trees,  
And whisper unknown secrets to the leaves.

Full moon above sheds radiance o'er the scene;  
Dark, inky water specked with silver sheen.  
Slim, flickering fragments seem to live and dance  
O'er each small wave of all the vast expanse.

The glittering ripples gently lap the shore;  
Unceasing sound, recalling times of yore.  
Their tranquil motion lulls the mind to rest;  
A sense of peace, content, all Earth seems blest.

For one short precious instant all Time halts.  
The realness of this moment Heav'n exalts.  
You sit alone, unshackled from all strife,  
Aware of the intensity of life.

God's night! He seems to watch, magnificent,  
He looks down on his world. He is content.  
God's here, all's well, and in this interlude  
You'll find solemnity of solitude.

DEBORAH SNOVER '52

## Catacombs

... a honeycomb of passageways so narrow that one must flatten  
against the wall to allow another to pass... dirt floor and dampness,  
wet walls... stretching above to infinity...

... darkness... broken only by the occasional glow of a candle  
... long, narrow, horizontal slabs of rocks... row upon row, grave  
upon grave, reaching upward, some bearing names, others never  
known...

... cell-like chapels with walls and ceilings pressing inward to  
the stone altars and crude paintings... bones of legendary saints and  
martyrs...

... another level of the maze and at the end of the corridor,  
steps leading steeply upward, worn away in the center by the shuf-  
fling of many feet...

... blinding daylight... a Coca-Cola sign... a man selling  
Cheese Nabs and a group of tourists waiting for the next trip  
through the Catacombs...

... a cloud of dust... the bus disappears on down the Appian  
Way.

DEE PETTIT '53

## Turmoil

Bessie and Joanne shivered with anticipation and excitement. The subway car bumped toward them, and they pushed themselves on with the rest of the noisy, jostling crowd. Some with friends chatted loudly; the faces of others were blank with monotony. The girls watched. Joanne listened to the conversation of two gaudily dressed women beside her, who were discussing in slurring tones their relationships with the boss, and at intervals she mimicked selections from their discussion. Bessie observed an elderly man with torn shoes and a ragged suit, who seemed to be admiring Joanne's bright clothes and radiating cheerfulness, perhaps wishing that such things were present in his own family.

At the Park Street station the girls jumped out eagerly, and purchased a bag of peanuts for the pigeons on the Common. The grey beggars were delighted. Then Bessie's eye fell upon a bundled-up woman in black, huddled with a small can by the corner of the subway steps. A thought flickered through her mind: "Pigeon beggars receive more pity and help than human beggars." In an offhand manner she lightly remarked to Joanne, "Let's give that poor woman a few pennies before the pigeons get sick from overeating."

"Don't be silly, Bessie. Let's get going down to Jordan's," Joanne yelled back. The cold wind swooped down the narrow street and threw tiny snowflakes at their faces. Each cheerful window display they admired in detail, in spite of having to grasp their hats with one hand and their pocketbooks with the other. Each dress received a series of "oohs" and "ahs," and Joanne sighed unceasingly, "If only I were rich."

All the chattering and honks faded into the background, as they reached the corner of Winter and Washington Streets. The calm and reassuring voice of a policeman boomed forth from the loud-speaker: "Follow my directions and there will be no trouble. Look where you are going. Do not rush. Cars on Washington Street may move forward slowly now. Watch. . . ."

"As if they could do anything else but move forward slowly," laughed Joanne as they approached the street. A tiny blond tot, clinging onto her mother's sleeve, stumbled off the curb and burst

into tired tears as her mother yanked her to her feet and harshly scolded, "Judy, hurry! We've yet a lot of presents to get."

"I'm tired," the child sniffed. "I don't want to get any more presents. Can't we go home?"

"Stop whining, Judy. Hurry up." The mob scurried across the street and in Bessie's mind echoed the policeman's words, "Watch, watch, watch. . . ."

Christmas carols blared as the girls entered Jordan's. The atmosphere of intense excitement grew with the gaudy figures and decorations, and general mob scene. Joanne thrived on the spirit of happiness and joy; Bessie brooded on it. Her watching eye observed, beyond the widespread hilarity, the undercurrents of unkindness and avarice for everything of material value.

After a series of dodges and shoves, the girls slithered into the elevator, narrowly escaping being trodden to death during the stampede. The exhausted colored girl's face was damp and shiny from perspiration, as she called "going up" once again. Bessie stared at her with pity. Joanne began coughing violently as the dust from the fur coat, pushed against her face, slid down her throat. Bessie was jabbed in the back and pushed whenever anyone desired to leave the elevator. The words "excuse me" seemed to be unheard of in this crowded box.

The dress department was jammed with faces displaying excitement as well as boredom, fatigue, and disappointment. The racks were shoved back and forth, while the perfect dress for the numerous parties of the season was sought. Joanne disappeared into the dressing rooms laden down with droopy silks and bright taffetas, while Bessie waited outside.

From the next rack issued the loud, cross voice of a tired mother: "We're not getting a skirt and blouse. This is the last time I'm going to tell you that. I came to buy you a dress. If you don't like this, we're going home."

"Shh! Mother, please!" came the meek, embarrassed voice of her daughter. Bessie moved away, out to the dressing rooms to see how Joanne was progressing, but she stopped suddenly as she heard:

"I tell you, Julie, please go home. You're getting disagreeable 'cause you've been workin' for so long. I'll take over."

"Don't you tell ME what to do, Miss Baines. If you can mind

your business, I guess I can mind mine." With a sudden change of tone, "Now, Miss, what would you like?"

"I'm just looking for a friend, thank you." Bessie mumbled, and wondered, "Is this the happy Christmas spirit everywhere?"

After purchasing a bright red dress, perfect for Joanne's tiny figure, they wandered about, looking for Christmas gifts. The perfume counters with all the sprays, bottles, and nice smells, held a fascination for them. Bessie peered over a woman's shoulder at the inexpensive bottle she was holding.

"Look," the woman showed her friend, "it's almost all water. What a perfect gift for Mrs. James! You remember that thin little handkerchief she gave me last year, don't you? After this diluted perfume, I guess she won't try that again!"

Bessie was confused. Christmas was tormenting her. She now understood the sobs of the little girl who had wanted to go home, away from this kind of a Christmas. "The child did not yet have complex thoughts and motives, but isn't the little child's Christmas the real Christmas?" she asked herself.

"Let's buy the rest of our presents at home," suggested Bessie as she guided Joanne towards the door. Her ears were impervious to the carols as well as to the policeman's repeated cautions and directions. The dusk had transformed everyone into one crawling grey mass... pushing... pushing...

They crossed the street and only heard in the distance the scream of a woman, eager to catch the 4:55, who had pushed once too often.

ANNE SANBORN '52

## Shine

### I

Streets on a rainy day,  
Made black by weather,  
Look like the shine they lay  
On shoes of patent leather.

### II

In the sky a plane  
Catches the sharp sun's light;  
Its whirring motors' refrain  
Dares Icarus' forbidden height.



## III

A firefly is a child's star,  
 A warm light made for chase,  
 And, unlike those that shine from far,  
 To be held to a wondering face.

## IV

On the black river flows a tone  
 Of myriad lights, reflecting gold,  
 That had by modern hand been sown,  
 Like sequins making youth old.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## Let's Pretend

"Let's pretend" is a phrase belonging to youth.  
 It's a key to a magic land,  
 Where a freckle-faced lad of five or six  
 Has an army at his command.

And a pigtailed lass makes a beautiful queen  
 In mommy's old dress and shoes,  
 With lipstick smeared from ear to ear,  
 And of course some powder and rouge.

"Let's pretend" suggests cowboys, and fairies, and elves,  
 And bandits, and "injuns", and kings,  
 And soldiers, and ghosts, and brave firemen,  
 And all manner of marvelous things.

The mind of a child is a wonderful thing.  
 A world of his own has he;  
 A world entirely make-believe,  
 But to him it's as real as can be.

KAREN LARSON '52

## Homecoming

They both ate hot toast, with careless haste, in silence, preoccupied, worried, and outwardly nonchalant.\* The clock ticked monotonously on the kitchen wall, oblivious to the tension of the two elderly people sitting at the table. The wife, Mary, glanced out the window through which the morning sun was striking the polished surface of the toaster. The back garden was covered with leaves; the trees waved lonely branches in the wind.

The husband stirred behind his newspaper, reaching blindly for another piece of toast. "Say, Mary, listen to this. Pretty good sale on garden tractors. We might buy one. It would be something for Jeff to do when he gets home."

"Oh, Jack, stop fooling yourself!" she cried out. "He'll never be good for anything now. My son an ex-convict!" She fumbled her coffee cup nervously, her eyes filling with tears. Controlling herself, she said sharply, "Hurry up. I've got dishes to do and a pie to put in the oven before he comes."

The old man left the room and mounted the stairs by the front parlor. They creaked under his slow tread, the faded rug giving out a musty smell. He entered<sup>a</sup> a small room on the left and paused. The shelves near the door were filled with books and outdated magazines, an old airplane, forgotten, dusty in a corner. A basketball trophy from high-school days stood in place of honor on the bureau.

The man walked to the battered desk and picked up a picture, feeling for his glasses, placing them carefully on the bridge of his nose. In the photograph were a man and boy, the man smiling, that indefinable smile of happiness and pride, his head turned towards the boy, who was holding a silver trophy, grinning self-consciously.

The old man sighed and put his glasses away. He drummed his fingers on the desk and through the window watched a bird perched on a neighbor's roof-top. The street was empty. No sound of children's voices. Downstairs the rattling of dishes being washed was heard. A train's whistle in the distance. The hollow sound of a toaster popping.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53

\*This sentence was taken from *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett.

## Hesitation

Youth.

We stand uncertain,  
Poised upon a crag of insecurity,  
Ready to plunge into the swirling sea  
Of life's perplexities.

Youth:

Comprised of aching sadness  
And infinite joy;  
In our hearts, a syncopated dirge;  
Our souls mark time  
To the long, sweet notes of the Blues.  
Below us, around us, above us, beyond,  
Stretching to the utmost boundaries  
Of our lives,  
The days and years stand veiled  
In clouds of unhappened happenings.  
We strain, but cannot see them.

Youth.

We yearn to leave behind  
Our stammering indecision,  
And boldly step into an adult life  
Of wondrous freedom and maturity.  
But something holds us back.  
We cannot tell what, how, or why.  
We only know we are afraid.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## The Old Man

High up in the sultry blue sky a bird circled lazily, keeping an ever watchful eye on the slowly moving figure on the road below. Small swirls of dust arose from under the traveler's plodding feet, as he made his way along the road, shoulders hunched, and round black eyes darting sideways at the sound of every passing car. There were not very many cars, and none of them stopped; but raced on by, leaving the man with the taste of exhaust in his mouth, and the memory of briefly inquisitive faces peering out car windows at him. Never altering his pace, the old man shuffled on, the sunlight reflecting off his shiny black coat, and causing small drops of perspiration to appear on his wrinkled, pitted skin. Far down the road he could see a black dot on the horizon. As he approached, he saw that it was a gas station, alone and oddly out of place on the wide expanse of arid desert. The lone station attendant sat in a chair propped against one wall and stared vacantly off over the endless land. He didn't look up until the old man stood in front of him, slowly shifting from one foot to the other. When the stranger spoke, his voice came out quavering with fatigue and age.

"How far is it to the next town?"

"'Bout three miles."

"Think I can make it by night-fall?"

"Maybe."

"Okay if I go out back and get a drink?" This with a longing glance toward a dripping faucet at the rear.

"Sure."

Having refreshed himself, the old man came back to the front and wearily seated himself on a broken chair near the attendant, releasing a heavy sigh as he did so. For several minutes there was silence in the small station, broken only by the frustrated buzzing of a fly, trapped behind a window. Finally the younger man turned slightly in his chair.

"Where 'ya going?"

"To Amesville."

"Got business there?"

"If you can call it business. I have to go to my son. He's dying in the county hospital there. Had an accident in the factory where

he works, I guess. Anyway, I got word yesterday. Didn't have enough money for the bus, so I'm walking. Hope I'm not too late." Here the thin voice quavered, and the father stared at his feet, his thin body shaking.

"Oh, well I'm sorry. Hope the kid'll pull through." And the attendant slowly righted his chair and sauntered toward a waiting car at the pumps.

The old man rose uncertainly and started off down the road. About half a mile from the station, he heard the noise of a car behind him, mingled with laughing voices. The car, driven by a crowd of teenagers, came tearing along and suddenly, swerving on a rock in the road, hit the aged traveler a glancing blow on the side. Even then, it did not falter for long, stopping only long enough for youthful heads to appear momentarily at windows; and with scared glances at the crumpled figure in the road, the careless group drove off at an even greater pace. All was still across the sandy wastes. At last, with anguished movements, the man rose, picked up his battered hat, and slowly began dragging himself onward down the road into the lengthening shadows.

SARAH EMMONS '52

## Crash

He shook, and gasped, and whispered  
The tragic words to us:  
Creeping slowly down the mount,  
The car in front a soft shoulder struck,  
Whirled and rolled,  
And bounced from rock to rock . . .  
One piercing scream,  
Then space and stillness.  
And headlines in tomorrow's paper,  
*The Pike's Peak Press.*



## From a Sleeping Bag in Yellowstone

The clang of a garbage pail echoes against the darkness  
As I look up.  
Silence, and the stars above  
Give me peace.  
A black shapeless mass lumbering silently by my head  
Disturbs my peace.  
He is gone —  
On to the next garbage pail.

ANNE SANBORN '52

## The Slums

They stood there row upon row like a blight on the land as I stared at them from the train window. It is hard to believe that a human being could actually inhabit some of them. The atmosphere was filled with the black smoke and disagreeable smell of the oil refineries and factories near by, a smell and smoke which forever permeated the air. No sunny day could relieve the depression of the scene. The houses, for the most part, were covered with paint of ugly colors over which lay a thick film of the ever-present smoke. Many of them leaned at precarious angles and looked as if the slightest breeze would be enough to topple them completely. Most of them were crowded very close together, resembling a half-hearted attempt to support each other. The back yards, for it was generally the back of the houses which could be seen from the train, were veritable small junk yards. Each house was fenced in with rows of weather-beaten, gray boards; and within these boards, what a conglomeration! Parts of old cars, piles of coal and wood, tin cans, rusty bedsprings, and almost everything else which could find no other resting place. Each house, too, had a steep staircase on the outside, leading to the second floor; and some of these looked unsafe for even a bird to light upon. The fronts of these houses, although bare of any vegetation except perhaps a bewildered, scrawny bush, or an occasional blade of grass, made a little more effort to be re-

spectable. Some paint was generally distinguishable, and the small yard was kept a little neater.

Nearer the heart of the city, the slums took the form of apartments over stores or even a whole building. The buildings themselves were more substantial, but equally crowded. Smoke and dirt still pervaded, and gray laundry flapped high up on dilapidated porches. Occasionally, we would pass close enough to cast a fleeting glance into a crowded room, or see a face peering forlornly through a torn curtain.

Yet often, buried in such poverty, is born a brilliant mind; and just as often, the world never knows of it. It is suppressed by poverty, and it remains buried in the clutter. Seeing these slums, slums which are a part of every city and which cry out to cruel fate, my mind dwells on my own happy circumstances and the good fortune which God has bestowed upon me.

KAREN LARSON '52

## George's Zoo

Zoo keeper George  
Has a mouth like a gorge,  
And his nose is as big as a mountain.  
He sleeps on the floor  
By the monkey house door,  
And he brushes his teeth at the fountain.

The lions love George,  
With his mouth like a gorge,  
For he always is full of surprises:  
When they're ready to eat,  
He comes with some meat —  
Special — ! steaks of different sizes.

The elephants too  
Love Georgie McGrew,  
Who daily cleans all of their cages.  
For he cuts all their toe nails,  
Pets their practic'ly no tails,  
And never, no never, has rages.

Georgie McGrew  
Has a wonderful zoo,  
All the animals loving and happy.  
For only a dime,  
Have a wonderful time —  
Just the place for Junior and Pappy.

SALLY SWAYNE '53

## Intrusion

It was round and fat, and she hated it. She poked it with her fist not caring whether she hurt it or not. Her blue eyes in her little pouty face grew tight in anger as she watched the antics of it lying there.

Suddenly Betsy flung herself out of the room and downstairs. Why did it have to come and disturb her fun? Nobody was paying any attention to her anymore. She went into the large kitchen and called "Mother, Mother? Where are you?" No answer. The child walked over to the icebox and leaned her hot forehead against the cool door, staring down at the silver handle that shot her reflection back at her in distorted waves. Eased suddenly of her anger, she opened the door and surveyed the inside. Getting a glass of milk, she sat down on a stool by the table. It was a very large wooden one with a lazy susan in the center. She placed her emptied glass on the revolving disk and whirled the susan faster and faster with her finger. She watched the salt and pepper, the glass, the potted plant go circling by in a mad frenzy. No longer salt shaker, but little doll; no longer plant, but tropical tree. The lazy susan whirled and the objects upon it became images of a fascinating other world. Now the pepper doll was danc-

ing with the salt doll. Now the plant was bending its branches to the storm's wind. Now —

"Betsy!" the sharp word cut into her make-believe with shattering intensity. She stopped the susan abruptly with one hand slapped against the side. The salt and pepper dolls flew off the table and landed on the floor. Now no longer magic dolls, just shakers lying inert on the linoleum square in a shaft of sunlight.

Her mother was standing in the doorway.

"Naughty child, I've told you time and again not to make so much noise when the baby's sleeping. Go on up to your room or go outside and play. I'll call you when it's suppertime."

The little girl went upstairs again and paused by the door to the baby's room. She pushed it open quietly and went in. The tiny child lay asleep, its cheek flushed pink against the sheet. Betsy stared, the hatred growing again. She jerked the crib hard and then ran. The door slammed and she dashed downstairs and outdoors. Her sister's wails followed her as she went. She reached the safety of the barn and stopped behind a load of hay. She burrowed deep down into the rustling straw, sneezing as the dust rose. Inside, the yellow gloom lit up by the sun, made it a mystical place. She began to dream again.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53

## A More Educational Athletic Program for the Abbot Girl of 1952

A more constructive athletic program, one which would be of more service to every girl in the future, is needed at Abbot. Sports are fun, but there is another side. Our purpose at Abbot is to raise the younger generation into worthy citizens of the America of tomorrow. Just how much does this athletic training aid a mother or worker? Not much! Maybe she will enjoy tennis frequently on her private court; but I have not seen many couples practicing lacrosse, or doing a hundred-yard dash around the house, using leaf piles for hurdles. No, she is much more likely to spend all her recreational hours raking leaves, and tending to the nasturtiums and iris.

As it is, with the present system, the number of purple and black bruises a girl acquires equals the number of days she has been present at her hockey class or the number of times she has swatted herself with her own tennis racquet. She departs for college, bruises herself for a few more years, and graduates. Then she usually has the misfortune of meeting an eligible mate, the result conceivably being many more future victims of this sports program.

We must now suggest an alternative for this much beloved sports hour. This recreational time, when girls are out soaking up the fresh air, should be used for something constructive. We should sell all the basketball and hockey equipment and the electric lawnmowers, and obtain numerous shovels, rakes, and hand lawnmowers, as well as good instructors in the use of these worthwhile tools.

"But what about the marvelous competitive spirit and the joy of working and playing together that builds up such healthy minds and bodies?" everyone will moan. That is easily solved. We will keep our intramural teams, the Gargoyles and Griffins, and the poor girls who are slaving so hard for their blazers will not be deprived of their reward. For the tennis players, wishing to excel individually, we shall have mowing and raking races. The fastest mowers will make the first team, having the privilege of working on the Circle, while the others must mow behind the Infirmary.

For the lovers of team spirit and cooperation, we shall convert the hockey and basketball fields into gardens. During the autumn, the teams of shovelers will race to see which can shovel up the largest part of the hockey field in the shortest time. Then the soil will be in excellent condition for the next spring's planting competition.

While working on this system, several ideas for better Abbot-Phillips relations have arisen. Following each blizzard, there will be a shoveling competition with our neighbors, after which both schools will enjoy hot cocoa at the Commons. We also suggest that the usual short-cuts around Andover be shoveled, so that our poor day-students need not trudge the long way to school.

We realize that there may be objections to girls engaging in such masculine labor, and also to the purchasing of the light blue overall work suits, but nobody can honestly declare that shoveling or mowing lawns is any more strenuous for a young girl's heart than



running the length of the hockey field twenty times during one afternoon. We are hoping that this new system will be more advantageous to all the girls planning to live a healthy and active life in the future.

ANNE SANBORN '52

## Emotion

Excitement.

Mixed with blood, with muscle, with brain;  
Throughout my body the current  
Sends invisible tingles down into my fingertips,  
Vibrates through each limb,  
And lies like lead in the depths of my heart.  
My mind wanders often from earth to heaven,  
To music, to art, to death;  
And still it is there.  
With electric shivers it is there;  
With heaviness it is there;  
Eternally, it is there.

And suddenly I cry,  
"Is it excitement or is it Fear  
Which has its clutches on my very soul?"  
How can I tell?  
Why won't it leave my tired mind alone?  
I think. . . .  
Fear. That is it.  
Fear for the future, fear for destiny, fear for the world.  
Fear without courage.  
Mixed emotion from which I cannot find escape.

JACKIE PERRY '52

## The End

She knew she looked shabby, and for the first time in her life she didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore. Life had nothing more to give her, not that she had made use of all that life has to offer. She just didn't care and never would again. Her Sam was gone, and the loneliness was too much. She hadn't realized while he was alive, but now that he was gone, he was her everything. They had not had an uneventful life, yet it was not the kind of life one could write a novel about either. Ever since their arrival in New York from the old country, until recently, they had lived on the lower East Side. Seventeen years of struggle had drained all his strength, but his last three years in the better section had been happier. He had been as successful as many an immigrant, and she had been very proud of him. What with the children all getting married, and the funeral expenses, though, there was not much money left. She dreaded the thought of living off any of the children. Oh, how empty was her own private life! In all of twenty years she hadn't been able to bring herself to really love America. It was still confusing, and every little while she had secretly longed to return home. A wave of loneliness passed over her, and fumbling for her handkerchief, she was very embarrassed that the tears would show themselves in public.

To any other person riding with her on that Lexington Avenue Subway that afternoon, the old woman would mean absolutely nothing. Outwardly, she resembled numerous other women of her own age and standing. She wore an ancient, brown tweed coat, which had a ratty fur collar. Wisps of gray hair protruded from under the loosely-tied woolen kerchief. Her cotton stockings didn't have runs, but there were snags. Her shoes looked as if they might have a story to tell; a long, long story. Her hands were gloveless and clean and clutched a worn, black leather pocketbook. There couldn't have been much in it, it didn't bulge enough. Her face was wrinkled — very wrinkled. It had the kind of permanent creases which are a product of laughter, tears, and other typical emotions felt by a wife and mother. Her eyes were far from unkind, but they looked quite lifeless. There was no sign of any twinkle; in fact, there was hardly any sign of anything on that whole face. Every few minutes she looked as if she was experiencing some sort of pain,

but she seemed to conquer it every time, and her face resumed its blank expression.

The subway slowed and stopped. There was the usual shuffle, the doors rolled shut, and the train sped off in the dark. The woman was no longer in the seat. She had evidently gone home to her lonely apartment. . . .

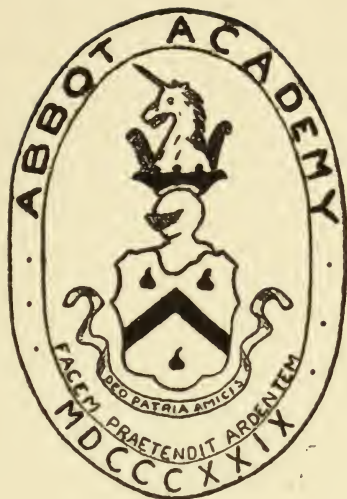
The next day there was a small item in the newspapers, not near the front page, just used to fill space in the middle. An unidentified woman had been killed by a fast-moving truck. Her death was apparently suicide. It was merely a routine case according to the item. Nothing more was said, but you and I know the whole story.

BETSY GRIFFITHS '52

## Creation

From void and chaos God made Earth, just so,  
In seven days. And He created light,  
The sun for day, and moon and stars for night.  
He worked, and plants and living things did grow.  
Or Earth came from a great star's overthrow,  
Pulled into streams of molten gases bright,  
(By some wild sun that rushed by in mad flight)  
Then hardened into rock from lava glow.  
When Earth was done God spoke, and man was made.  
The Lord then brought forth woman out of man,  
Or out of steaming rocks life was begun  
In some small speck; from it marched a parade  
Of mollusks, fish, strange beasts, and lastly man.  
For what great reason has all this been done?

TONI GERALD, '54



# The Abbot Courant

June, 1952

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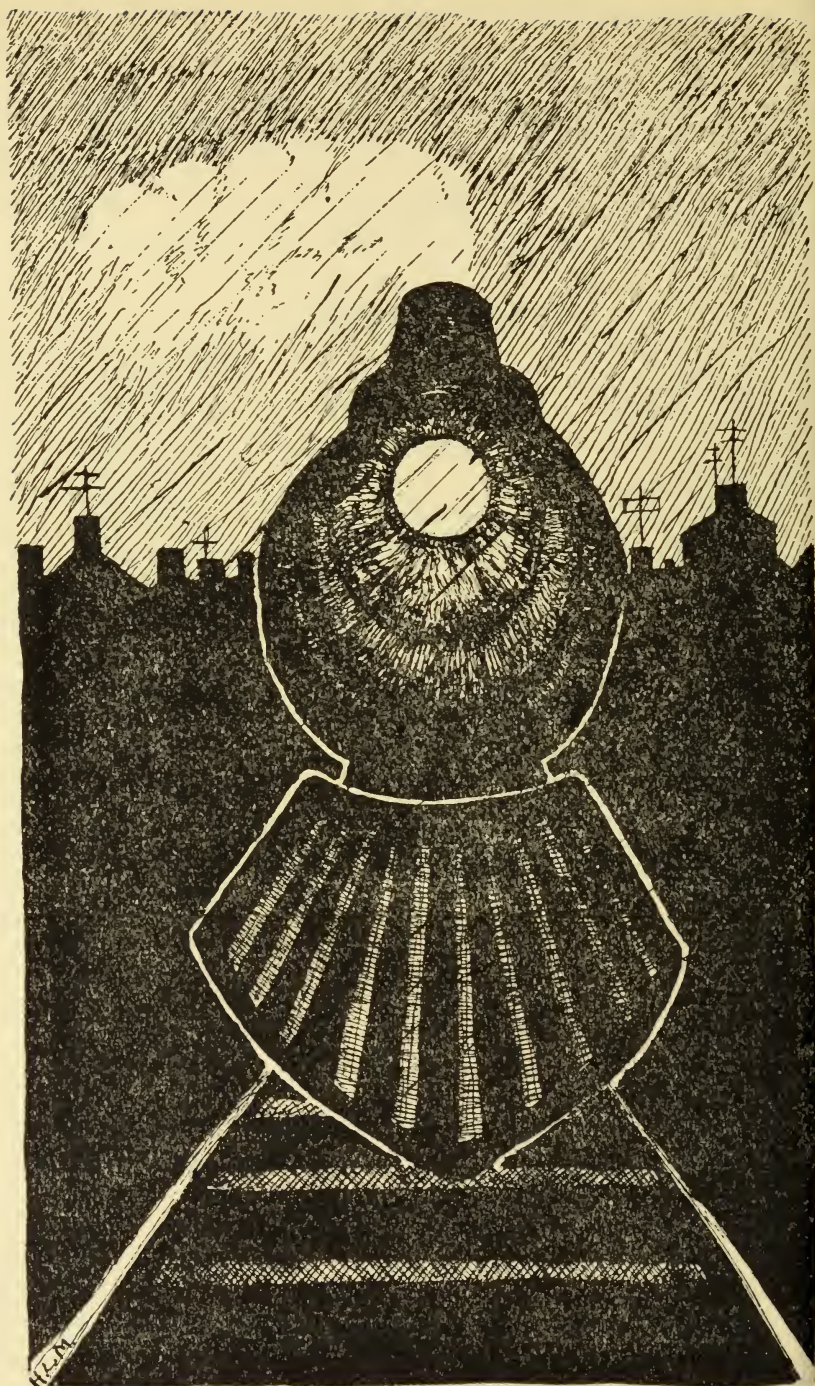
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## Return Home

It was raining. The lonely lamp posts stood sole observers to the scene, sending forth their icy spikes of light to the reflecting blackness of the street beneath. A hollow kind of rasping grumble was heard in the distance; the train making its startling appearance around the house-hidden bend, thrust its beam of blared yellow into the obscurity. The station waited with hideous, dimly-lighted arms for her rumbling, clanging traveler from the city; and as it departed, she watched its retreating obesity with blinking eyes. But the traveler had brought one passenger, who had literally leapt from his mount before it had fully stopped. He came down the platform briskly, paused at the top of the long descent downwards, glancing at the inky bay below him on his left, and tapped lightly down the cement stairs. A wolfish dog appeared and was greeted with a friendly "Hello there, pooch," which he haughtily resented, hipped his tail around and silently padded off. The man pulled the collar of his coat more warmly around his neck and bravely strode across the street. Soon he had mounted the hill and had found the end of the main street where his little lane turned down a saucer-like valley. He began to whistle softly to himself as he caught sight of his home — the home he and his wonderful wife had painted and polished till it glowed with love and gratitude. Rain-glazed trees came between him and his home like the frames of a movie film. A stronger whistle, the door swung open in a flood of welcome light extending beyond a tiny figure gripping the skirts of one taller. The door closed heartily. The rain splashed and splashed more gently after reflecting the heart of the home.

JOAN BAIRD '52



## Gift from a Star

The trees over the stony wall gently touched the beach in shadows. Evening approached with the receding tide. A little girl and an old man, whose face was like that of weathered seamen told about in stories, walked along the sand to the water's edge. The man stood looking out over the harbor, silent at twilight, with twinkling lights at one end that pointed out the little town.

"Did you know, Lisbeth," he said, "when I was as young as you are, I used to come down here to watch the water at night, too. There wasn't any radio tower then, though. See its lights through the trees there?"

The child, bent over a mound of sand she was working on, looked up and asked, "Were you ever little once, Uncle?"

"Yes, once, a long time ago," he replied in an absent-minded manner, scanning the harbor again.

"What's the matter? Is your leg bothering you?" she stopped patting the sand into shape and took hold of his hand.

He looked down feeling the sandy little fingers in his, seeing the soft wind lifting the child's hair from her forehead.

"No, my leg's all right. I was just — just thinking about Jeff."

"Will he come back soon? He said he would. Remember when we said goodbye at the train? He promised to take me to the circus when he comes home," her voice paused, waiting for reassurance.

"Oh Unc, look! There's the first star! It's a nice, big fat one. Do you think Jeff can see it too? Is Ko... , Korea really, really all the way around the world from us?"

"Jeff won't be seeing any stars for a while, Lisbeth. He probably doesn't have time to, the way we can. When he isn't fighting, he's sleeping. But there, you don't need to think about those things." He broke off. "Shall we find another horseshoe crab? I think I see one over there in the water."

The child ran to the edge where the waves lazily reached for her toes. She peered into the clear depth, lit up by the last reflection of the sunset, caught by the first solitary star.

"There he is. Oh! He's too big! Look! He's running away."

The crab she pointed out fled in ungainly scrabbles into deeper

water and disappeared. The moment's excitement faded away, and the child returned to the man's side.

"Unc, did Jeff want to go away to the war?"

"In a way he did, Beth. It was the right thing for him to do."

"Why did he have to go?"

"One reason and the best for you is so that all little children everywhere can have the chance to watch the stars come out at night, unafraid. Some children lose their fathers and mothers and are always frightened. Lots of them can't go down to beaches and hunt for crabs and play as you do." He fell silent wondering if his explanation had confused her.

They stood quietly together, feeling night surround them, turning the trees and distant water black.

"What is Jeff going to do when he comes home?" the little girl asked.

The man added in his heart, "if he comes home," and said aloud. "He's going to learn to be a doctor. It's been his favorite dream ever since he first patched up old Lady. Do you remember her?"

"Oh yes. She used to lick my nose. It tickled!"

He chuckled, then said, "Come now, your mother's probably going to scold me for keeping you out so late." He took her hand and boosted her up over the crumbled wall. They passed over the sandy humps of grass beyond to a path circling up over a scraggly hill. They paused at the top and looked down over the still water, lonely, washing against the pebbly beach. The child smiled up at the sky and turning to the man asked, "Uncle, what are all the stars made of?"

He followed her glance upwards and finally said, "Lisbeth, stars are other worlds something like our own earth. You'll read about them when you go to school. Jeff once asked me himself what stars were, and I told him this. You may not understand or agree with me, but I like to think of stars as the containers of all man's dreams, placed for God to see. As you wish upon a star now, so will you in a different way when you are older."

"Will all my wishes come true? Will Jeff's wish to be a doctor come true?" she asked.

"Does anyone have all his dreams come out the way he wants

them to?" he replied. "Someday you'll know that that isn't quite so important. Come, I hear your mother calling."

They passed over the crest of the hill. Quietly, Night, clothed in darkness, took hold of the harbor, and the sky grew brighter with all its thousands of lights that shall never cease their burning.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53

## Depression

I am alone; I know it —  
I am out of step with everyone.  
Where 'ere I turn there is no comfort.  
The darkness completely surrounds me.  
What is the matter? I cannot tell,  
And any answers are intangible; away beyond my reach.  
The abyss is much too deep  
For me to find the lowest rung  
Of the long weaving ladder to the top.  
What can I do? Where do I turn?

I am afraid; I know it —  
The questions are too perplexing,  
The world is too exacting,  
Everything is much too big.  
I cannot win; I am defeated. . . .

A shadow, a glimmer, a ray of something bright.  
I reach once — to no avail —  
I try again; the same result.  
A third time I seek to grasp the shining stream;  
I lunge and grab hold of it,  
And again, I find myself a part of the family of humanity —  
The answer is dear and my floundering done;  
The substance of my dreams has calmed and reassured me once again.

BETSY GRIFFITHS '52

## Mr. Grumley

Mr. Grumley was a middle-aged bachelor who, being very set in his ways, enjoyed immensely doing the same thing at the same time, day after day, in the same way. For example: on Sundays he would come out of his home in the lowest and largest pipe (for that afforded more spacious accommodations) of the beautiful old organ in the First Presbyterian Church at exactly eleven o'clock and prepare to sing vehemently in his loudest baritone, accompanied, of course, by the congregation. Every now and then, when he was feeling extremely enthusiastic, he would go more than a little off key, or hold a note quite a bit too long, but no one seemed to notice, for even a mouse with such a powerful voice as Mr. Grumley really couldn't be heard over a distance of two feet, seven and one half inches.

It was on just such a Sunday morning (after Mr. Grumley had sung in what he considered very fine voice, and was back in his home straightening out his belongings which had been unusually well scrambled, due to the fact that a new hymn had been played that morning which contained all kinds of low notes, Mr. Grumley's pipe being sounded much too much for his own personal comfort) that he heard a very strange sound near the back of the church. He stood up, mopped his brow, straightened his vest, and prepared to investigate. The janitor had already locked the doors and gone home. Yes, there it was again, only now the sound came from about the second to the last pew in the center. Mr. Grumley strode down the aisle (as much as a mouse is able) and prepared to evict the intruder. (He considered himself to have a definite responsibility for the safety of the church in the absence of Okum, the janitor). He put on his most authoritative air as he glared down at the cause of the disturbance.

However, his self-confident aspect was soon replaced by one of utter dismay, for there in a little brownish-gray bundle was a very young baby mouse with his mouth wide open, screaming at the top of his little mouse lungs. Mr. Grumley was at a loss! But he couldn't just stand there and stare at the bellowing monster or his ear drums would be permanently injured, so he gingerly grasped the wriggling and squirming object and marched defiantly back up the aisle toward



the organ pipe. The little thing didn't yell so loud while he was carrying it; but the minute Mr. Grumley would put him down, he'd immediately begin to cry again, much to the consternation of his newly afflicted guardian. However, through trial and error, Mr. Grumley found that by sticking the little feet in his coat pocket and rocking it back and forth in his arms while dangling his loudly ticking pocket watch in its face he could make the soft little ball of fur seem a bit more contented. But it still seemed to want something more. It was while standing next to the cheese box in the attitude previously described that he suddenly got the idea that perhaps the little creature (for he had now become more accustomed to it and viewed the baby in a bit more favorable light) might be hungry. He tried tempting him with his very best cheese, even brewed him a pot of tea, before he realized how foolish he had been in expecting the child to eat solids. Nothing seemed to suit!

The church kitchen; perhaps there might be something there! Mr. Grumley started on a tour of the rather bare pantry and in vain tried crackers and such things as that. He strained to think back to the things he used to eat when he was small, but it only made him feel old to realize how long ago it was, and he couldn't remember anyway. If only he hadn't been an only child and brought up in the city, maybe then he would know what young things eat. At length his eyes fell on a small bottle of cream which was left over from the church supper of the night before; perhaps that was it. Mr. Grumley stood up on tiptoe, stretching to his full height of three and one-quarter inches, bent over the top of the bottle, and stuck his hand in the liquid. He was amazed, absolutely amazed. Why, merely because five fingers, dripping with cream, were dangling in front of the little mouth a little red tongue would dart out and catch the clinging drops while gurgling with glee. After this process had been repeated several times, the little stomach appeared to be filled, for he snuggled down in the crook of Mr. Grumley's arm and held tightly to one big paw.

It seemed such a long way back to the organ pipe, or Hymn Heaven as Mr. Grumley so affectionately called it, tip-toeing all the way so as not to arouse the "little dear" (for he'd progressed still another step.) He couldn't put him down or he might wake up again, so stealthily sitting on a spool of thread, Mr. Grumley began



to think. "Hmmm," he said to himself. "I can't just say, 'hey you.' No siree, he'll have to have a full-fledged name." There had been a very distinguished lawyer back several generations, what was his name? Grenville Grumley. What a perfect name for him.

He was just sitting quietly looking at little Grenville when he heard the sound of running feet going up and down the aisles in the church. "Oh, no," he thought, "not again." But down he must go and see. He had no more gotten to the pulpit when a frantic mother mouse, with a frayed little shawl drawn tightly around her, came rushing toward him and grabbed Grenville from him, hugging him to her with the tears streaming down her face.

After much awkward comforting on the part of Mr. Grumley, the story was finally told.

Mrs. Greene was a widow, her husband having been caught in a trap while scavenging for food for his abundant and hungry family, and because she couldn't feed her youngest child, had decided to leave it in the church in hopes that a kind soul would take him in. Of course, Grenville went home with his mother, a large sized hunk of cheese clutched to him. But, much as Mr. Grumley would be the last to admit it, he was kind of glad when they promised to come and see him. It might be nice to see the little tike once in a while.

Hurrrumph! The house was still in a mess after the morning concert, and he couldn't find his pipe.

DEE PETTIT '53



## Narcissus et Echo

Olim nymp̄ha Echo pulchra in silvis habitabat  
quas ea amavit. Nymphae Diana ipsa favebat,  
multo Echo cum Diana venabatur illa.  
Infeliciter loqui diligebat Echo;  
verbum dixit semper nymp̄ha ipsa proximum illud.  
Quondam Juno coniugium arcessebat eumque  
qui nymphas inter magnopere se fruebatur.  
Regina Juno detinebatur ab Echo  
Dum nymphae fugissent nymphae colloquioque.  
Juno saeva ubi cognovit punivitque verbis  
his Echo nympham: "Tandem vocem utilem eam qua  
iuvistis Jovem dedes; nunc illud habebis  
ultimum umquam verbum poteris non dicere primum."  
Quondam Echo Narcissum ipsum cernebat ibi illum;  
vir sociique in montibus venabantur is; Echo  
statim virum amabat. Sed Echo modo verba  
ultima dicere quae ille est locutus poterat nunc.  
Sed Narcissus ridere ipsum credidit Echo,  
semper temptavitque homo vitare is eam Echo;  
autem nymp̄ha hominem pulchra est secuta eum unique;  
Narcissi modo verbis respondere potest. Sic  
marcescebat ea in lacrimis tristissima Echo.

Once a pretty nymph called Echo lived in the woods she loved. The goddess, Diana, favored the nymph and often Echo went hunting with the goddess of the chase. Unluckily Echo very much liked to talk, and she always had the last word. One day Juno was seeking her royal husband Jupiter who was enjoying himself among the nymphs. Echo delayed Juno with conversation until the other nymphs had fled. When Juno found out, she punished Echo by taking away the nymph's power to speak first. But Echo could still have her last word. One day Echo saw the handsome Narcissus, who was hunting in the hills with his friends. Echo immediately fell in love with him, but whenever Narcissus spoke to her, she could only repeat his last words. Narcissus thought Echo was teasing him and

did his best to avoid the nymph. However, Echo followed him everywhere. To all the rebukes of Narcissus she could answer only with his last words. In despair the sad nymph faded away until she was no more than an echo.

JANE CHURCH '54

## The Mating Season

"Impossible," murmured a voice unhappily, "it would never work. Basically, it's a good idea — wonderful person — but you see..."

It has begun again. It is a period of great solemnity and insecurity, and expressions show apprehension mingled with grief and doubt. Tumult and worry reign in the minds of everyone.

As always in time of stress, there are a few carpetbaggers. Three such individuals, ever eager to take advantage of their confused and troubled contemporaries, have set themselves up in business; for days their office has been buzzing with activity. (Their clients invariably enter this office with a harried and discouraged mien. When they come out their faces occasionally show signs of relief, but more often they remain quite as disturbed as before.) Their office is made up of two distinct divisions. The first is a Detective Agency for those who feel that they are being double-crossed. The second is a Problem Clinic for those who are undecided and afraid to take the next step. (Their theme song, "Look for the Silver Lining," is odiously chanted in harsh and grating tones by the three proprietors wherever they may go, to the annoyance of their customers.) This occupation is indeed a profitable one. To the three involved, it is bringing confidences, amusement, and prestige; they have considered entering a permanent partnership.

But the hush is definitely that lull which precedes a storm. Books, neglected, gather dust on the floors and under the beds; untouched food grows cold upon the plates as preoccupied diners whisper among themselves. Groups of two or three cluster anxiously — and silently — in corners. It is not uncommon to overhear some such highly mystifying phrase as "But that's catastrophic!" or

"They wouldn't allow it." Occasionally one even hears something like this: "It has to be like an equilateral triangle — the three all in line and equally close to each other. That's why I don't think it'll work. . . ."

On hearing this remark one must shrug and pass by, heels echoing sharply on the empty corridor. The evening rays of the wan spring sun stream across the vacant, unnaturally quiet rooms. As in a nightmare the corridor is devoid of life, except for a few groups who speak low and urgently behind tightly closed doors. Should anyone enter, all conversation ceases instantly; the unbearably loud ticking of a watch fills the room with noise.

To a newcomer this strange breathlessness in the atmosphere is definitely alarming. What can it be, this matter of such importance that it has taken precedence over studies, meals, and even recreation? Do the Russians have a new secret weapon? Are the Presidential nominations or the nationwide strikes worrying everyone? Is an epidemic sweeping the school, or rumor of a new flood to wipe civilization from the earth?

The answer is simple.

The rooming problem is here again.

DEBORAH BETHELL '53

## Integrity

Not taking candy from a baby,  
Being honest when it's easier to lie,  
Saying yes or no instead of saying maybe,  
Doing things for which you're not afraid to die.

Admitting every fault with great humility,  
And raising each to standards built so high  
That their attainment brings a deep tranquility  
And satisfaction to the one called "I".

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## The Wooden Foot

It was a dark, rainy night. The road was slippery, and the reflections of the car's headlights made shiny streaks on the hard surface.

Seven-year-old Paul was curled up on the back seat half asleep, thinking of all the wonderful times he had had at the beach that summer. The swimming and playing in the salt water, those fish he and Dad had caught; those things filled his mind. But now he and his parents were on the long journey home. Suddenly his mother screamed, and a loud crash shook the car! That was the last he remembered.

\* \* \* \* \*

After months at the hospital and at his home, Paul was ready to return to school. People stared at the way he limped, and pitied him because he could only watch a baseball game. As years passed, Paul turned slowly from a friendly, vivacious third grader into a quiet, sullen, and very shy eighth grader. He didn't have many friends because he felt they only pitied him. He hated to be pitied, but he couldn't seem to do anything to stop it. He tried to think of ways to prove he was still as normal as they were in mind if not in body. Nothing seemed to work. He would tell himself over and over again that just because he limped and couldn't play sports was no reason for anyone to feel sorry for him, but he couldn't quite convince himself. He knew sports meant most to boys of his age.

The next fall he started high school, and he hoped life there would be happier. He found that it was, because with so many more students he felt he wasn't so conspicuous.

One blustery autumn day, he came to school feeling happy and free, at least happier than usual. He plunked himself down in front of a group of boys, and across the aisle was one of the cutest little freshman girls. He felt that happy feeling start to leave, but he told himself he couldn't let himself think that way. The boys were discussing how the school football team was doing. Paul felt very left out, but all of a sudden he found himself saying in a playful, kidding way, "You know, fellows, I'd help you out on that team, but ever since that accident I have had a hard time, because my wooden foot is so much lighter than my other one. The doctors have tried different weights on my feet, but they don't work." The boys sat perfectly



dumbfounded for what seemed hours before the girl asked kiddingly, "What do you do when your good foot gets larger?" "Oh," he replied casually, "I get a new wooden one. I have a whole string of them at home, all lined up on the shelf." Big smiles broke over the faces of the boys, and they began to make up stories to top his. Paul soon found himself laughing and joining in.

After school that day as he limped slowly out the door he heard someone calling him. He turned to see it was Betty Brooks, the girl who was in that class with him. She wanted to know if he would come over to her house Saturday night, as she was having "the gang" in. Paul nodded and she ran on, saying something about an engagement to keep. Paul continued walking home, knowing she hadn't asked him out of pity, and wondering what had made him think up that story so fast, and scolding himself for not having done it before.

PERSIS GOODNOW '52

## Hope for Peace

The sea in all her roll and heave and roars  
Holds deep below her tortured, anxious face  
The scars and horrors formed of many wars:  
A twisted hull, a battered spar; the space  
Is filled with waste of ships, of lives, of time.  
Both sun and moon have shone on swords of men  
Whose lives might end with just one small, false sign —  
All this upon the sea — time and again.  
And yet I have the everlasting hope  
That break of day will come on peaceful seas,  
Where martyred men in darkness need not grope  
To feel for mercy down upon their knees.  
Oh, how this weary world cries out for peace,  
When men at last are free, and wars may cease.

JANET BOWDEN '53

## Isolation

Isolation is a word whose connotation is negative. One is put into isolation because of illness or as a punishment. A house that is said to be isolated is thought of as being dreary, austere, without warmth, and yet to me isolation at times is a blessing and always acceptable.

A child is by nature a reticent thing because it has an inherent fear of those it does not know, and also because mentally speaking it is self-sufficient. A child's thoughts are as free as a brook. They have not been dammed by prejudice or self-consciousness so that there are no stagnant back waters — only the pristine flow.

The child stood on the large stone step thinking of the brittle edges of the shadows painted so clearly on the grass. The lawn looked like a sheet of gold foil on which shadows were cutouts of black paper. It would be pleasant under the old maple, and the dust would be cool and dry. You could make harrow marks with your fingers or plant a stand of winter wheat with blades of grass. Or a rock garden could be made with pebbles, moss, and ground daisies or even periwinkles. And when the flowers died they could be set afloat in the draw that lay across the hot desert of the lawn beyond the shade of the big maple.

You could race with a twig being carried by the current of the small stream or stand and watch and listen to its sparkling murmurs. Perhaps it was saying something. Or better yet, go and catch the crayfish that lived in the springhouse or chase his black-buttoned, orange footmen, the salamanders.

There was also the ash tree. It could be made into a castle, a mountain, or just a tree, for it was great fun to be a monkey, even though it scared mother. But it was best sometimes just to sit and watch the clouds' shadows playing tag across the fields.

The neighbor's barn was wonderfully still and full of things. You could burrow in the hay and make a field mouse's nest or climb up to see the young pigeons. If it were milking time you could watch the farmer shoot streams of milk at a hungry cat or watch a calf pretend to be afraid of you and know that he was really very curious. The watering trough moss lined and black could be a mirror or a looking glass like Alice's. It took on tinges of the sky, and at sundown it would sometimes be a sheet of red.

There was much that asked to be done; little that could be, at the present. But the best was to sit very still and count the sounds or put your ear to the earth and listen to its throb — that throb becomes a part of the body's beat and rhythm. It lulls and reassures as a mother's voice does.

The child stepped down and ventured into the dew not yet warmed by the sun to examine a spider's pearl embroidered web. She touched it and it shimmered.

These things are experiences that many children have but they can not be shared. If there is someone else accompanying, there are many things a person can not do. Two can not creep as softly through a thicket to spy upon a goldfinch as one. Two would frighten a timid foal back to its mother's flank.

I was one. From the time I was a year old until I was nine I lived alone. It has given me the ability to entertain myself. I need not depend upon a book or a person to amuse me, but my own thoughts will suffice. Isolation opened a world that might otherwise have been overlooked. I have learned to listen, to hear, to see, to know to some extent the world about me. It is the world that I care for, the world that will last, though men and time change and pass, the world of God. It is nature. I am glad, for in isolation I found peace everywhere.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## Enjoyed on Mount Olympus

The foamy liquid flows in softness fine,  
As glowing stars amidst the depths' dark shine,  
A drink as lovely as a child's sweet dream  
That has a name which kings do highly deem,  
A drink unknown to Shakespeare or to Zola  
Is that rich nectar praised as Coca Cola.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53

## Baptized by the Flames of Battle

This story comes out of the flames of the revolution of the Greeks against the Turks. We are in the year 1821.

Like the sparkle hidden in the ashes, liberty was hidden and then suddenly it lighted up and spread out everywhere to the outermost corners. Secret schools had prepared the youth for the great attack. Hatred of four hundred years of slavery burst out suddenly and gave the Greeks the command, "No Turk will remain alive, not only in Hellas but in the whole world." Plato Fotidis was one of the enthusiastic young Greeks who repeated those significant words. He was only eighteen and he never had had any of the experiences of war. His love for his country was great, and he prayed for the opportunity which would allow him to translate this love into action. And now all at once the opportunity which he had expected for years came. After the training of few weeks his order had come to take actual part in the revolution. He was ready to fight and even sacrifice his life for Greece — his beloved mother.

But when he reached the battlefield, the confusion, the hissing of the bullets and the general noise of the battle almost took his breath away. He stood behind a trench, shaking all over, his forehead sweating, his heart almost breaking from the strong beats, and his mind running wild. Then suddenly he got up and he ran, ran desperately, backward, far from the noise of the battlefield. All his existence was concentrated in that wild running. His face had the look of one who had gone out of his mind. No one could tell how long this running lasted. He ran until he fell exhausted on the grass, and he closed his eyes. After a few minutes he opened his eyes and looked around. It was a beautiful sunny day. The flowers of the field were widely spread around him, and the birds far away from the noise of the battle were singing as joyfully as ever. Suddenly, all the latest events came clearly to his mind and he felt ashamed of himself. He thought of all the dead and the injured, and he wished he were one of them. He felt like a criminal. He would like to destroy everything around him. He hated the quietness and the beauty of nature. He hated it because it seemed to him that it didn't have the right to be so joyous and pure while he was so unhappy and so guilty. Most of all he hated so very strongly his own self. He slowly got up and



started to wander about the forest with death in his heart. No faith in anything was left in him. In his confused mind he tried to commit suicide, and he hit his head on a stone. For an instant he felt a deep pain in his injured head and a deeper one in his heart and then nothing.

The next thing he saw, when he opened his eyes, was the worried face of a friend of his, bending over him in the light of the moon. He slowly whispered:

"What happened?"

"You are lucky you are still here. We found you some time after the end of the fight in the west side of the battlefield among the trees. Some of these atheists must have hit you. Well, now you have to get some sleep and don't you worry. There is nothing serious the matter with you."

His friend didn't suspect the truth; he was there — at his base — safe, and he would probably have another chance soon; but he could not sleep. His remorse hurt him just like a sharp-edged knife. He wished he had died bravely, defending his country. During the days and the sleepless nights that followed he was sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of desperation.

In spite of his hatred for his life, his injured head was getting better and better, and after a month he was found able to fight.

This time he wanted to succeed. This time he wanted to prove to himself that he was honest and brave. These thoughts were persistent in his mind. They were only interrupted by the noise of the message that two million Turks were marching from the North to the Peloponnese. They would pass by them in a few days and they would go on to the Peloponnese to suppress the revolution.

At that time there was no artillery. The Turks were very well organized, while the Greeks certainly were not. The only advantages the Greeks had were a great love for their country and a great enthusiasm.

All the soldiers were exhausted from the fights of the last days and their failures. They were unwilling to undertake a new battle against the outnumbering Turks.

Then suddenly Plato, whose face lightened with hope, started speaking with them. His words were simple and enthusiastic. He reminded them of their purpose and their dreams for a glorious



future of Greece. He couldn't really say where he found that power of speech. It was an inward, mysterious power which, through his voice, brought again their enthusiasm and their faith in themselves. That same sparkle returned to their faces as on the twenty-fifth day of March when the leader of their religion, who gave the signal of the revolution, had raised the blue-white flag of their country and they saw it for the first time in their lives waving in the air. They all rushed to the battlefield with the light of faith on their faces.

When the Turks arrived they were attacked suddenly and they started retreating. In a few minutes though they rushed forward again. The few brave Greeks were hesitant. Then Plato rushed forward like the wind and they all followed him. He was fighting like a wild beast. He was filled with courage and power. Around him there were dead and injured but he didn't notice. He was rushing forward like a maniac.

The triumph of the Greeks at that battle was owed to him. The enemy was defeated and the field was covered with the dead of the Turks. Alas! Plato was hit in the breast at the last moments of the fight and he fell heavily down. But his face was shining with happiness. At last he had made up for his guilt. He looked at the faces of all the men that gathered around him and he said: "We did it, boys. Long live Hellas!" Then strengthened by a mysterious power he got up, he turned east, he looked at the waving blue-white flag and he fell down on the soft grass closing his eyes forever. He had regained his faith, his confidence and his happiness forever.

If you pass by the First Cemetery of Athens, you will see among the graves one with the name Plato Fotidis. There are a few words sculptured under his name:

"Here rests a brave man.  
He has fought a good fight, he  
has finished his course, he has  
kept his faith."

MARIA LOUKOPOULOU '52

## Hubert

Hubert was a lion  
Resourceful and brave;  
Hubert was the scion  
Of the lion cave.

Hubert kept house  
For his younger brother  
Because an epidemic  
Had killed their mother.

Hubert got up  
At six o'clock each day  
To fix a hearty breakfast  
For himself and Brother Ray.

On Monday when he wakened  
And went downstairs,  
He found the cupboard empty —  
Not even any pears.

Now Hubert was resourceful  
As I've already mentioned;  
He was also very brave  
And quite well-intentioned.

I could have loved Hubert;  
I could have been his friend;  
But we met when he was hungry —  
And that was my end.

SALLY SWAYNE '53

## Mailboxes

They are only four-by-four cubby holes occupying one corner of a large room with apparently nothing individual about any one of them, but on closer examination you will discover that each is of great importance to someone. For these little cubby holes, as you probably already have guessed, are mailboxes.

Some of them look fat and are filled to the brim. These are the happy ones, while others sit hungrily with empty stomachs and sad faces. It may surprise you to hear that mailboxes have feelings, but it is only natural. Wouldn't you feel disgruntled if you had been neglected? Wouldn't you feel sad if you knew that you could not bring happiness to anyone, and that all you would get for trying is a slap in the face? In their desperate state even a postcard would satisfy them.

Of course you must remember that mailboxes should have a well balanced diet: a little bit of everything keeps them in top notch condition. Just as anyone knows that in her diet she must have vegetables, or her teeth and hair might eventually fall out, so it is with mailboxes. A few postcards here and there would do any one of them good. All air-mail and fat letters would not only tire out the mailbox but would spoil the owner. I always say giving is good practice, but you should make sure that what you give is not always mink and diamonds; the owner should be overjoyed with a small bunch of roses, alias a postcard or two. They say that nice things come in small packages.

At about quarter past one, on any day, the mailboxes are all quiet; each one is trying to catch up on a little sleep, for they will certainly need it to resist and bear the scourging they will receive shortly. Any bystander had better get out of the way, for after the stampede is on, he might never get out alive. The first few minutes are just a mild wind storm, but by one-thirty the rush is really on.

The sound effects are really humorous. From one corner comes a very unfeminine shriek. From another comes a loud bang and a muffled statement. Once in a while, you hear a more original, "It's about time!" or the sarcastic, "My mailbox is so full. Wouldn't some kind person help poor little me get it all out." It is fun to watch the faces. You get all sorts of expressions, some good enough for a side show.

To mention a few, you see a grin from ear to ear, a mouth wide at a letter from a boy who the owner thought had forgotten about her, a hungry look at some one else's mail, a long sigh over a letter from a great aunt, which the owner was sure would be an invitation to a prom.

Amidst all the noise you can hear, if you listen very carefully, the mailboxes crying softly because of the rough treatment they are receiving, but soon all the noise ceases and they are left alone again. They recover nicely and start to build up their resistance for the next onslaught. You would think their work was monotonous, but that it not so, because, confidentially they love every minute of it.

CYNTHIA EMERSON '52

## Thoughts on Love

While youth does play and has not fear of love  
Or life or things too big for them to know  
There sounds like vibrant calls of Morning Dove  
A song, within, of love too shy to show.  
And like the people on departing trains  
Who call their final words to those outside —  
Or as against a stolid wind one strains  
To tell of love one dares no more to hide —  
Then like the people on the trains, or one  
Who calls against the wind, the song of songs  
Grows weary of its never ending run  
And joins the others of defeated throngs.  
So, within the hearts of youths there lies  
The love that fights to love — and failing dies.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## Journey

The car was brightly lit and warm and filled with the subdued murmur that is the unwritten law concerning noise on all trains. It was just beginning to get dark outside, and Nell was turned sideways in her seat, forehead against the window, magazine drooping forgotten in her lap, watching the skeleton trees flip noiselessly past. Above her head on the shiny rack, her suitcase and coat were carefully stowed, and on the empty seat beside her lay a small brown velvet hat and a pair of smudged and crumpled, once-white gloves. Her tweed suit showed by its creases and twisted skirt the inevitable signs of a young lady on a long journey who has already come a good distance. The ticket stuck into the ridge on the seat ahead of her read "Boston to Stamford." She was alone.

"You're-going-home-you're -going-home-clickety-clack-clickety-clack," droned the wheels, "for -a-night-and-a-night-and-a-day-and-a-half-clickety-clack-clickety-clack." On and on, repeating and repeating, like some mystical chant "...you're going-home...", like a record stuck in two places "...for-a-night-and-a-night...", like an enchanted lullaby "...and-a-day-and-a-half...you're-going-home...".

Nell's eyes closed and her shoulders slumped and the magazine slithered unnoticed to the floor. "...you're-going-home...". A tiny smile curled the corners of her mouth, and she slept.

She was in the middle of a dream that was a sort of Picasso-like scramble of home and school life, when she was interrupted by a voice saying hesitantly: "I beg your pardon, Miss — look, I'm terribly sorry to wake you up like this, but could you tell me if this seat is taken?" The voice belonged to a good looking boy in an Air Force uniform. Apparently he had just gotten on, for the collar of his blue trench coat was still turned up, his hands were thrust deep into his pockets, and light edges of snow still furred the toes of his regulation black shoes.

Hastily Nell sat up and grabbed her hat and gloves off the adjoining seat, then smiled up and said, "No, please sit down." She was slightly flustered, and bent over to pick up her fallen magazine in an effort to regain some of her departed composure.



"Here, let me." He reached down and grasping it by a corner, dragged it out from under the seat. A simple action, but one which froze her in her hunched position for what seemed like hours and which blotted out all sound except for a fever-like ringing in her ears and brought before her eyes a hodge-podge of newsprint from countless stories and articles she had read about amputees. For as she straightened and automatically reached out to take the magazine he was holding, her eyes were fixed on the cold shiny pair of rubber covered steel hooks that served him as a hand.

She flushed and quickly withdrew her gaze, but not quickly enough, for as she forced herself to meet his eyes she saw in them a flash of hurt and bitterness, covered immediately by a smile — sardonic or teasing, she couldn't tell which. Her mind was groping frantically for words, phrases, rules to follow, How to Treat the Homecoming Veteran. All those columns on how to treat him were fine, but what did you say to him? She knew she looked ashamed and embarrassed and she was, so:

"I'm sorry," she said softly.

"That's okay, toots," he smiled. "I'm getting pretty used to those looks by now. It's my own fault for not giving you more warning. They're not very pretty, are they? Useful, though." He held out his arm for her inspection.

Her whole mind was still churning and she realized that instead of being smooth, composed, "understanding," and putting him at his ease, the tables were completely turned and he was the one who was carefully maneuvering the situation so that *she* could return to a fairly normal state. This thought amused her so that she forgot all her former fear and stiffness, and leaned over to study the "hand" with sincere interest.

It was a device of intricate simplicity, at first appearing to be only two movable hooks joined at the base and implanted in a round wooden column protruding from his sleeve, but which, on closer inspection, proved to have several wires, rods, and fastenings which led back under the trimly buttoned cuff of the sturdy blue shirt. He startled her suddenly by pretending to grab for her nose, making fun of her intent concentration. They both laughed as she jerked back in surprise.

At once all strain was gone. She relaxed completely, and he took

off his coat, having no trouble with the buttons, and stretched out long legs into the aisle. They leaned back and began to talk.

The train hurtled on through the darkened countryside and they learned much about each other: their names — his was Dick — home towns, favorite ice creams, songs, ball teams, and various other small but infinitely important details. They went into the diner for some coffee and cigarettes, and Nell took pride in ignoring the quickly averted, pitying glances of the people in the car. She took pride also in watching the deftness with which he handled his cup, wallet, and smoking. He saw the pride in her eyes and it warmed something that was cold and hard within him.

Back in their own car again, they sat quiet, and even without words they said a lot. She wondered momentarily what his hands had been like — she often judged people by their hands — and how it would have felt to have one of his clasping hers. She quickly shut her mind to the thought and was surprised to realize how much it hurt to think it could never be.

They talked some more and laughed, and then, too soon, it was almost time for her station. Never before had she felt sorry at its approach, but tonight... she hated to think of him riding on to New York alone.

He helped her on with her coat and carefully handed her her hat and gloves. He reached over to catch a strand of her hair that had caught under her collar, and in doing it, brushed against her earlobe. Only a momentary contact, but the steel was cold, and suddenly she was too, and frightened. But the feeling didn't last more than a second, and she turned to laugh with him over some crack he had made about the illegibility of his "hook-writing," but if he wrote to her, would she try to decipher it and answer? They took each other's addresses, and then the train was slowing, stopping, and she saw her father's face on the platform and waved. Dick rushed down the aisle with her bag, and she stumbled behind. They said goodbye quickly, and she climbed down the steps into her father's hug and welcoming questions. She looked back as the train began to move and saw a metallic flash when he waved. Immediately she was terribly tired and relieved and glad to be home. She sighed and giggled, and then, seeing the car, rushed towards it and scrambled in to kiss her mother.

"Hi, Chicken! How was the trip? Darling, you look *beat*! It's so

good to see you! Want to drive home? Think you remember how?"

What with her mother's excited, silly questions and her father's gruff teasing, she suddenly found herself behind the wheel, having made no mention of Dick. She backed carefully out of the parking lot and, if her parents noticed any unusual silence on her part, they attributed it to being tired and strict attention to her driving.

She turned down the familiar route towards home and then stopped for a light at the end of the street. She watched the red spot that held the traffic back as if by invisible strings, and then her glance fell. Her fingers lay curled loosely around the wheel, now relaxed, but capable of almost infinite degrees of strength, warmth, sensitivity, and movement. Her eyes suddenly glazed with tears and when the light changed, the round green glare swam in a web of prismic rays. She pulled ahead, then signaling, over to the curb.

"Nell, baby, what is it, what's wrong?"

She could not answer. She made no sound; her head bent forward, hot tears squeezed past palms pressed tight against her eyes; her body shook with silent, tearing sobs.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## Dawn

Sole watcher at the death-bed of the night,  
First riser to the glory of new day,  
Dim silhouette against a streak of sky,  
Hushed visitor along the quiet way.

In silent calm she guides o'er all the earth,  
Arousing, wakening every living thing,  
An anxious mother to the day's rebirth,  
The dawn comes in on pastel-colored wing.

SARAH EMMONS '52

## On the Table-Manners of the Octopus

When I first came upon the phrase, "The mind is an octopus whose tentacles feel the truth and eat it," the question arose as to *how* an octopus (a mind) could *feel* the truth and eat it. I have thought this question over and would like to share my opinions with all those who, at the moment, know little or nothing about minds and octopuses, but have an interest in both. My thoughts on the first part of the question have led to the opinion that the mind, which I shall henceforth refer to as an octopus, does not have a sense of touch for tangible things. Its sense of touch is stimulated by the presence of that foreign, invisible particle, the idea. This sense of touch is on somewhat the same basis as the feeling experienced by some people upon reading a poem or listening to music. It cannot be said that either the poem or the music is strictly tangible, but it is equally impossible to say that one cannot be profoundly moved by either.

The eating end of the phrase did not present as hard a problem as the feeling end, and without too much effort, I have arrived at the conclusion that the "eating" of truth is the final understanding of it. I have gone one step further and dared to assert that there are different ways of eating ideas. To illustrate my point, I shall deal briefly with the various members of the octopus family. The first member is the octopus who devours any and all food in sight with mechanical precision and never seems to suffer from even a mild case of indigestion. All those who are maddeningly clever in all their undertakings, "A" students and the like, come under this classification. A far more common member of the species is the octopus who chooses his food with great discrimination and is inclined to be allergic to any food other than his chosen variety. Evidence of this type is seen in all those who excel in English and other languages, but who are overcome with consternation at the thought of mathematics and chemistry, or vice-versa.

I have spoken thus far of the two species of octopus which are well organized in their devouring of food. I should like to descend for a moment to the lower-browed octopuses, who can be divided into two main brackets, the first bracket being composed of those who do not eat at regular hours and thus must eat between meals. (They are especially fond of midnight snacks.) The poor people in-



fectured by them are apt to do unorthodox things, such as dashing to the bathroom at the ungodly hour of five in the morning to write poetry. The second lower bracket is composed of those creatures who continually attempt to stuff their idea-laden tentacles into their mouths at once. The people most clearly showing the presence of this demon are those who have poetry hanging from light-bulbs, vocabulary pasted above the wash basin, and files of poems and ditties that are chock full of dates and are chanted in preparation for a history test.

I think that I have said almost all that I care to say on octopuses and minds. I have but two more things to put before you. The first of these is the fact that no individual is clearly any *one* of the mentioned types, but a highly intricate mixture of *all* of them. The second is the statement that it is not so important as to *how* an octopus eats, but rather it is important *that* he eat.

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

## The Color of Faith

I sat alone in a stand of pine,  
 My thoughts unrolled like a ball of twine:  
 Whither go I? Why am I here?  
 What is this life that we hold so dear?  
 Why all the hurry? Why the haste?  
 Why war's dread pestilence and waste?  
 What is the purpose, the better way?  
 Are we, God's children, gone astray?

I looked and saw that the sky was blue;  
 I knew that it was hope's own hue.  
 The earth was full of beauty and grace;  
 All should be in its rightful place,  
 Except, perhaps, the unbeliever  
 Who denies the truth of the Lord, life giver.

HELEN MARVELL '53



## Crazy Tom

He'd catch 'em sure this time, those thievin' boys that were always stealing the berries off his bushes! The man's small, beady eyes darted quickly around, but no one was in sight. Pulling a gun and a long length of string from out of his pocket he began carefully to set up his vicious trap. "What a surprise they'd get when one of them touched the string attached to the trigger! Heh heh," his thin cackle filled the air, his warped mind already savoring delightedly the events of the near future. It wasn't as if he hadn't warned them, the man said to himself as he brushed a shank of dirty yellow hair out of one eye. He'd hollered at them hundreds of times and threatened to shoot, but they never paid any attention. "Crazy as a coot" they called him and laughed. He'd show them just how crazy he was, and then let them laugh at him. But he'd have to hurry. It was getting late. Almost time for the boys to come. They always stopped by their way home from school. Frenziedly, the lean wiry figure scampered back and forth, putting the finishing touches on his handiwork, skinny hands clawing distractedly at his beard. Suddenly he heard voices and the sound of feet scuffling along the dusty road. With a start, the figure turned and began to leap backwards towards the obscurity of the woods, forgetting what he had done only a moment before. Bang!... the report sounded. It carried far in the clearness of the autumn day. Feet hurried up the road and stopped near the berry bushes. A figure jerked once on the ground and was still. "What d'ya know, old crazy Tom. Shot himself I guess. I always told ya' guys he didn't have a brain in his head." And picking a few handfuls of berries off the bushes the boys turned and continued their leisurely walk down the road.

SARAH EMMONS '52



## The Key

Laughing island,  
Sea washed, wind dried,  
"Southernmost Point in the United States,"  
Palm spattered, motel incrusted,  
Criss-crossed by streets  
Of lovely vine draped houses,  
And busy avenues  
With impressive presidential names.  
Key West: bright town of grumbling Navy  
And sunburned vacationists  
And deep rooted Conchs.

To you come the business weary,  
From small towns and big ones  
And Washington, D. C.  
On you many voices shout and hum  
And whisper together:  
Negro, Cuban, white, combined,  
Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief,  
Singsong, drawling, smiling, friendly,  
Nodding a greeting to even me,  
A stranger in town.

Key West: small dot on the line  
Between Gulf and Ocean.  
Key West: an example;  
Perhaps the key that can unlock  
The tight-barred door of the world's confusion  
And show us, beyond, a happy, carefree life  
Of peaceful harmony.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## Reflection

The hot summer sun burned down on her, making her thoughts swim dizzily. She realized that she should leave the hill and go to her mother, who was doubtless feeling as miserable as was Phyllis herself. But the pain, the doubt, the sharp agony were still too strong and she could not bring herself to leave the spot.

It was indeed a cruel blow to one so young and impressionable as Phyllis was at sixteen. Her brother, only three years older, had suddenly married a girl who was a complete stranger to his family. Her name was Janie, and she was beautiful: blond and fair-skinned, with wide-spaced blue eyes. Phyllis couldn't blame Chris for loving her; but she could hate Janie for taking him away and this she did, passionately.

The sun, she told herself, could do funny things. She pressed one hand tightly to her forehead and was suddenly flooded with nostalgia. They had been so close — yet he had not told her until it was all over. She remembered with a bitter pain the games they had played on the very same hill — years ago — pirates in caves, for instance. There had also been "cops and robbers" and "bicycle bee" — an insane game of their own invention which consisted of Chris's riding his bicycle and Phyllis's chasing him on foot, panting and yelling "bee! bee!" Years afterwards they had gone to the same parties and dances, and then she had sat on the foot of his bed and they had talked. She had wanted to hug these precious hours to her forever and had savored deliciously each moment that they talked. In their games of course Jerry had been with them; but he was five years younger and was not really close to them. She was flattered to have Chris treat her — most of the time — as an equal; with Jerry, he used a slightly condescending tone.

Phyllis stared into the pond below her. It was deep and slightly stagnant, and there was quicksand on the bottom. Once Chris had built a boat and they had gone rowing on the pond; but the boat had started to sink (it was the Old Ironsides III) and they had had a narrow escape. Their father had forbidden them to go near the pond after that, and Chris had declared in a fit of pettishness that he would go where he pleased. Later he had confided to Phyllis that he intended to drown himself in the pond. Believing him, she had

been frightened but filled with admiration for his daring. It was of that time, and of a small petulant boy that she thought now. They had had such fun, been so inseparable! Yet somehow in the strange process of growing up, she had been left behind; he was at college, living in a world of his own, and now he was married. Nothing would ever be the same; she felt alone and miserable, realizing, with an insight she had never before felt, what poor lonely Jerry had been suffering all his life.

The sun, insufferably hot, pounded relentlessly at her brain; her thoughts were chaotic. She knew that she should go to her mother or to the cool of her own room, but she could not. Idly she tossed a pebble into the pond and saw her reflection shatter, the muddy ripples spreading ever wider. Silently she sat, her head bowed down by the heat, and stared with unseeing eyes at the stone sinking irretrievably to the depths of the pond. The sun beat down with a stifling intensity and the ripples continued to widen. . .

DEBORAH BETHELL '53

## Shadows

Purples, blues, blacks,  
Rectangles of ebony  
Traced on the walls,  
They cling for dear life  
And never let go,  
Like a fly on the wall  
Who's covered with glue.

CYNTHIA EMERSON '52

## Hic, Haec, Hoc, and Hostis

"The meeting will now come to order," boomed the tiny, gruff voice of Hostis, the head gremlin of King Arthur's court. "Something must be done to stop the love affair between Lancelot and Guinevere. You all know it is our duty as members of the Royal Order of Good-Natured Gremlins to prevent any unhappiness at the court. Do I hear any suggestions?"

The little figures locked arms, bent heads, and buzzed away. Their tiny green hats with wandlike feathers turned from side to side.

"Do you think Lancelot would continue to love Guinevere if she were no longer beautiful?" piped Hic, the tiniest gremlin.

"Good observation, Hic, but she *is* beautiful, and what can we do about that?"

Back they turned, buzzed busily again, their feathers bobbing up and down.

"Why not visit my lady's chamber and see what we can do?" said Hoc, the tricky one.

"Yeah! But—but—but—but—," commented poor little Haec.

So off they marched, single file, Hic, Haec, Hoc, and Hostis. As the tiny quartet crept through the keyhole of Guinevere's room, they saw the beautiful queen lying on the bed resting.

"Forward, men! On to the queen's dressing table!" commanded Hostis in a loud voice (heard by only the gremlins, of course.)

"Yeah! But—but—but—but!"

And so they hopped to do their work among the queen's artifices. Hoc put the black mascara into the nailpolish; Hic scraped the green eye shadow into the rouge box. At the same time, Hostis was substituting green crayon for the lipstick, and mixing soot with her face powder. Then they scampered down and over to her bed, leaving Haec mildly protesting as usual. They quickly added their magic potion to her eyedrops. (This potion makes everything appear beautiful to the user). Her dress, laid out across her chair all ready to be worn on her meeting with Lancelot that evening, was the next object of their attention. Dancing merrily upon the dress which they had dragged to the floor, they sang:



"We ruined her paint, we spoiled her powder,  
When Lancelot sees her, he'll scream the louder.  
We've danced around upon her dress,  
Hoping to bring her happiness.  
Today we've done a gremlin's deed;  
To stop this love, we must succeed!"

Then they marched gaily to the living room to find seats for the night's event.

As the shadows of evening stole about the cold, grey castle, the little gremlins danced with glee and chattered and giggled, anticipating Lancelot's expression upon seeing his beautiful love. Suddenly the heavy wooden door began to creak.

"Sh-h-h-h! Here he comes," and all eyes were fixed upon the opening door, when much to their surprise, their visitor was Haec.

"Where have you been? Lancelot's due any minute! Hurry! Get in here!" shouted the three.

"Yeah! But—but—but—but—!"

"Never mind your 'buts', just get over here! Lancelot is arriving!"

At the same moment, the queen came from her chamber into the living room. For one minute they stared in amazement at what they had created, and pity came into their hearts for both Lancelot and Guinevere. The queen, a sight to behold sitting in the chair beside the fireplace, arranged the fold of her dirty, torn, discolored gown and looked up toward the door in anticipation as Lancelot entered.

He hesitated, standing there in the doorway, and gazed upon his queen. "Guinevere, loveliest jewel in all the realm, fairest, most beautiful lady of my dreams," and stepping forward, he took her in his arms.

The gremlins stared in wonder! What had gone wrong? Each one wondered whether the other saw the same sight that he did and, turning quickly to one another, chattered rapidly.

"Yeah! But—but—but—but!" Haec's protest came mildly again.

"Oh! Be quiet, you! What did you do to help?"

"Me? I put the drops in Lancelot's eyes!"

DEE FLEMING '55

## Bermuda

I close my eyes — I turn back time,  
Bright days and tranquil nights I see;  
Small ring of coral isles sublime,  
My heart will burst with memory.

Secluded flower-bordered lanes  
Whose scent hangs heavy in the air;  
The earth soaks up the gentle rains,  
Then sunshine blazes everywhere.

Fresh salt sea breeze sweeps o'er the beach,  
Pink sands stretch out to meet the ocean;  
The azure waves roll in, and each  
Embraces shore in its devotion.

I smell the flowers, I feel the breeze,  
I hear the waves against the shore;  
Enduring memories such as these  
Will fill my heart forever more.

DEBORAH SNOVER '52

## The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

The Four Horsemen are a small part of a great vision granted to a man whose name was John and recorded in his book known as *The Revelation* or as *The Apocalypse of Saint John The Divine*. These four horsemen, representing plague, war, famine, and death, were given the power to destroy — each by his individual means. These four have been present in the world since the beginning of time, shadowing the life of man.

### I

Plague, astride his ghostly white horse, strikes at his pleasure, although occasionally he is used by God to make known His power amongst the people. So it was at the time of Moses when the He-

brews were enslaved in Egypt. The Lord sent Plague to work his destruction on the Egyptians as a means of persuading the king to let the Hebrews go. More often, though, Plague roams freely over the face of the earth, touching a village here and there, showing the world his great power over it.

In recent years Plague has met a great and worthy opponent in the form of man's growing knowledge of science. One of his greatest crippling weapons — Infantile Paralysis — is slowly but surely becoming less effective against the peoples of the world because of many astounding discoveries in the field of medicine. Science in its great crusade against disease has made an irreparable dent in the armor of the first of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

## II

War, sitting smugly atop his great, red steed, has prevailed over the earth since the beginning of time. He delights in making the small disputes of a few into great battles involving many. He entertains himself by bringing about civil revolutions or struggles between nations, and then watching them in action from his perch high upon his blood-red horse. In primitive times men fought with clubs and stones, later with swords and spears, and now with guns and bombs. War prides himself in the growing deadliness of man's weapons of war, and proclaims that it was he who engendered the ideas for such weapons in the mind of man.

In the past half-century War has destroyed, impoverished, disabled, and discouraged people all over the world at three distinct intervals: World War I, World War 2, and the Korean War. He leans over in his saddle and, with powerful slashes of his razor-edged sword, wipes countless men, women, and children from the face of the earth. At this very moment, he is riding over the frozen hills of Korea, mercilessly killing.

After each of his sprees, War usually takes a short vacation, during which time the people of the world gather together to devise a plan to prevent his return. This gathering after World War II adopted the name of the United Nations and, although they could not prevent War's return and his present escapade in Korea, they are using every power available to them to end his spree and to rid the world of the second of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

## III

Famine, gaunt beneath his dark robes as he sits upon his gleaming, midnight steed, strikes wherever opportunity knocks. He often accompanies War, for where War strikes, he may also easily strike. He finds great pleasure in causing people misery, but even more so in watching them gradually grow to look like him — grim, wizened, hollow-eyed, haggard. At present he is flaunting his power throughout India and in parts of Asia. With a sleight of hand he tips the scales of human misery to suit his fancy.

CARE and the Red Cross are putting an unyielding battle against Famine, but thus far they haven't been able to get close enough to the flying hoofs of his mighty, black steed to rid the world of the third of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

## IV

Death, proudly sitting upon his great, pale horse, roams the world at random. He knows his power, but, except when in the company of one or more of the other Horsemen, he does not use it in excess. He realizes the fear of him held by many, and that most often he is not a welcome visitor. Occasionally, though, mercifully he arrives a little ahead of the appointed hour, or, perhaps, passes by temporarily. Of the Four Horsemen, Death is the only one who has the quality of mercy.

Death has many opponents, but, unlike the others, he does not begrudge them their small, temporary successes because he knows he will win in the end. He discovered at the beginning of time that as long as there was a human race, he, the fourth Horseman of the Apocalypse, would ride over the paths of the world.

And so the Four Horsemen — Plague, War, and Famine in the lead; Death behind — have ridden in the Past, are riding in the Present, and shall ride in the Future over the face of the earth.

MARY DOZIER HAWES '52



## Thoughts

The thoughts which we want most to catch and hold  
Are thoughts which slip most eagerly away.  
The hand that would impede them must be bold,  
For deep thoughts never linger or delay.  
Evasive as they're ever bound to be,  
Their value is not lessened by their flight,  
Nor does their speed predict sagacity,  
As it remains for us to judge their might.  
Though they are quite invisible to me,  
Through them is gained an insight into life.  
They prod our thought and ultimately we  
Are forced to see a finer side of life.  
For often these, the things one cannot hold,  
Have value to give heat when there is cold.

MARY GOODNOW '53

## Shadow

I stood lopsided, balanced on one foot, plowing the sand with toe drawn furrows washed rhythmically away by the gentle beat of waves which came at intervals and lapped around my ankles. The ridged and ruffled beach lay bright and blistered under the fierce blaze of midday sun. Spasmodic snatches of the shouts and laughter of some swimmers farther down reached me as the breeze shifted here and there. The water was calm and clear and cool; the sky, that intense, burning blue peculiar to August afternoons. From my position on the deserted point, I could see the whole curve of sand around the bay, speckled liberally with the brilliant colors of bathing suited beachgoers and their various paraphernalia. It was a scene that the Chamber of Commerce could have been proud of: gay, relaxed, spontaneous; soaked in a typically American aura of well-being and contentment. Looking at it, I felt myself engulfed in a blank and pleasant lassitude, and sat down on the warm, powdery



sand and leaned back against the smooth, hot solidity of a sea-scrubbed, sun-cooked rock behind me. I was filled with a sense of complete peace and satisfaction. For several minutes I think I dozed.

Then suddenly I stiffened and was completely alert, every part of me extremely conscious of something different, some change. When I opened my eyes, blinking against the dazzle of the sunlight, I half expected to see someone nearby observing me, for it was a feeling very close to that of being watched that had awakened me. But the rock strewn point was as lonely as before, my only companion being a gull that wheeled in mewing circles far above my head. My glance rushed hurriedly on down the beach, catching momentarily on familiar figures and then stumbling on. It was not until it reached the far end of the sandy stretch, where the hummocks of sea grass began, that I saw what had disturbed my sleep.

A block of shadow was slowly edging its way along the beach. It created a fantastic effect: the sunlight lying hot and glittering on land and water, intensifying every color as if by the loan of some of its own brilliancy; then suddenly it was cut off at the advancing line of shade, within which all seemed dull, lifeless, and still. I watched, frightened, as it overtook a group of three small children building sand castles at the water's edge. They stopped playing and looked up, then satisfied, once more began to dribble wet sand onto the already tower-bedecked mounds in front of them. They had looked up—my gaze followed theirs and beheld the shadow's cause.

A low cloud was passing between us and the sun, so low that its shade cast a distinct outline as it moved over the beach. A cloud — a fleecy, little summer cloud — and I had been afraid!

I started to laugh aloud at myself, but no sound came from my sticky throat. I tried to stand up, but found that my body seemed rooted, through the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet, to the ground. My terror returned, and my pulse grew fast and loud, as if my heart, upon finding that I could not move, were trying to batter its way through my ribs and escape by itself. And all the while I sat motionless, the shadow crept closer. At last, when it was only about twenty feet from me, I wrenched myself to my feet and began pelting out along the point, panic rising inside of me, and a frenzied certainty that I must escape from the sunless twilight pursuing me. I reached the end of the sand and frantically scrambled over

the huge slabs of stone that made up the furthestmost end of the point. Barnacles tore at my hands and knees, and I slipped time and again on the damp seaweed-covered rocks. Finally I could go no farther. I crouched down on the last scaly boulder and watched the darkening line come towards me. In that moment my perceptions seemed magnified beyond all normal proportion. I was infinitely conscious of the warmth of the sun on my back, the glint of my ring as my hand gripped the rock, the soft swishing of the waves that licked the point beneath me. I wanted to cry out, protest, plead, but all at once it was upon me and I flattened my tense, shivering body against the wet seaweed in silence.

I do not know how long I stayed that way under the cold, dark train of that passing cloud, but at last my heart quieted, and I realized that my shoulders were once again hot under the familiar rays of the sun. The shadow was gone. Cautiously I got up and looked around me. All was peaceful and brightly sparkling. Nothing had happened, nothing had changed. Slowly I started to pick my way back to the beach, ruefully inspecting my scraped hands and legs. I wondered idly what people had thought of the sudden, frantic flight of the girl in the red bathing suit over the point's rough terrain. The sight must have been pretty funny. They must have laughed in amazed amusement. I could almost laugh at it myself. Almost, but not quite.

SUSAN HUNTER '52

## Effects

A small piece of paper all wrinkled and torn,  
A few precious words, quickly scribbled, adorn,  
    Hearts acting madly,  
    Not feeling badly,  
All in the madness of spring.

Dreaming in daylight — off on a cloud,  
Nighttime is wishing away from the crowd;  
    Eyes turning hazy,  
    Acting like crazy,  
All in the madness of spring.

Better take warning, it's sure to get you,  
Nothing will cure, nothing will do;  
    Mind in a tizzy,  
    A little bit dizzy,  
All in the madness of spring.

GAYLE DUNTON '53

## Reassurance

Quiet, my child, and you might hear  
The cry of the owl, the feet of the deer.  
Quiet you must be to catch the sound  
Which, echoing, tremors through the ground.  
Are you afraid of those that fear,  
Of those who only will appear  
In the sleep of the night or whisper of dawn?  
Are you truly afraid of a fawn?

My child, you are one of those  
Whose thoughts go where the silence goes.  
Your feet have run where the deer have run;  
The wild, and free, and you are one.  
Why, you of all should have no fright  
When the shadows are short and the moon is bright.  
So listen, and know the gentle throng  
Whose silent cry was your cradle song.

HELEN MARVELL '53





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Deborah Bethell

*Editorial Board*

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## Composed While Longeing a Horse

Thunder pounding rhythmically  
Circles from my hand.  
The grass in terror spins before  
My feet — I strain to stand.

And from the midst of whirling green  
Seemingly there springs—  
As if released from earth he pounds—  
A god of nature's things.

Stately on the whirlpool's edge  
His motion rivets eye,  
As though to leave such moving grace  
Were asking life to die.

MEDDIE GOODNOW '53

## Music In My Heart

Dark, brooding, mysterious, silent, it stood in the corner of the room. A single shaft of sunlight painted a bright streak on its rich mahogany sides and gleaming white keys. I moved toward it, fascinated. I touched it. A clear unexpected note of music fell into the air. "That's a piano," my grandmother said.

\* \* \*

The door was open, and the cold air filled the newly-cleaned house with a fresh, wide-awake smell. I sat in my blue organdy dress on the freshly plumped pillows of the sofa, reading the Sunday funnies. Like unnoticed air, large majestic swells of symphony music permeated the house, voicing the mood of the day. I read on, not hearing the unceasing beauty of sound around me. The music grew wilder and wilder, throbbing, demanding to be noticed. I kept on reading, as if it had been a stronger blast of cold air. The music sank again to a cooler beauty, taking its natural place in the usual Sunday order of things.

\* \* \*

The room was small, containing an old upright piano and three rows of stiff-backed foldaway chairs. Standing by the piano the music teacher, a short, worried-looking woman, introduced her pupils. I recognized the first piece; it was "Sister Anne." I had studied it. I twisted in my chair and looked at Fall outside. Suddenly, one of the older girls began to play. I sat entranced, not daring to breathe, to turn my head away, to move my hand, for fear of spoiling the music. For the first time I was hearing my own instrument well played. I hadn't even known a piano could sound like that! I shivered with excitement. I walked out of that room in the same daze I have heard other people speak of after having heard Paderewski play.

\* \* \*

It was a pretty, new, yellow dress, and I was proud of it. I curtied to the audience, and spreading my skirt I sat down to play. "Butterfly" rippled off my fingers in perfect waves. The audience clapped loudly, and I walked back to my seat trying not to look

pleased. After the recital, a man I had never seen before grasped my hand. "Aren't you the little girl who played so well?" My mouth opened in astonishment. I didn't know people congratulated you if you played well in a recital. "I guess so," I mumbled. I turned my back on him, looking for my parents. My little brother was pulling at my father's sleeve. With the voice of a lion he yelled, "*Now* can I have my dime for being quiet?"

\* \* \*

The darkness of the day filled me with gloom. As I shut the door of the music studio on a bad lesson, I thought of all the wasted hours, of all the wasted opportunities behind me. Enviously I watched a senior's happy face as she replaced her music in her box. I looked at my own music with disgust. "I should quit," kept going through my mind. Into the compartment I threw the music, slamming the door as hard as I could. The door bounced open again. Maybe, if I could play it once, I thought. I sat down on the rickety chair in front of one of the practice pianos. I began tremblingly, sure that I would stumble and stop as I had only a few minutes before. Then, miraculously, my hands fitted together again. I began to hear the song in the music. Above and beyond the printed notes the melody soared, carrying my spirits with it. I remembered the piano in my grandmother's house, the dark brooding creature it seemed then. I thought of the music on Sunday afternoon, of my first piano recital, of the countless concerts I had attended. A sense of exultation and rejoicing sang in my heart as I realized music had been and would be an essential, beautiful part of my life.

LUCY GARRETSON '54

## Gently

Gently,  
E'er so gently,  
As for one just born, laid  
She down to rest for aye, the one  
Just dead.

NAT STARR '53

## Cannibal

The cat was still sitting there. The gray of her body blended into the rest of the night; only the outline of her triangular head was visible. Unmoving, she sat with her head pressed close to the window, her yellow eyes burning the countenance of the woman with a steady, nerve-racking stare. At the same time her eyes seemed to concentrate their all-seeing gaze on every corner of the room, on every object perceptible in the light from the kerosene lamp. The woman in the checked apron flicked her dish towel at the window. Safe behind the glass screen, the cat smiled to herself. She remained fixed, her glowing eyes the only live feature of her face.

The woman turned her back to the window and seated herself. From her blue bag she took out a bedspread, then threaded her needle. The porch door sighed in the wind, breathing into the house the loneliness of a country night. From the darkened hallway came a creak. The woman sat rigid. Silence filled the house with an ominousness which suited the night outside. The last embers of the log fire crackled weakly; the door moved again. The woman pushed the needle through the cloth, trying to think of the pattern. The clock chimed the hour of nine. It wasn't late enough for bed.

The woman glanced hopefully over her shoulder at the windows. The frame still held the motionless, somehow menacing, picture of the cat. Eyes mocked the woman with her fears. She shivered, feeling herself hypnotized by the intensity of their gaze. A curse could be fixed with those eyes, she thought. They say that cats have nine lives. This one could be old. . . maybe she comes from Egypt. . . the Pharaoh's tombs had curses. . . Then she almost smiled. Don't be silly, she scolded herself. We've had this cat since she was a kitten. She looked again at the eyes, feeling superior and sure of herself. The cat did not quiver; it remained aloof and mysterious. The woman clumped heavily over to the door, as if to prove her confidence.

Still lazily playing on the floor of the porch were the kittens, small and numerous. We can't keep all of them, she thought. I must do something about them. Delicately the black kitten with the white tip on its tail pranced across the floor, stopping under the

windowsill to look with a silly smirk at the gray cat sitting above it. The kittens on the porch floor seemed of another race of animals from the cat perched Sphinx-like above, looking disdainfully at their furry bodies. The black kitten wriggled gaily, laughingly, and bounced back to its fellows. There are too many of them, she decided. The Sphinx on the windowsill for the first time moved its head. The light of agreement was on its pointed, gloating face. Like a dog, it gave a curious snarling growl to the kittens. With a penetrating look it bade farewell to the woman. Then it leaped from the sill with two sinewy bounds and disappeared into the night.

Relieved, the woman returned to her chair and hunted for her needle. The clock ticked contentedly; again the house seemed warm and safe. At ten o'clock the woman blew out the lamp and went to bed.

\* \* \*

The morning sun shone gray through layers of smoky clouds. Thin mewes of hunger reached the ears of the woman as she sat in the kitchen drinking her morning coffee. She took the pitcher of milk from the table and carried it outside to fill the saucers of the hungry cats. There were less kittens than usual; the woman walked around the corner of the house, calling them to breakfast.

Under a bush crouched a low gray form holding something in its mouth. Inquisitively the woman bent over to see. A ray of sunlight showed the black fur and white tipped tail of a half-eaten animal. The cat looked up, vulture-like, swallowed hastily the remains of the kitten and stretched. She carefully washed her face and cleaned her whiskers thoroughly. Then she walked contentedly toward the woman, purring loudly with satisfaction.

LUCY GARRETSON '54





## Chimneys in the Sun

It was all we could see of the castle, sitting in the warm sand, those huge shiny brick chimneys, but it was sufficient to set us wondering just what was beneath them. Strangely enough what started the adventure wasn't the castle at all. We were interested all right, but the castle was a good mile and a half away. We had to swing left for the view, allowing the eye to continue over the dunes and along the treetops. Just before the cliff dipped onto the strip of white beach, the blue green monotony was relieved by the yellow of a tiny hayfield. Amid the dark of tall pines it seemed to spread almost lovingly to the very top of the cliff where again the prudish green held sway. We decided to take a walk up the beach, Muff and I.

\* \* \*

Viewed from above, the Ipswich sand dunes seemed to extend forever. It is hard to describe that which thrills you in a view: that feeling of being apart from worldly things; a quietness arising from man's impotency; the cool purple haze of autumn's sea accentuating the panorama of colored maples dotting the cliff's edge; the field melting away — down into those silver mounds where tiny ant-like people moved, contentedly oblivious of their nearness to this perfection.

A cow's bellow from a nearby grove of pines, coupled with a chill afternoon breeze, sent us running and laughing up the grass-matted ruts, over the top of our cliff-field.

One always expects what one never finds, over the top of a hill; the wood fence and tiny pasture hemmed by woods seemed just that — not enough. Lingered, we thought we saw something move in the trees beyond and, in an exploring mood, decided immediately to investigate; we ran straight to the middle of the pasture before we noticed anything strange, and then, simultaneously, it struck us both motionless.

To the left was an awful feeling of space, and as we turned the sight was breathtaking. Away for a mile ran the broadest rippling green imaginable, dark evergreens cutting its extremities razor sharp; beneath our bare feet, soft as a feather's down, the grass

seemed changed by magic; at its end sky framed a castle dropped from the land of Oz.

We stood awed for several minutes before reality sent us scurrying into the vision spread before us. We sent the grazing sheep loping away in terror as we charged the nearest slope. It was running for the pure clean fun of it; and there are few enough places in the world where it can be done!

Exhausted, we fingered the white marble statues on the middle hill of the alley, where tiny patches of moss were relief to the eye. We capered nearer the castle, leaping, dancing, singing, mad —and not caring. We splashed through the warm rain puddles on the lower stone squares and lept the shallow steps to the upper terrace and lawn before the castle; it was wonderful!

We had cut for a single hour the binding ropes of convention; of society; of age; yes — earth. We were lifted by emotions above the commonplace, and we tasted unforgettably a little piece of the infinite.

Shoes sounded on the walks above; we halted, turned; men's voices caught our ears. The inner ecstasy fell; startled as a bird by a snapping twig, we woke and fled.

From the middle of the castle alley a driveway led through the woods back to the beach. The high trees, almost despondent, seemed eerie as we picked our way over the rough pebbles. There was another fence to climb; the tufted grass in the sand pricked our feet as we left the drive behind. The sand glared against squinted eyes. We hurried along — we were late.

MEDDIE GOODNOW '53



## June Week

The night was hot and although the great windows were open, the air smelled very second hand and the nylon tulle of the dress was prickly. Couples slid by, either in the comfortable silence of old friends or in the animated gaiety of two people discovering each other. The music ebbed and flowed.

There was an exploded relief in the air. The Dress Parade was over, honors had been bestowed, the last meal formation called, and duffel bags were packed. For some the Cruise leaving at dawn would be more than sailing for Paris; it would be an embarkation from the intensified training of the Academy to a new life, that of a Naval Officer. For others it was merely the end of a year of hard work and confined life. Nevertheless, there was a general feeling of anticipation and change.

The couple danced almost formally and seemed to talk in spurts trying to be amusing. The Middy looked troubled and she concerned. They seemed to echo the meaning of the farewell ball. She looked up curiously and smiled with a tinge of understanding. Others swirled around them and they were lost for a moment, only to re-appear. There was no formality now. There was only acceptance.

Outside, where the Knockabouts were moored, a slight breeze stirred and seemed to pant in the heat of the night. The dress no longer prickled, and the air was fresh. There was a comfortable silence.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## Desert

Sand is scarlet — water black  
Through eyes by bronze sun smitten;  
Coarse black hand shakes with heat  
And tight mouth trembles.

Water-skin to lips is raised;  
Head darts forward, tongue extends  
And if to drink — yet black man waits  
For he is dead.

PAT EVELETH '53

## Blessing in Disguise

I was nearly six years old when I first realized that I was different from the rest of the human race. Before that I had always been rather indifferent to the remarks of people, and had never been interested in the reactions and expressions of those I met. But now that school had begun, I associated with younger people and became conscious of the facial expressions and reactions of my schoolmates. It was then that I first began to notice and feel the stares and to hear the hushed whispers. Yes, I was a chosen one. I had been blessed with the eternal gift of freckles.

With the start of school came the commencement of relentless nicknames. Many of these my comrades found rather humorous; yet because of my pride, I found myself quite ignoring them and unwillingly allowing these remarks to bring to my face revealing blushes of anger and humiliation. The more popular terms I found attached to me were "speckled trout," "ginger snaps," and of course the ever popular "Red" and "Frec." Then too, I was always and still am surrounded by those witty acquaintances who, without fail, inquire whether I have crawled through a rusty pipe lately, or if, perhaps, I've had a little trouble or accident while painting. But then, too, there is the consoling friend who assures me that I never will have to face boredom or idleness, for I can always amuse myself by counting these beauty spots. I might add here that freckles are also very useful in putting one to sleep in an uninteresting class, for they are excellent substitutes for sheep.

Unfortunately, small children can never seem to adjust themselves to the sight of freckles. Not a single week passes without my seeing, from the corner of my eye, a small child tugging at her mother's skirt and asking in a whisper which is always louder than she means it to be, "Mommy, what's that girl got all over her face? Is that dirt, Mommy?" Then the embarrassed mother hushes the child, tells her it is not polite to stare and pretends to ignore me, although she herself is really quite fascinated.

After some of my first associations and contacts with boys in a social way, I immediately tested all the freckle-removing creams produced. These guaranteed unfailing results, but my skin I found

had no respect for such widely advertised guarantees, nor did my freckles respond to bleaching of lemon juice. I spent the first year of my teens in anguish. Then I bought only coverall bathing suits, dresses with long sleeves, and of course, no evening gown without a stole. Then, too, I tried keeping out of the sun for almost an entire summer. I confined myself only to porches and shady trees, and invented a match-book nose-guard to be used when the rays of the sun were too persistent to be dodged. The results of all my efforts were truly discouraging. Several new flocks of freckles appeared and none seemed to vanish. The disappointing effect of a long summer suffering was cruelly revealed to me when the mail-man innocently inquired one day whether I had received my tan that summer through a screen, for the brown spots were so symmetrically displayed.

One asset of freckles is that it is very easy for people of no imagination to describe me, for all they have to say is "You know, the girl with the freckles." I am never difficult to locate in any group because my freckles make me easily sighted.

I once received an overpowering amount of satisfaction when I saw a girl who had, or rather seemed to have, more freckles than I. But then, immediately I felt a pang of envy and jealousy. I didn't like the thought of actually finding someone with as many freckles as I. It was then that I first realized that, although I had suffered torment during my youth because of these so-called beauty spots, there is really nothing of which I am more proud and nothing I prize more now than my freckles. This, of course, is the inevitable conclusion of people with these distinguishing marks. They realize, after a few discouraging experiments, that they must live and endure life always accompanied by those very obstinate, but at times very compatible, freckles.

CONNIE WELDON, '53



## Apart

I enjoy today —  
High cries,  
Strong wings,  
As the silver-drab gull  
Plummets down for his prey.

It is grey today —  
Strong winds,  
High sea,  
And the graceful gulls  
Swoop over the shore.

There is no peace today —  
Flung spume,  
Tossed spray,  
And the pounding surf  
Rolls in to the beach.

Skies are cold today —  
Strong gusts,  
Brief lulls,  
And the spray-filled wind  
Blows in from the sea.

It is grey today —  
Strong winds,  
High sea,  
And my mournful heart  
Cries out . . . alone.

JOAN WHEELER '54

## On Prejudice

If one stops to consider the human race, he will find that the majority of our lives are guided by prejudices. Not just prejudices against people of other religions or other races, but trivial aversions to animals, food, types of entertainment, and even colors!

What is prejudice? The dictionary refers to it as a "preconceived judgment or opinion, based on insufficient knowledge of the fact." In other words we go through our lives making statements and forming opinions about things we know little or nothing about. A man once said that he didn't like a certain other man standing near him. When asked why, he replied, "Because I don't know him." He didn't like the man because he didn't know him! What if we said that about every person we didn't meet, every book we neglected to read? We would narrow our minds down so as not to let anything unfamiliar creep in without extreme verbal disapproval.

We don't like people whose religion differs from ours as a whole, because we don't know them. We know nothing of their history, tradition, temperament, beliefs, values, and loves. Because they have been despised and reviled for centuries we just accept that as a heritage and continue to look down on these people of different religions. We are too lazy to think for ourselves. We don't bother to find out for ourselves what these people are like. Perhaps we are afraid that if we find out about these people we will understand and appreciate their values and ideas. Perhaps we are afraid to let down our protective prejudice and leave our hearts and minds open. Perhaps —.

Taken on a smaller scale, our prejudices against material things are on much the same basis. Every night there is usually someone at the table who turns up her nose at liver or broccoli or brussels sprouts. When you ask why, she just turns up her nose again and replies, "I don't know. They taste funny." Because some colors are "funny", they are also discarded. The mother of a friend of mine refuses to wear violet because her husband doesn't like the color! She herself is fond of the color and looks well in it, but having no mind of her own, or not using her mind, she follows meekly her biased

husband's ultimatum (he once saw a woman he didn't like in violet and has despised it ever since).

Some people won't have dogs or cats around because they may be mongrels or alley cats. They won't bend down to pet a playful dog in the park because he is "dirty". Other people depend upon hearsay. They won't go to but condemn a certain movie or play because "Aunt Marge saw it and said it was dreadful!" They never stop to realize that their opinions might differ from the proverbial "Aunt Marge's" if they examined the situation. Thus we are inclined to look at things on the outside and judge by external characteristics, just as we sometimes "judged a book by its cover" when we were young.

These are the people of today. These are the minds that run the world. They are prejudiced and immature. We profess to live in a democracy, but do we? Is it a democracy when men harbor prejudices against other people and different or radical ideas? Is this a democracy? If it is, then the word democracy is meaningless and empty. Ours is not a democracy when snobbery and hate exist. For centuries physical and mental destruction has been caused by wars and disagreements as a result of our lack of understanding of other people and things, and results such as these shall continue to occur until we can open our hearts and minds to "the other person." When we stop closing our minds and hearts to situations we don't like or don't want, then we shall gain a new mature standing by living a full and honest life. We shall be living a democracy.

NANCE BAILEY '53



## Discrimination Against Indians

It is no secret that in America there is discrimination against minority groups, especially against those with different colored skins. It is particularly noticeable in sections of the country where those groups are most numerous. In some sections of our country, American Indians are subject to discrimination.

Frequently, this discrimination against Indians manifests itself during athletic contests between schools. When an Indian school is in competition, rude and insulting remarks, such as "you black things" or "nigger, nigger," are thrown out by the little children and some adults — not, generally, by the teen-agers.

Indians who leave the reservation to seek employment in the cities near Indian country find they are the "last to be hired and the first to be fired." They find it difficult to get decent housing. Occasionally, as an Indian travels in the western states where there are more Indians and Mexicans, they find other barriers. Hotels and motels are usually full when an Indian appears. Some restaurants have signs "No Indian Trade Wanted." Some places even have separate washroom facilities for Indians.

My father, who has a responsible position working for the government, has experienced these forms of discrimination. In certain sections, my mother, who is white, goes into the hotels to register for the rooms. At one time my father registered at a large hotel in a western city. The clerk was handing him the key when she noticed the name "Owl." She asked if he was Indian, and when he said he was, she said, "I'm sorry, Indians are not permitted here."

My uncle, who has a master's degree from the University of North Carolina, attempted to vote in a state election but could not satisfy the election board that he was literate. He was denied voting privileges merely because his skin was dark. He has now changed his last name from Owl to Harris because of discrimination. His children, whose skin is light, will not go through the things he has been through.

There are many reasons for this discrimination. Basically it is founded on a difference in culture and a different standard of living. Some Indians are very poor, poorly dressed, and live under unsani-

tary conditions. The homes don't have modern facilities and their culture hasn't made them see the need of cleanliness. Some Indians, like some white people, are disagreeable and make a nuisance of themselves when they are drunk. These people make a reputation for the whole race. But there are many well educated, industrious Indians who are no different from good white citizens.

Generally, Indians are not stable in employment. Their culture was not one of punching the clock. The Indian was a hunter, and when hungry he hunted, and then he feasted. The next time he hunted would not be until he again became hungry. This accounts for what is called "his unreliability." He works until pay-day and then quits until his money runs out. The Indian has always lived from day to day without planning for the future. Perhaps a solution to this problem is for him to get away from the reservation and mingle with the white people.

Another type of discrimination originates in the legal status of Indians on an Indian reservation. There are three types of law which affect Indians on the reservation. First, there is the federal law. The Indians may be prosecuted by federal law for committing about ten major crimes. There are other federal laws which also apply, such as the Indian liquor law. This law makes it illegal for anyone to sell or give intoxicants to Indians. To possess or introduce liquor on the reservation is a violation of the law. Secondly, there is the state law. But most state laws do not apply at all to Indians on the reservation. This fact makes it very difficult for an insane or epileptic Indian to get treatment. The state institutions won't accept them and the federal government doesn't have many such institutions. This situation lays all the burden of caring for the insane and epileptic on their own tribe and families. The third type of authority is the tribal law. This is set up by members of the tribe. It makes its own marriage, divorce, traffic and other minor laws. Thus, the reservation really isn't part of the state. It is a little state all by itself.

I have tried to show that some of this discrimination has been caused by the Indian himself, some is caused by basic differences in culture, and some by a complicated system of law and the ignorance of many people. One result is a feeling of inferiority on the part of the Indian and of resentment toward the white man.

MARY OWL '53





Sam

Unless your powers of observation are remarkably limited, you cannot fail to have noticed within the past weeks the small figure above. His name is Sam — Sam Aritan, in full — and he has been exhibited in various prominent places throughout the school.

First let me tell you something about Sam, although he may need no introduction. Having had from the start a proprietary interest in Sam and his acts, I feel justified in attempting to set forth some of the most basic facts about him.

Sam Aritan and His boys appeared quite suddenly about a month ago on the school blackboard. There was no message, but simply the picture with this simple caption: "Sam and his boys."

From that day on, the peace of the school was shattered. Sam was everywhere. Chairs disappeared from rooms; they were found later in strange places. Attached to them were notes depicting sometimes both Sam and His boys; more often they showed Sam alone. Light-bulbs vanished, and someone lost a skirt; heads bent close together, and knowing whispers accused, "Sam!" One girl found the entire contents of her room moved out into the corridor; she recognized Sam's efforts at once. A criminal suspect was caught in Reading; Sam's proponents shook their heads sorrowfully; it was evident that one of His boys had "gotten out of hand." Extraordinary happenings came to be accepted as perfectly natural; everyone passed it off as just another of Sam's tricks. If there is too much noise in a student's room, it is only because Sam is there. If the teacher, while

inspecting, finds books in the wastebaskets, flowers under the beds, coffee on the desks, and food on the floor, she realizes of course that Sam has been playing pranks again.

As Sam has become more well-known, signs have mysteriously appeared on corridor bulletin boards. These signs depict Sam in varied poses: seated at Thanksgiving dinner (and carving a roast teacher); extending his best wishes for Christmas vacation; screaming with delight at the prospect of no more tests. Though liked by all the student body, Sam is the special favorite of the senior class. (His boys are included in this, naturally, though they are dimmed by Sam's glory and therefore seem slightly devoid of personality.)

Publicity seekers, trying to "get into the act", have sponsored many rivals since the outbreak of Sammunism swept the school. They have come up with signs and mention of such personages as Billy and his Kids, Roland and his Childe, and T.C. (a cryptic abbreviation of "True Clue"). But the adherents of Sam scorn and condemn such bourgeois pretenders, and one by one they fade away.

Sam, with his slogan "Join the Sammunists and Be the World", marches on!

\* \* \*

Why, ask those few who cannot comprehend the antics of Sam, why has this invisible nonentity suddenly invaded the sanctity of Abbot?

There are many reasons for Sam's arrival. Though by name you may not recognize him, you are probably acquainted with his type. Very few of us went through childhood without at least one imaginary comrade. Every curious child needs a staunch ally on whom she can rely when she doesn't understand the strange world around her. Then she reaches a period of security, and her invisible friend is discarded. But later she is hurled into an adult world; she again needs support from some friend with whom she can puzzle out the answers. Odd though it seems at first, Sam fills that recurring need.

Sam helps us in other ways, too. We, the seniors, are constantly having impressed upon us the absolute necessity of setting a good example and accepting our greater responsibilities. We don't intentionally fail to fulfill these responsibilities; occasionally, however, we would like to. Sam, then, is the epitome of all that we would sometimes like to be, and all the mischief that we would

like to create. We take pleasure in the wild stories circulated about Sam, though we ourselves would never dare to behave that way. You see, not all of Sam's misdemeanors take place at Abbot. Sam is commonly known as a man-about-town; rumors and reports of all kinds reach us from the outside world. The more absurd or "game" his expeditions and aberrations, the more we admire him.

As time goes on, our interest in Sam will be replaced by another form of gremlin. If not a gremlin — well, once it was Harvey, the pooka rabbit. There's always something to fill the void. But meanwhile — Vive Sammunism!

DEE BETHELL '53

## A Tale Not Told

I'll tell you how the day rose up  
Magnificent in blue.  
She had a soft, forever look,  
A hazy dream or two;  
Her voice was soft, a fragrant song,  
Touched just a bit with dew;  
She stretched — her fingers pierced the sky —  
And strings of gold slipped through.  
A leafy shiver of delight  
Thrilled her; she rose and flew  
Beyond the hill. A sudden flame  
Caught at her dress, once new —

I'd tell you how the day burnt down,  
I'd tell you, if I knew!

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

## On Neighbors

Wherever you live you have neighbors of some sort, and whoever they are they contribute something pleasant or unpleasant to your life. This conclusion is not drawn arbitrarily; I have proof from my own experience to back it up, and I intend to do so. For examples I shall take three completely different neighborhoods, in three different sections of the country, and try to show the effects of the neighbors on my family.

The logical starting point is my house in Ann Arbor, Michigan. I live in a large white house that has no style at all, which is on a street with other houses built in the same styleless period. It is a nice street, though, with great towering elm trees, pleasantly affected by the fact that it is in a university town. Our closest neighbors are a couple who have reached the honored age of eighty. The husband is a retired German professor, who has more energy than anyone I have ever seen. He is up every morning at five o'clock caring for his garden (reserved exclusively for vegetables), raking leaves, or shoveling his walk, depending on the season. His wife is very fond of cooking and cats, a combination which charms my six-year-old sister. I don't think they quite understand our family with its impractical approach to life, its music and its English setter dog, who also likes cats and gardens but for different reasons. They bear no grudge for all these differences; on the contrary they are constantly bringing us products from their kitchen and garden. Their example has made us keep up our property to a far greater extent than has ever been known before, and they supply us with all the goings on of the town, from as far back as 1900, when Mr. Thorer first came here to teach to the present. In the house behind us there lives an old couple whose main interests are also gardening and cats. There are several great differences, however. In the first place, Mrs. Winter would never raise vegetables in her garden; she is a Dutch woman and prides herself on her beautiful flowers. She has a feud with Mr. Thorer which has been going on for at least fifty years mainly based on this difference in produce. Her husband is a mild Latin professor who will have nothing to do with the situation, but Mrs. Winter is determined to give mother bulbs and slips for every vegetable that

Mr. Thorer provides, and she also gives mother a ride to market every Saturday so that mother can acquire her own vegetables. Across the street there are two families who are directly involved in our circle. One of them is composed of two ladies well past eighty who delight in sitting at the window and in keeping track of all the neighborhood. At the arrival of unexpected visitors they unfailingly send over a message that they have several extra beds and can lend us a leg of lamb to feed them. How they can tell which visitors are unexpected and intend to stay for the night is beyond my comprehension, but perhaps when I am eighty I shall have learned their secret. The other family fits in perfectly with our tastes and ages. Besides having a dog, they have three children with ages just right for my two sisters and myself, and an interest in the League of Women Voters and psychology. Also they love music, which is lucky, for they are the only neighbors whose ears permit them to hear the assorted sounds that emerge from our house at any time of day or night.

Experiences with neighbors have not always been so happy. Two summers ago, when we stayed in a house on Coolidge Hill in Cambridge, Massachusetts, we felt the unpleasant effects of our nearest neighbor and I am afraid he thought the same if not more so of us. You see this poor man (I think he was a lawyer) had an antipathy for music of any sort, and was unable to work when the faintest strains were audible. Our family possesses four members who play the piano, two who play the cello and one the violin. Besides the necessary practicing, there usually is some form of chamber music played every evening either at home or abroad. Having rented the house for its large living room with two pianos, we started out the summer by making the most of it; there are a lot of musicians in the Cambridge area. When we learned our poor neighbor's failing we were dumbfounded. We cut the chamber music down to two evenings a week, and warned our neighbor in advance so that he could arrange to be not at home. The practicing, however, remained a problem the whole summer. We kept the windows closed (in a hot Boston summer that is quite something) and all arranged to practice at once for two hours every morning when our neighbor would cut his lawn or otherwise occupy himself. This made the house sound



something like a music studio to all who passed by. It restored peaceful relations, however, and one must have peace at all cost.

The next summer we thought that we would be affected very little by our neighbors, for we bought an abandoned farmhouse in Vermont. Much to our surprise we found that we had been wrong. Never have neighbors played so great a part in our life. Our nearest neighbors, the only ones we could see from the house, were farmers. They own a two hundred acre farm which is kept up better than any other farm I've seen in Vermont. They do everything themselves, including digging wells, painting houses, all farm work, building barns and anything else that appears. They called on us the first week we arrived and said they were delighted to have some new neighbors. They asked to be shown around our property, and were shocked by its condition. Immediately they offered to help us cut back the weeds, bushes, and trees that were surrounding the house. They showed us around their farm and decided that it was not too late to teach us to be proper farmers. They taught me to milk, to hay, to feed the animals properly and to use a scythe. Later in the summer our well ran dry. Mr. Boyd brought his brother to see us with his forked apple stick. Believe it or not, he found a good underground stream of water close to the house. Within a week they had dug us a well six feet in diameter and stoned and cemented up the sides. All this was done in the evenings, after a day of haying. We discovered after having lived a month at the "Sage Place," as our house is called by native Vermonters, that we had some neighbors about two miles away over a hill and across a few pastures. These neighbors were very musical, one of them teaching piano at Bennington College. They contributed greatly to our pleasure both by playing chamber music with us and by helping us find an old Steinway upright piano which at present is residing in the kitchen for want of larger doors.

Thus I found that wherever we went we seemed to have neighbors, and most of them were very interesting. They certainly have made life more varied, and have contributed more perhaps when they have held different tastes, occupations and outlooks on life than ourselves.

DIANA STEVENSON '53

## Welcome for a Stranger

One morn  
She entered majestically  
Out of the bleeding East.  
And as she came,  
All around adorned  
Their robes of royal reds,  
Rich browns, lavish velvets.  
And as she passed,  
Each flower and tree  
Bowed down reverently.  
Never again to lift their holy heads.  
In gratitude and praise  
Precious leaves were offered,  
Colorful jewels.  
These she took as she strode along,  
Never leaving an inch of earth  
Untouched by her royal hand.  
Even from the day  
She snatched a few hours,  
And unto the night  
She added but a stinging wind.  
Like a greedy stranger,  
She came, was welcomed,  
And, when Autumn left,  
With her, she took all of life around.

CONNIE WELDON '53

## The Earned Dollar

The closing bell sounded throughout the department store, but the swirling mass of customers took no notice. The shoving and pushing to reach a desired destination still went on. And even the saleswomen didn't seem to care if several more customers appeared, all wanting attention.

It was surrounded by all sorts of colorful things, but he picked it out as being just the right present for his mother. By standing on his tiptoes and reaching way across the Christmas decorations that lined the front of the counter, he could grasp its round, smooth top. Now, as he held it triumphantly before him, he could see the small figure of Santa Claus in the midst of the glass ball more clearly. Suddenly, as the globe was turned upside down, a burst of snow flakes began their way downward, and soon had clothed Santa in a silvery veil. There was a child's cry of delight, and the snow settled once more at the globe's bottom. But with a renewed twist the white curtain showed itself for a second time, once again accompanied by the same smile and pleasure of the small boy.

He stuck his hand into the pocket of his overalls to make sure his savings were still there. He remembered how for months he had carefully put small change, mostly pennies, which he had earned by doing various errands, into the piggy bank on the dresser. Also, he remembered, it was only a week ago when he had proudly gone to his mother to exchange his collection for a new dollar bill, the first he had ever had. At that time he had had no idea for what he would use it, but now, as he examined his discovery, he was determined to have it.

Eagerly, he held out the dollar bill to the approaching saleswoman. "What do you want, Sonny?"

"This, please."

"That all the money you have?"

"Yes, and I've saved it all up myself to buy Mommy a Christmas present. Do you think she'll like this? I hope so."

"Sorry, but you haven't got enough money to buy it. Here, let me have it." And then it was back again in its original surrounding of the many colorful things.

The crowd, realizing that the day's shopping had ended, was moving toward the doors that led to the street. Included in the rush was a small boy, trying to keep back his tears.

## The Hemoglobin Club

This week-end I was busy furthering my knowledge in science, and gained as an unsought dividend knowledge of people's reaction to pain and the sight of blood.

The object of my research was to find whether or not, scientifically speaking, vacations have an adverse effect on the students of Abbot. I proposed to secure this vital information by taking the hemoglobin count; I went over to the infirmary and was told to start practising on myself. After steeling my courage to a high enough peak, I was able to release the small needle into my finger. When I realized that it didn't hurt as much as I had expected, I started taking samples from all my fingers to establish my accuracy and confirm a theory previously advanced that blood circulates in a continuous stream. When the infirmary became convinced that I wasn't going to endanger any lives, I was allowed to set up office in my room and hang out my shingle as a D.O.B. (Doctor of Blood).

In pricking fifty-five people and taking samples I noticed a similarity in their reactions. Everyone wanted to get in the act, to use a current expression. The price of admission was too high, some felt, but others succumbed when the words "to further scientific knowledge" were mentioned. They all vowed that they were terrified of needles, which fear was really a dislike of voluntarily submitting themselves to pain.

After the dreaded ordeal was over, my patients delighted in watching the antics and agonies of the next victims, as they were called. In fact, after a few minutes of operation I had a definite problem in avoiding my curious and annoying patients (annoying, because they kept telling the ones who were waiting how awful it was, "just as a joke"). I finally had to shut down every hour for awhile in order to clear out the room.

A case history will clarify my point. One patient screamed for fifteen minutes before the operation due to fear. When I pronounced the deed finished, she looked regretfully at me and said, "Is that all?" Apparently she felt cheated, for every time afterwards that she saw the office was open, she came back and waited her turn so that she might serve as a model.

Many patients expressed a sincere gratitude to me for helping them conquer their phobia against blood. Innumerable people remarked that they were ordinarily sick at the sight of blood (at that information, one of my roommates would rush for a basin, just in case), but they really wanted to conquer their fear so they thought they would stay awhile. After watching me do about three or four they would leave, pronouncing themselves cured.

All things considered, the venture was a success. Members of the Hemoglobin Club, as I call them, come up to me and proudly show their scarred fingers; they seem to be quite happy about the whole business. I haven't lost any victims due to the unfortunate disease of gangrene, and it will be nice to know once and for all whether vacations have a good or bad effect.

CORNELIA NYCE '53

## The Thief of Time

"Tomorrow — then I'll do it," I declare;  
Faint frosty sunbeams disappear; day's light  
Fades out; I drift through purple shades of night  
Into oblivion.

"Later I'll work" — I brush the thought from me  
As if to chase a silly fly away.  
Why hurry? I've tomorrow and today  
And all the days to come —

"Never procrastinate, my child," they cry,  
"Soon your tomorrows will be yesterdays;  
And you'll regret your idle, foolish ways  
When time's short span is done."

I shake my head in silent sympathy;  
*Their* time is growing short, their swan song, sung.  
My time will come — not now, for I am young.  
... And time slips quickly by.

DEE BETHELL, '53



## On Baby-Sitting

Baby-sitting has become one of the great American professions. Baby-sitters were almost unheard of twenty years ago, but now with the many modern conveniences and amusements, baby-sitting has become one of the commonest businesses in the country.

Most people believe the occupation of a baby-sitter to be a simple and uninvolved one, but my personal experiences in this field have proved otherwise. A typical night in the life of a baby-sitter unfolded itself before me a few nights ago, which clearly pointed out to my bewildered self that the qualifications of a good sitter are many and varied and that my temperament is not nor ever will be molded to fit this vocation.

This last night of my newly abandoned career, I left home joyfully thinking of the peaceful evening ahead. What could be more enjoyable than an act of *Hamlet* in which to lose myself and an evening of perfect solitude. Immediately upon my arrival, the parents left, leaving me the rule of the house and saying they'd return about ten-thirty. The children, whom I presumed to be in bed, came flying down the stairs to greet me and paraded around the house with an army drum and bugle. The battalion had surrounded me before I was able to set up a defense. As soon as I regained consciousness and told them to cease fire the charge began. All over the house we raced until finally I cornered both my enemies in the bath tub. I was able to rescue the bugle from the little girl, but when I tried for the drum, I with one stick and Johnny with the other, the duel began. After a rough battle I finally was declared the victor and raced down stairs to hide the weapons.

Now, I thought, I'll employ my knowledge of child psychology, and I trudged upstairs to try a new procedure in inducing the children to go to bed. I very coyly coaxed Johnny, the eight-year-old, into his room, and occupied him in issuing commands at his army of tin soldiers. Now was my opportunity, if ever I had one, to put Cathy to bed while she was separated from her brother. This I succeeded in doing without too many mishaps, while trying to drown out the battle cries from the next room. Then the real test came. After forcing Johnny, now answering to nothing but Sergeant Butler, into his pajamas, two legs in one at first, I was about to congratulate myself

at my easy success when, as he was about to crawl into bed, Johnny (that is, Sergeant Butler) very decidedly declared he had forgotten to do his homework. The next half hour was spent in deep thought while solving five addition problems, each being deliberately checked three times. My suggestions of hurrying were thoroughly ignored and my help repulsed. Suddenly he remembered he had to lay his clothes out for the morning (one sock, et cetera, at a time), wind the clock, put the cat out, fix the bandage on his knee, and gather his books for the morning. I don't believe even a sloth moved more slowly or deliberately than he. Finally he crawled, or rather I pushed him, under the covers.

I then crept down stairs only to spy a sinkful of dishes. My all too persistent conscience led me to the sink and the dishes were very resentfully washed. At length, I sank fully exhausted into an armchair and opened *Hamlet*. As I began to get into one of those rare pensive Shakespeare moods, I heard a faint call from above, "Connie, I want a glass of water." So I trudged upward, retrieved the water, and retired again to my chair. The same scene had to be dissected again, in the middle of which Cathy yelled down that she was cold. Next it was a kleenex that was needed, and finally it was the light that was in Johnny's eyes. Suddenly everything quieted down, but I should have known this quiet was only the calm before the storm. Soon I heard the children's father in the driveway calling to someone upstairs. When he came in I was told that the light was blazing in Johnny's room and he had apparently been reading in bed. Thus it was that I was considered by both parents to be a negligent, irresponsible baby-sitter. I was abruptly dismissed with my pay, so insignificant compared with the work I had done. I never was thanked for doing the dishes, by the way, and *Hamlet* was shamefully neglected that evening.

Those who consider baby-sitting a minor task would, I think, change their minds if they ever experienced a nightmare similar to mine. This profession involves diplomacy as well as hard work, and a successful baby-sitter is very rare. On this particular night, whose horrors I have related, I discovered I lacked all the necessary qualities of a good sitter: never-ending patience, good humor, understanding, and diplomacy. In my mind, baby-sitting is a full-time job and cannot be combined with *Hamlet* and dishwashing.

CONNIE WELDON '53

## Why Is War?

The tanned young man in the unfamiliar khaki had a look on his face that was difficult for me to interpret. We were in one of the large, metropolitan, movie palaces and the spectacle that was unfolding itself on the screen was a stereotype of all Hollywood adventure tales. The film was one of those Revolutionary epics that specializes in hurling lusty curses at the red-coats. A closeup of a young soldier's fall flickered on the screen and engraved itself on my memory. I knew then what the odd expression meant, and it chilled me.

We live in a time that is in many ways remote from those days of clear-eyed idealism when young boys flung themselves into the gore of battle with only the shiny sword of patriotism to protect them, but in the great issues it is virtually the same. Man is still wending his weary way from war to war; brother is still killing brother. I recognized in the face of my young soldier a profound disgust for the slaughter of which he was so soon to become a part.

As the story progressed we suffered through the last goodbyes and first regrets of the new recruit. At the end of the picture, as he lay dying, his last words were a gasp that he was not dying in vain.

In these words is the clue to the difference in the attitude of the young men of today and of yesterday. No normal young man looks forward to death. He never has in the past, and, I hope, never will have to in the future. Before, when he had to go to war, he went with the conviction that he was fulfilling an obligation and defending the right. Now, however, the issues are not so clear and simple. The boy who goes to Korea today hasn't the conviction that what he is doing is morally right. There is no justification of war unless it is to safeguard our ideals: when a soldier does not have this assurance, he feels he is party to a vast slaughter.

The sensitive mind of the young man was rebelling at the idea of killing his fellow man merely as a stop-gap solution to a grave problem. Each month American men are sacrificing their lives in terrifyingly large numbers. There is no end in sight to this appallingly huge price which we, the American people, are paying. It is a debt that can never be repaid.

As these thoughts spun through my mind I had a bleak feeling in my heart. Are we destroying ourselves in obedience to a sense of duty that is based on false pride and not on spiritual ideals? Are we sending these boys to an ignoble death? I glanced at my young companion who was to me symbolic of youth everywhere. While I watched I saw him square his shoulders, but his eyes were still questioning.

ELAINE AUDI '53

## Solitude

The beach lay deserted and neglected. There were no hurrying crowds now to disturb its solitude. Its only visitors were the seagulls and the sandpipers as they swooped down for their transient calls. Those mewing cats of the sky were no longer banished from their sandy floor. There were no crowds to destroy the symmetrical designs which the waves were endeavoring to engrave on the beach. These impressions, etched in the sand like the wrinkles on the forehead of an old man, seemed endless. The deserted boat-house stood nearby, gallantly guarding the beach from what, even it did not know; but its pride, in still holding this long treasured position, kept it dignified and erect.

As the storm-clouds began to gather, the menacing waves threatened many times to destroy their sentinel, but, like prisoners trying to break free, they attacked and then recoiled from their impenetrable guard. These waves, as they showered the rocks with foam, gained momentum and pounded fiercely against the tight-packed sand. This unbroken rhythm, like the never ending beat of a jungle drum, gave out a hollow vibration as it hit the taut-drawn sand. The wind, swirling the drier pebbles and hurling them toward the shack, gave a stinging slap as it blasted against the splintered window pane.

Suddenly, out of this fury, the storm passed on. Once again solitude reigned.

CONNIE WELDON '53

## Depredation

Into the air with a silent cry,  
Stolen, flees my heart,  
Charmed from me by a sinful witch,  
Borne by an ageless art.

Sailing high, forgetting me  
In a flight of unbelief,  
Emotion's blood recedes from me,  
Captured by a leaf.

Lost from me in a thousand like  
Among these bleeding woods;  
What is the way to rally back  
My heart in autumn's moods?

MEDDIE GOODNOW '53

## One Man's Aim

Albert Schweitzer was born in a world which faces possible annihilation, because the principles and ethics of man have become too shady and vague, the mind of man has become too corrupt, and the world of man has run wild onto a mad tangent, lacking in essential truths and depending on a rapidly crumbling universe of temporal achievements. Albert Schweitzer, like many other analysts, is fully aware of man's hastening decline, but unlike many others, can perceive the only formula conducive to a world based on honor and mercy. He has developed a philosophy comparatively simple and lucid compared with the "magnificent but generally futile architectural splendors of speculative thought": a philosophy simply termed "Reverence for Life." Albert Schweitzer looks at a world which is perplexed by lack of principles, expediency, mass opinion, regimentation, and merciless slaughter, and strives to make man strengthen his mind in opposition to a rotting world.



Civilization is so constructed now that profit and worldly gain are thought to be worth whatever just or unjust means are deemed necessary to their attainment, and principles of right and wrong are forgotten in man's lust for power. Schweitzer tries to point out that an ethical basis is the only basis on which civilization may thrive. Without it, he insists, we are living on fatal substance: material incapable of giving man any support in time of critical need. Schweitzer watches the world about him misuse and dissipate the scientific and industrial advancements: material things which man seems to think will lead to a consummate civilization; and the prophet desires so very deeply to have man think in terms of right and wrong.

It is a world in which the thinking is done not *by* the individual but *for* the individual — a world in which the individual is bullied into thinking and believing an idea by such fanatics as Hitler, Mussolini; and is persuaded by soft-spoken, crooked politicians who treat the individual, not as a sympathetic being, but as a small cog in a big profit-making machine. Schweitzer emphasizes to the individual who has almost forgotten to think for himself the vital necessity of a mind tuned to ethics, religion, and "Reverence for Life." Schweitzer speaking:

When in the spring the withered grey of the pastures gives place to green, this is due to the millions of young shoots which sprout up freshly from the old roots. Similarly, the revival of thought which is essential for our time can come in no way except as the many, reflecting on the meaning of life and of the universe, reshape their sentiments and their ideals.

Furthermore, in a world in which this collectivism of thought by the masses is considered to be the only way to an expedient solution of whatever social problem may arise, Schweitzer aims to stress that not only must man give a thoughtful mind to that problem, but he must also be willing to give his life. Losing one's life in order to attain it is the challenge of losing it to the problem and not to the dictator.

Apparently, Schweitzer's mission is to instigate a spirit of sound thinking in man's lethargic soul. Schweitzer makes it imperative

that man awaken to the disaster of the universe, and that through Reverence for Life he find the desire and ability to think. The theme of Reverence for Life is this: when man perceives that life may be based on a survival of the fittest, that it is a cycle of man destroying man and beast, he may wish to deny it, to escape it. However, if he affirms life, if he accepts it as having significance and validity, he feels an exultation in the will to live and ardently desires to share the reverence he gives to his own life with those about him. Thus he sets his standards: to preserve life, to promote life, to raise to its highest value life which is capable of development; and he considers the converse of these standards as being noxious. "Surely a man was truly ethical only when life, as such, was sacred to him, that of plants and animals as that of his fellowmen, and he helped all life that needed what he could give.

"Let us, then, undertake to drive the modern state, so far as the power of our thought reaches, into the spirituality and the morality of the civilized state, as it should be in accordance with the conception of Reverence for Life! We demand of it that it shall become more spiritual and more ethical than any state has hitherto been called on to become. Only in seeking the true ideal is there any progress." Such is Albert Schweitzer's aim.

PAT EVELETH '53

## The End

Eyes that see as if by moonlight  
Reading a book of ancient strength,  
Memories that are tattered and musty  
Of varied and fleeting length;  
Corner-cupboard of bric-a-brac  
Sits in a single lonely room;  
China figures mock the past  
And old age awaits its doom.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## From the Kaatskills

When twilight falls on Hudson's face,  
The twice-told tales of yesterday  
Come creeping out from hidden shores,  
And spread their murmurs o'er each bay.

Old Hendrick's ship, the *Half Moon*, comes  
Along the silver ribbon's trace;  
A ghostly spectre sailing down —  
No wind or crew to set its pace.

The captain and his crew come out  
To play at bowls up on the heights.  
The roar that issues forth from there  
Resounds like thunder through the nights.

Then like the wink of just one eye,  
The myst'ry ship sinks far from view.  
The roars of balls and pins die out,  
And sun strides up to make Day new.

JANET BOWDEN '53

## On Letters

While strolling through the marts of Andover the other day, I perceived a sign which boldly proclaimed "This Week — National Letter Writing Week — Send Happiness!"

Now there, I thought, is a man with sense. Obviously the man who thought of "National Letter Writing Week" is trying to save the world by organization. This fellow sufferer had been besieged with mail until his conscience got pretty unbearable. So he took pen in hand and spent an entire week doing nothing but answering letters. When he had finished, he thought: Why not organize *all* my duties this way? We'll have a week for eating vegetables, a week for being kind to dogs and children, a week for reading books, and so forth *ad nauseam*. Indeed a wise man, I thought, as I mailed the sign C.O.D. to one of my friends, who had not written in six weeks.

Writing letters is a vulgar and almost obsolete practice which should, I think, be abolished. In the beginning it was rather nice; there were only simple notes written in symbols. But gradually letters became more and more complicated, until today the variety is almost unlimited. There are "regular" letters, air-mail letters, special deliveries and postcards. There are invitations, acceptances, thank-you notes, and those esoteric epistles known as "Dear John" letters.

These many types of letters have, of necessity, made letter-writing a much more delicate art than it was in the middle ages. Formerly one could simply sit down and dash off a few lines to a friend. Now, however, one must decide what type of letter is called for and then abide by the form for that particular variety. Etiquette also demands that one wait a certain amount of time before answering a letter: one day for irate parents; a week for members of the opposite sex or parents under less dire circumstances; two or three weeks for someone who has delayed in answering your previous letter. By this time, any questions they may have asked are out-dated and not worth answering; any news you may have had is stale and not worth relating.

Writing letters takes up a great deal of time and thought which could be more profitably employed; receiving them (or not receiving them) creates an emotional strain which is hard to counterbalance. Pity the poor, empty mailboxes of Abbot! Eager, searching fingers scrape them free of gathering dust; a brief ejaculation follows; then the door, wavering expectantly on its unwilling hinges, is slammed shut. This occurs not once, but three times a day! How those poor boxes must look forward to Sunday, their one day of rest.

This, then, is my case against letter writing. I feel that letters should be either entirely stopped, or written in brief, concise outline form—and those only once every month.

You say the mail just came in? But you got three yesterday, you pig! You can't have two more — wait a minute. Oh nuts! No mail again! What's the matter, do they think I'm dead? I haven't had a letter since. . . .

The writing of letters should definitely be abolished.

## A Moment Stolen

(After reading *Dover Beach* by Matthew Arnold)

O Time! steal from your heedless flight  
A soft moment — velvet, flowing —  
And slide — graceful, glowing — down the  
Ebony banister of night.  
Wait! do not urge us onward yet.  
Let us find in this still moment  
“A sea of faith whose tide is full,”  
Whose breakers roar and snap the net  
Which traps the soul and keeps it locked  
Deep within itself, alone.  
The water, singing, sets us free —  
We live with hearts no longer blocked;  
And Love in its fullness whispers:  
“Lord, how manifold are Thy works!”  
O Time! leave us the light lest we  
Should lose our way and “clash by night.”

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

## Remains

I stood by the window watching the setting sun, thinking over the event of the day. My daughter was married! I could hardly believe it. It seemed only yesterday that she had come crying to me with a cut knee or a bruised elbow. I turned away from the window and walked through the denuded rooms littered with champagne glasses and confetti. Through the open door of the dining room I could see the half-eaten wedding cake surrounded by gardenias, once fresh and white, now dried up with that brownish tinge common to all gardenias whose day has gone by.

I started up the stairs with my shoes in my hand. Oh! How my feet hurt! In the background I could hear the tinkle of glasses as they were being collected on trays by the maids. As I started down the



hall toward my room, curiosity led me to peek into my daughter's room. The door was ajar and opened further with the touch of my hand. I found myself looking at a room which appeared as if a cyclone had struck it. The bureau was littered with the remains of last minute preparations. I walked over to throw a Kleenex covered with lipstick marks into the wastepaper basket, and found myself face to face with the pictures of seven husky American boys who, although they were smiling, would now be sad, for they knew that the boy in the framed picture below them was the "Lucky man." I glanced down at the face smiling shyly from the silver frame, and my heart swelled with pride, for I knew I had gained a long awaited son.

As I turned away from the bureau, my eyes fell on the white satin wedding gown laid carefully on the bed and the overturned satin shoes on the floor. I inwardly groaned upon seeing the grass stains from the garden reception along the hem of the skirt and around the toes and heels of the shoes. Out of the corner of my eye I could see, through the half opened closet door, a leg of her faded blue jeans and a tennis racket — the racket for which she had painfully saved so many of her allowances. There, perched on top of her collection of jazz records was the white satin skull cap with the finger-tip veil. The tears sprang to my eyes; I couldn't keep them back. Her whole life seemed to stand before me in her room.

The clock sounded the hour of eight, and I realized I must change my clothes for the quiet supper that my husband and I had planned. As I started for the door, my foot stepped on something. I looked down on the floor and saw a small orchid, part of her bridal bouquet, which at one time had been so dear to her and now was lost in the hustle of departure. I felt the tears running down my cheeks. Hastily I brushed them aside in hopes of concealing them from my husband. As I closed the door, I knew that I was closing the door of her childhood, but there was a consolation in the fact that I knew it would be reopened in later years for her children.

I heard my husband calling my name and as I went down the stairs I heard him talking on the phone. He handed me the receiver and, as I put it to my ear, I could hear a young excited voice saying, "Mommy, we're. . . ." The rest didn't matter, for I heard what I had wanted to hear.

AUDREY DAVIS, '54

## “As You Like It”

The room had the musty smell of an old building that has been filled with transient people. The weak winter sun streamed bravely through the grimy windows. The whole room resounded with a symphony of creaking floorboards. In the corner a young boy was nervously cracking his knuckles; surely he was too young. I desperately hoped so. Opposite him sat an old man who was muttering under his breath — something about the new-fangled rules of the government.

Just then the door opened and in came quite a procession. A girl of perhaps seventeen walked fearfully between her parents. Following them were five small children ranging in age from three to fourteen, all bearing a trademark of flaming red hair. After much commotion they were seated, and the father began in a fierce voice to question the girl. The two teen-agers sitting next to me started to giggle, and I heard one of them say, “I hope he’s cute.” At my disgusted look, they turned their backs on me and started to whisper among themselves. On my other side a middle-aged man was trying to look as though he were above worrying by reading *The Wall Street Journal*, but I noticed that he had had it folded to “How Britain Produces Coal” for the last half hour.

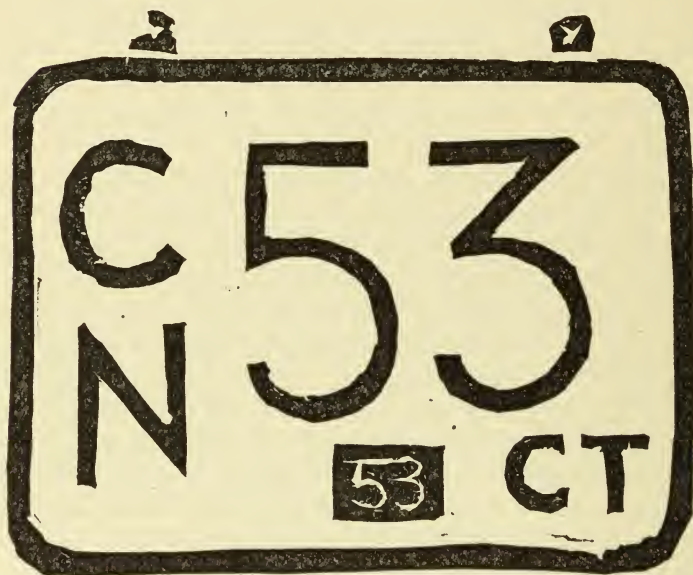
I looked at the clock as if at a master. I wanted the clock to hurry so I wouldn’t have to come back, yet I wanted it to go slowly enough so that I could collect my thoughts before I went in. Just as I was beginning to feel reassured, the door to the office opened and the cocky adolescent who had been two ahead of me in line came out, looking much shaken. Then I began to wonder what would happen if I should fail. How would my friends and family take it? The smart thing would be just to disappear and not to come back until I had succeeded. That way they wouldn’t know what had happened to me, but as it was they were expecting me to return a hero with all sorts of papers and medals. Had I been able to do it over again, I would have altered my approach and have the whole thing completely shrouded in mystery.

Then it was my turn. I followed the attendant into the office.

Well, I thought to myself, this was the end of sixteen years of planning; this was the test; this was the long awaited trial.

I was trying to get my driver's license.

CORNY NYCE '53



### On M.S.U.D.

One kind of phobia is something that may begin as a pet peeve and develop throughout the years into a serious situation which would require psychiatric help to abolish. But this is not the kind of phobia I am going to write about; I'll leave that to the psychiatrists. The type of phobia I have in mind would be better described as "a mental shirking of unpleasant duty," (abbreviation—M.S.U.D.). This kind of phobia is quite common among more ambitious people.

There are many different kinds of M.S.U.D.'s, the most common being work. As children we took joy in doing small tasks around the

house or in working especially hard on a math problem just for extra credit work; we did this mainly because it raised our opinion of ourselves (and nothing is more flattering than self-praise). As we age, however, we discover that things that used to be new, exciting, and necessary, are now only necessary: consequently we develop a phobia, or M.S.U.D., against them. Some more recent things of which I am getting an M.S.U.D. are: making lists of presents I want for Christmas (for the benefit of my parents), deciding which college I really want to go to, working unusually hard for good grades for my senior year, and listening to lectures. By the last, I don't mean the kind of lectures that college professors give eager students; I mean the kinds that are given us for doing too much of this or too little of that.

Anything new looking or new sounding usually appeals to us in some way or other, and, being only human, we like to "take a taste before a bite." It may be some new course on the "effect of changing atmospheric pressure on the ear of a ladybug" or it may be a book on "how to lose weight without eating." Whatever it is, if it doesn't live up to our expectations we feel inclined to return to more familiar things. If this return is not possible, we build up a grudge against whatever is in our path, and therefore develop a phobia for it.

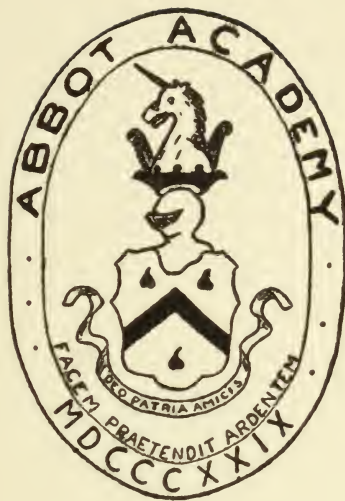
To some people, what I have described as phobias would be merely stumbling blocks which have to be pushed aside in order to gain the rewards of living; but to others, and I include myself in this group, these phobias are very real and excruciatingly painful and vivid in our lives; and unless drastic measures are taken to avoid them, they will have to be faced.

ANN KENNEDY '53









# The Abbot Courant

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*Editor-in-Chief*

HELEN MARVELL

*Business Manager*

DEBORAH BETHELL

ELAINE AUDI

CORNELIA NYCE

PATRICIA EVELETH

DORIS SCHOONMAKER

LUCY GARRETSON

NATALIE STARR

MARY GOODNOW

AUDREY SYNNOTT

BEVERLY GRAMKOW

CORNELIA WELDON

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# NORTHFIELD

RALLY AT SUNSET

8:00-9:30

TUESDAY

FOR ALL PLANNING TO ATTEND THE JUNE CONFERENCE

## The Strength of Northfield

A moment of peace realized in the quiet of an evening at Northfield is like no other moment: it is full, happy and most complete. It is a moment which has in it the richness of truth; in that moment one sees the spirit of God and knows the incomparable strength of His Spirit.

Therein lies the strength, the meaning of Northfield: the experience of that moment which does and will come to any who have searched for it. Northfield emphasizes that awakening, for there the beauty and serenity of the surroundings confirm its strength. Honest teaching, clear thinking, and the highest spirit of friendliness all contribute to this awakening.

Indeed the harsh reality of life is lost at Northfield but even more it is the purpose of Northfield to look beyond the bonds of typical human frailties into the spirit of life itself. If a person can grasp the knowledge of that spirit which is God Himself, then he has the power to overcome whatever in life he encounters.

And suddenly Truth is made manifest,  
The soul a reality,  
As the wind in the trees  
Sings a new song  
And the restless heart  
Listens  
And is quiet.

PAT EVELETH '53

## Fog

I really shall never understand how my mother came to discover it, but I guess mothers just have a sixth sense when it comes to that sort of thing. I was really very sure I had concealed my nearsightedness from the world, but the end was inevitably in sight, although I must admit, not my sight.

But, you understand, it's not as if I were totally blind. Unfortunately, some time ago I developed a strange habit of waving to people on the street who—well, they did look like old acquaintances of mine, but continually persisted in resulting in unidentified strangers. There are, however, many assets in this weakness, for, tell me, what can be more convenient than striking up a conversation at a party with what you think is your date, and then, on closer examination (by squinting, of course) discovering him to be a handsome fellow to whom you now need no introduction, for you have showed yourself to be so friendly. (Incidentally, nearsightedness is an excellent cure for shy girls.) Just because I seemed to perpetually watch the wrong end of the field at football games and insisted on boarding wrong busses, that really was no proof that my eyesight was poor. But the end was near, for it was even entering my nearby horizons. Finally, when I continued to dash past my best friends without speaking, and when pointed out a spot of particular interest my sole reply would be, "Where, what are you talking about?" I am afraid I caused the downfall and end of my blurry world. For, you see, when my mother discovered I was jumping into strange cars with questionable unknowns, the fatal suggestion was made to me.

"What! Mother, glasses are only for grinds. I can see perfectly." And I could—that is, up to the second row on the doctor's chart. But I'm sure if he'd given me just one little hint, I could have puzzled the rest out.

It always happens, and it did again. It was a marvelous story, and John and Ellen were about to elope when Doctor Brim, the oculist, called me into his office, and again I had to leave my magazine and John and Ellen on the brink of a romance. As I entered the doctor's office, a lady, departing with a new glass eyeball in one hand and a patch over one eye, gave me that needed nod of assurance.

Discs of glass constantly snapped before my eyes, the only result being a conglomeration of letters. But the doctor was trying desperately, so I kept encouraging him by saying, "Yes, that *is* better." When he asked me what letter was beside the "m", I did discourage the poor man by telling him there was no "m", but quickly corrected myself saying, "Oh, yes, it is an 'm' isn't it? Odd that I didn't notice it before."

Finally the doctor thrust a scrawly prescription into my hand and I was directed immediately to an optician. From there I left my adventurous world of mysticism and blur and entered reluctantly, by means of tortoise-shell spectacles, into a world of distinct detail, never again to experience that exciting life of grey shadow and uncertainty.

CONNIE WELDON, '53

## Carnival

The carnival was held in a barren kind of flatlands, and from one carnival to the next I avoided them, yet unexpectedly in the middle of June I found myself there, looking around, dazzled by the gyrating, swirling masses of color. My bare feet deliciously squished the earth and grass, and my hands in my pockets were clinking some change with my two favorite marbles. I looked at the sky directly overhead and then down a little to the Ferris wheel. The girls in the top cars were squealing, almost hysterically, and my eyes moved away quickly. To the right were many little flags flapping along the tops of tents and a great bunch of helium balloons. There must have been a man attached to them, but to me, he was lost in the crowd. On the left, above a long refreshment stand, was a sign "Hot dogs, Hamburgers, and Cotton Candy." I had seen the whole bright horizon so that I was drawn along unresistingly towards the stand.

At about that time I became fully aware of the sounds: the coarse voices, that at any other time would be irritating, shouting, "Cupie dolls," "Ice cream," "Hot dogs," "Tickets here." The music from the merry-go-round, the little children calling mothers, mothers



calling little children, more squealing girls: everything was mingled. Then more colors scintillating in the haphazard lights which blew in the wind, lovely dark-eyed girls in bright skirts and their darker escorts in brighter shirts all closed me in and made me feel warm.

I tried to shoot moving wooden ducks for a doll, and there were friendly shouts of encouragement. I lost, and the same shouts went up for the next to try as I slipped away. I went next to the fortune-telling tent. Madame Zombi gave me a detailed description of my family and of their immediate futures, an account which thrilled me because I had always been told that fortune tellers spoke only in broad enough terms to apply to anyone. Finally, and literally I bumped into the balloon man. He was big and grotesque, and his bushy black moustache looked dirty and twitched. He was pretty frightening, so I hurried away. I found Peter and Laurie, who had spent a vast number of nickles on a ring-toss game and had lost consistently too. As we walked home I told them about Madame Zombi, and they seemed duly impressed, but after awhile they confessed that they had prompted her, a discovery which completely deflated me.

Later I lay in bed and watched the white balloon being bobbled and bounced on the ceiling by the wind. I thought of the swarthy balloon man, who I discovered had short-changed me, and I felt the childish enchantment carnivals had held for me fading. I remembered the coarseness of the barkers calling for customers, and began to wonder what sunlight would do to it all. The big-eyed girls would undoubtedly have thick make-up and hard lines about their faces, and the harshly colored advertisements would be covered with cheap spangles. The Ferris wheel would look unsafe and unappealing, and the merry-go-round music would be tiresome. I was becoming drowsy, but my half-opened eyes still followed the balloon. I had a painting hung over my bed; my eyes opened widely and I jumped up on my bed, trying desperately to catch the balloon before it reached the wall. I was too late. The balloon burst on the nail from which the picture was suspended.

GERALDINE HARRISON '55



## Concentrate

Concentrate!

Get some work done,

Silly one!

Don't just sit and blankly stare

And carelessly push back your hair.

Direct your gaze on to the books,

Or you will know how "failure" looks!

It doesn't pay to waste your time

Lost in memories sublime.

It's no good that recalling does—

"Remember how much fun it was. . . ."

Stop it!

Back to work now—

It's your vow

To do your work—to get it done,

And *then* go out and have your fun.

Forget about the things "He" said,

Forget about the books you've read.

Be brave—ignore the ones outside,

Let great Minerva be your guide

Until you down your pencil lay—

"Gosh, we had so much fun the day. . . ."

It's hopeless!

I cannot work.

I'll shirk.

I've really got a lot of time

I think, as spirits upward climb.

Tomorrow's when my work is due,

So why waste time? Spring days are few.

I've ages 'till class comes again.

So down with paper, down with pen!

Tomorrow's class will see it done—

Oh—down with work—let's have some fun!

Tomorrow  
Is today.  
Dismay!  
For here I sit in class—I'm scared!  
Procrastinator—unprepared.  
The moral is—now hear me well—  
It doesn't pay to have your fun  
Until your studies all are done,  
For work I must, and do it right—  
It's double work I'll do tonight!

BETSY COOPER '54

## Jaguar

Breaking the stillness of the evening, a Jaguar stops before a house. Immediately a well-shaped hand exerts a slight pressure on the handle, and the car door swings open. After a moment's hesitation, perhaps to allow the passenger to readjust himself, a glossy black shoe is seen on the pavement. The other foot follows and an erect figure emerges, towering above the small car, then bends down and reaches for the almost forgotten cellophane box. Deft fingers adjust a tie, light a cigarette, and brush off the already immaculate collar. The expression on the handsome countenance is one of satisfaction. Then the figure advances toward the quiet brownstone, stepping more carefully as he nears his destination. He finally pauses for a moment, surveys himself, and, thoroughly pleased, rings the bell.

A shuffle of feet answers his summons, and a colored servant opens the door. "Oh! Are you looking for Miss Eileen? I'm sorry, but she's out for the evening."

NANCY EDMONDS, '53

## What Makes A Man Happy? A Query

"You know, Charlie, I had the strangest idea last night. What... oh, yes, Julie... 'the usual'... grilled cheese and black coffee... thanks. What were we talking about? Oh yes... last night. Well, you know the Youngs, Grace and Henry... our next door neighbors. Couldn't possibly have better neighbors. Take the time of the big ice storm during the war when I was off in the army and Betty and the children were home alone. We were without electricity for two weeks. Henry got rid of all the fallen trees on our property and chopped up enough wood for Betty to keep the fires going all the time. Well, you know Henry's job... he's one of those advertising men... it takes him all over the country. Not quite as bad as traveling salesman, but he doesn't have as much time at home as he would like. Anyway, last night he got back from Chicago and they called us up to come over for a drink. We were just sitting around talking and having a pleasant time when I began to think about Henry Young. Let me see if I can explain.

"I don't suppose that I should even attempt to compare myself with Henry... we're so completely different. I've lived in the East all my life... went to prep school and college here. Never had much ambition, I suppose. As you know, I'm perfectly content to be a small town real estate broker. I don't make fabulous sums of money, but I manage to pay all my bills and to be able to live comfortably. I guess you'd say there's nothing much wrong with my life; Henry seems pretty happy too... but see if you get what I'm driving at. You and I are just about the same kind of people.

"Henry was talking about some experience or other he'd had when he was a boy... he was brought up on a farm in Kansas... parents never got beyond high school. But I guess Henry always had a lot of ambition... not content to stay down on the farm. Well, he hitchhiked to the West Coast when he was about seventeen... got a job in a restaurant and put himself through college. Then he came East. Got a job in an advertising agency right away. He's pretty good on original ideas. Remember the time when he and Mort told old Ned they'd drive him to work on his fiftieth birthday? They got halfway down the parkway, and pulled over on the grass. They

took out a card table and three folding chairs and a big box. It was raining cats and dogs, but that didn't faze them. No sir, they had a big umbrella to put over the card table! They made Ned sit down and took a huge cake out of the box, lighted the fifty-one candles and sang "Happy Birthday" to him right there and then, in the middle of the parkway in the pouring rain. That's Henry for you. . . typical of what he'll think up. And then there was Mort's fiftieth birthday, when he stuck a stark naked mannequin by Mort's front door. So Henry took to the advertising business like a proverbial duck takes to water. Henry has risen a long way from the simple life of his Kansas home. Sounds like the typical success story, doesn't it? Poor farm boy works his way up through the advertising business, winds up with a big house, three cars, membership in an exclusive country club, and plenty of money to take luxurious vacations to Bermuda or Florida or Europe. The poor, underprivileged farm boy ends up as a successful business man who has realized his ambition. The American Success personified. Simple little story, isn't it! Excellent job, good wife, two wonderful boys. . . what more could a man want to be happy? This should be Life, this should be real, but is it? Oh, I know, we can't have everything. . . life is never perfect. But don't you think something must be wrong with our concept of happiness when you think that you have reached perfection when you get up at six-thirty in the morning to catch a train and then a subway to arrive at work at eight-thirty or nine o'clock; then spend most of the day thinking of ways to lure the public away from competitors; when you arrive at home at seven-thirty with a fat paycheck which your wife has to spend on looking perfect to impress your boss, who holds it in his power to make or break your career, or to spend it on dues for the Country Club to which you must belong in order to impress your clients and the people you are forced to think of as your friends. I'll grant you that this may be pure bliss if your idea of heaven is to be a part of the screaming, pulling mass which must keep itself ready and eager to toady to those possessing the power to raise or decrease the fatness of your pay envelope. . . if your idea of heaven consists of enslaving yourself to others' standards of propriety and success, so that you may always be just slightly ahead of the Joneses.

"Last night I looked carefully at Henry Young. There he was. . .

sitting before me...the simple Kansan. Big and strong...in mind as well as body, his ideals had been high, his ambition had been great and he deserved happiness just as much as anyone else in this world. But it seems that his life had ceased to be his own. He is a man who has never made a serious mistake...he has always done the right thing, obeyed the laws of society, but he is a prisoner of that society just as much as if he were behind bars. And, you know, he is rather typical of most men who live in this town...the ninety percent who commute to their "almost top" jobs...vice-presidents or almost vice presidents of all the big New York companies.

"Oh, yes, Julie, I would like another cup of coffee.

"Just as we were leaving the Youngs' last night, Grace said she had something to show Betty. She disappeared and came back with her birthday present from Henry...a mink coat. Betty's eyes lit up as any woman's do when confronted by mink. I guess that was the height of difference between us. You know as well as I do that I shall never come close to being able to give Betty a mink coat. But as long as I can call my life my own, have enough spare time to pursue my interests, not feel that I have to own a fashionable car or to cultivate the 'right' people, I know that Betty doesn't care whether or not she has a mink. In fact, she says...and I'm sure she means it...that sheared raccoon is just as warm and much more practical. Of course, happiness is what counts. For all his money and social position, I don't think that Henry Young could possibly be happy. But then *he* probably thinks that I'm nothing more than a lazy, good-for-nothing product of privilege. I wonder which one of us is right.

"What, Julie? More coffee? No thanks, got to be getting back to the office. Have a client coming in around two. Fifth or sixth vice-president of some bank in New York. Same time tomorrow, Charlie? So long..."

SALLY SWAYNE '53



## Spring and I

Ho, Spring, slow, Spring,  
Whither do you go, Spring?  
If I did but know, Spring,  
I would go with you.

Hey, Spring, stay, Spring,  
Whither and away, Spring?  
If you say I may, Spring,  
I would go with you.

Hail, Spring, pale Spring,  
Whither do you sail, Spring?  
If I knew your trail, Spring,  
I would go with you.

See, sir. Me, sir?  
Which way do I flee, sir?  
Over hill and lea, sir,  
Follow if you will.

Well, sir, well, sir,  
You want me to tell, sir?  
Into vale and dell, sir,  
Follow if you will.

Aye, sir. Why, sir...  
Well, if you want to try, sir...  
But I must say goodbye, sir,  
Follow if you will.

EDITH WILLIAMSON '54

## The Magic Summer

This is my summer, a godmother's gift, a miracle. This—my summer before college—is to be mine completely; I can do whatever I like. And the miraculous thing about it is that it will last as long as I want it to. It is the time in which I am to catch up on all the things that I have always wanted to do but have never had time for; when I have done them all, and only then, my summer will end and I will be ready for college.

Right after graduation from Abbot I lead a lazy life. For a week I do nothing but sleep, swim, and sunbathe. It is the life of a parasite, and it is comfortable and pleasant.

Presently I have had all the sleep I need, so I get a job. I work as a reporter on the summer supplement of a city newspaper. I don't make much money, of course, but the experience is exciting and new and I am up until all hours writing. I do odd jobs too—taking pictures, writing for the amusement section, and dreaming of the day when I will have a by-line.

Then there is the business of "coming-out." Obsolete in most places, it is still traditional for staid and proper Bostonians. The idea is of course outmoded, but the practice is fun. For a few brief weeks it is really "a whirl"; my father winces as his funds are rapidly depleted. I, the only daughter, torture him by reminding him that the expenditure will be ten times worse for my wedding and that he should be grateful for his two sons.

The clamor subsides as suddenly as it began, and I am off for New Hampshire to apprentice in the summer theater where I worked last year. Being with the professionals is always fascinating and wonderful; the backstage work is absorbing and exhausting; in short, life at Chase Barn is crammed with activity.

When the season there is over I return home, browner and healthier than when I left. Then I settle down for a long, uninterrupted reading period. Stretched out by the pond in the garden, or in the pine woods with a picnic on sunny days, curled up in my father's big chair in the library when it rains, with a fire blazing before me on the chilliest days, I read omnivorously. When, after two or three months, I have exhausted my parents' reading supply, I begin on the town library. I stop only when I have read almost every book that

particularly interests me, from classics to popular fiction, from Shakespeare to Christopher Fry, from Chaucer to Ogden Nash or E. E. Cummings.

In ordinary time all this might take several years. But in my miracle it is still summer, so I depart with my family for a brief trip to Europe. We travel in France, Switzerland, Spain, England, Ireland—then, nearly satisfied, we must return. For fall is, finally and inevitably, approaching. For all of us it is an important season. My older brother will go back for his senior year at Harvard. My little brother—little! he's shot up ten inches in the last year and is six feet tall!—will be away at boarding school—Andover—for his first term. And I, collegiate at last, will recall with pleasure my perfect, magic summer as I unpack at Vassar? How lucky I am that, unlike other mortals, I am privileged and don't have to make a choice between the many things I want so much to do.

DEE BETHELL '53

## Yesterday

Yesterday I caught spring spinning  
 Filigrees of fancy;  
 Delightedly I stopped to watch  
 Her shadow-thread weave through:  
     She'd made a robin's egg of blue  
     Unravelled from the sky;  
     She'd woven coolness for a wood  
     And made the trees a sigh.  
     She'd flighty bits of diamond-lace  
     To charm sea's stony eye  
     And filaments of whisper-grass  
     To spread spring rumors by.  
 I should have seen a thousand things  
 Had she not turned and found  
 A human in her fairyland;  
 Had she not stopped her wheel and gone  
 Away—So far away!

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54.

## And The Sea Laughed

My companion was a ruddy-complexioned, wrinkle-faced old sailorman. Everything in his appearance and manner gave the impression that he had had years of experience with the sea. He walked with the rolling swing of a sailor and squinted at you as if he were looking for a luff in the sail. We were perched on two piles at the end of the dock. My newly acquired friend was staring out over the harbor—past the smelly motor boats tied up at the dock, past the snappy cruising yachts riding peacefully at anchor and past the ferry dock and public beaches across the harbor. He was looking out over the ocean beyond the dunes—an endless expanse of sparkling clear blue.

He opened his mouth to speak and, without moving, began his story. "You see that old wreck over there?" he asked, pointing out across the harbor to a pile of junk sitting in the sand across the way. "That pile of wood has a story behind it. You young folks these days, coming in here for a night's shelter and a good lobster dinner, don't stop to think about the history of Block Island and the excitement this harbor has seen. You cruising people don't really know what it's like in these open waters here when the sea gets all stirred up like the devil himself was at work."

I thought I knew a little something about these waters after an exhausting day fighting a strong headwind all the way from Cuttyhunk, but I kept silent, waiting for the old sailor's story.

He went on—"One night when I was on duty at the station—you see it over there marking the entrance to the harbor?—a storm was working up. We had our hurricane warnings up. The wind was really blowing and it was bitter cold. The usual Block Island fog had turned into rain and it felt just like an early September northeaster. The station was undermanned at the time. It was not during the stormy season, early August as I recall, and many of the men were ashore on leave. We were in constant contact with the watchtower up on the hill there and sitting on the edge of our seats waiting for our first job. This was a real storm and we knew it. Someone was bound to be in trouble.

"Then the reports began rushing in. Cuttyhunk radioed for help—

her fishing fleet had gone out that morning and still hadn't been sighted on its way in. Hen and Chickens Lightship was having cable trouble. We sent help—as many men as could be spared. Volunteers from the town were being called in and sent out as soon as they arrived. I stayed in the station still, however, with my ear glued to the radio, receiving reports and sending messages. Then I heard the voice of our watchman in the tower.

“‘Brad, Jim, who's on duty?’” The fear and kind of tough desperation gave me an idea of what the trouble was. There is only one place really to be feared on the Block Island coast—the South Ledge. If a boat was caught in that deadly tidal sweep, the strongest engine could not save it from the rocks. I was right. A small, delicate-looking schooner was crashing up and down out there and coming closer and closer to the powerful tidal spots.”

The story teller stopped for a moment and looked around at me for the first time. I could see reflected in his eyes the love he had for the powerful sea, and the fellowship he felt with it after so many years of service. He made a quick survey of the dock—its new occupants and the latest happenings, then turned back to continue. I'd forgotten for a few minutes who and where I was. Block Island was not a peaceful cruising man's haven at sundown but a lonely, barren island with wild, angry sea dashing on its shores. My salty old friend didn't seem to want to continue; he sat there quietly staring out to sea. Suddenly he looked over at me and began to chuckle.

“‘Craziest fool thing I've ever done!’” he exclaimed and kind of smiled to himself. “Well, anyway, back to the story. I left off at an exciting moment. For a minute I couldn't think what to do. There were only two of us left in the station and one small, old fishing boat. As soon as I'd collected my thoughts we were off and struggling our way out past the breakwater to the scene of the trouble. It was tough every bit of the way but just what a real sailor loves—a struggle against the all-powerful wind and sea. We were thrown about like a cork but did not lose confidence with that steady, powerful engine throbbing under our feet. You could look up into the wind for only a few seconds at a time. The rain and wind tore at your clothes as though they would be ripped right off. Above all, however—you know the feeling—was that determination and exultation in facing the foe.



"It isn't any different today on your fancy yachts. The sea and wind haven't changed. You understand what I mean if you've ever really sailed. Look out there now, against that sunset—the tranquility and beauty. You can see and feel though, even now, its power and cruelty.

"We reached the schooner in distress and went alongside. My crew jumped aboard her with a line and finally we were set to tow her out. The wind was dropping, and it was very easy to tow her out of danger. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Ordinary Coast Guard rescue of a ship in distress. Nothing very exciting! The schooner hailed me that she was able to get into the harbor under her own steam, so I went about casting loose the tow line, unaware that my adventure was just beginning. What a landlubber I was and what a smart young seaman I thought I was! As I was leaning out over the stern preparing to heave their line overboard, a wave hit the old boat broadside and over I went. My boat kept right on moving, and the schooner was too far away to be heard, though I shrieked for help. There I was, the United States Coast Guard rescue squad, thrashing about in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without a soul in sight to help. I began pulling off my clothes while treading water, struggling for mouthfuls of air rather than salt water. The shore was not far off, but between it and me were several hundred yards of treacherous rocks and a rushing tide. Suddenly there was a great blast in my ear and a loud groaning. I realized that the whistler marking the entrance to the harbor was over to my right and if I could swim against the tide for a few yards, I was saved. I reached the great monster and struggled to pull myself up, while the waves threw it back and forth and each time with a great moaning whistle. I pulled myself up finally and there I sat rolling back and forth for the rest of the night, cold and wet and ready to give up and drop back into the water any minute. Early the next morning, the storm having died out during the night, a fishing boat picked me up. What a sight for the fishermen and such an opportunity—rescuing the Coast Guard from a buoy sitting out in the middle of the ocean! That old hulk over there—that's my boat and still the object of many a story and joke in these parts."

ANNE OLIVER '53

## The Small World

A bug, a beetle, and an ant  
Were crawling on a leaf.  
"Beware," the beetle cried, "or else,  
I fear you'll come to grief!"

The ant retreated from the edge,  
"Boy, that was close," he said.  
"If I had fallen off that cliff,  
No doubt I would be dead."

They crawled on down the three-inch stem,  
Then to the lawn they leapt.  
"How big this forest!" said the bug,  
And into it they crept.

A roaring then they heard far off.  
"What's that?" the beetle cried.  
A monster, huge with whirling teeth,  
By all was then espied.

"See how he eats the forest tops,"  
The ant said, full of fear,  
"And what a roaring noise he makes,  
And see! He's drawing near!"

The monster passed quite close to them,  
And then it went away.  
"Whew!" said the bug, "I did not think  
I'd see another day."

And forth they went together all,  
And though their lives were scant,  
They would enjoy their own small world,  
The beetle, bug, and ant.

## Search

Sunday afternoon at Jacksonville Beach is colorful and noisy. The carnival on the boardwalk blazes with gay music and with people, under the hot Florida sun. Merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels spin about, and the delighted shrieks of children mingle with the jangling music.

This Sunday was a little different though—I knew that when I saw Carter Brisson. He was sitting on one of the green benches facing the ocean and munching a candied apple, a white canvas cap shoved back on his forehead. It was startling to see him again—the last time had been in New York after the war. Before that we'd done reconnaissance work together in France. And now . . . there he was . . . same old aggressive chin and penetrating eyes; his big fist curled around a sugared apple—at Jacksonville Beach on a hot, windy Sunday afternoon.

I walked over, hands in pockets, and stood looking down at him. He glanced up, squinting, and then grunted laconically,

“Well Dave, I thought I might run into you down here.”

He motioned me to sit down, and I did, leaning forward, elbows on knees. “What brings you to this part of the world, Carter?” I asked.

“Well, mainly because I had a story I thought I'd tell you,” he replied, turning toward me slowly.

I looked up, surprised, then realized that he was serious. He said, “I figured I'd find you on the boardwalk. Your hotel said you were out. Want one of these?” he pointed to his apple.

I laughed, then said, “No thanks. Chesterfield?” He shook his head and settled further down in his seat while I lighted my cigarette.

“Okay, Carter, let's have it.”

“Dave,” he began, “you remember Bob Shawn, don't you?” The name brought back a flood of memories. Sure, I remembered Bob Shawn—a crack lieutenant in my outfit. Last time I'd seen him was before he was about to be transferred in forty-three. I'd made a futile fuss about that up at headquarters. A battalion commander doesn't like to lose his best lieutenant.

Carter went on talking, looking out to sea, his voice quiet under the noise of people and music, his words more penetrating than the call of the barkers.

"He left your outfit in forty-three, right?" I broke in, but Carter waved his hand. "Your side of this later, John. Let me finish first." I hesitated, then let him go on.

"Anyway, after that, Bob was attached to a detail in Normandy, then shipped back to the states. He was handling a desk job for about six months when. . . ."

My surprised mind drifted, thinking of Bob Shawn cooped up in a Washington office. The funny thing was that he looked like the desk type. Slight build, glasses, and a courteous, gentle manner that hid his tough fibre. I don't think the man ever said a rough word to anyone; he was always thinking of the other guy. But he had real talent, tough talent. He knew how to handle a rifle and machine gun. Night maneuvers in Germany weren't much fun, but Shawn made them a science. His quiet skill had given him a reputation highly respected in the regiment.

Carter's voice cut into my thoughts. "As I said, he'd been at this desk job for six months when he was handed a three-week furlough. He returned twelve days early, making no excuse except that he'd had enough rest. Then. . ." Carter paused.

"Well?"

"Then. . . he disappeared."

I sat stunned a moment wondering for a second if Carter was taking a long way round to tell me a good joke.

"Explain yourself." My voice was quiet, too quiet to be in accordance with the sounds of carnival floating about us.

"I don't mean that he went AWOL. You know Bob Shawn and his caliber. The man simply disappeared off the face of the earth as though an eraser had smudged over him leaving nothing, not a trace behind."

I let Carter continue; his voice had taken on a shocked empty tone. "Let me clear things up for you, Dave. Bob Shawn wasn't holding the ordinary desk job everyone thought he was. He was in Intelligence. His experience in Germany had made him a valuable man. Now you catch the shock of this disappearance, don't you? The F.B.I. is looking for him. They found his car in a woods outside of Trenton last month. Camouflaged with Army blankets, bushes, et cetera, the usual thing. Very effective concealment. Shawn was an expert at that sort of thing, as you might recall."

His soft, bitter words cut into me, but I sensed that I couldn't tell him what I knew just at that moment.

"Intelligence is positive that he's involved in sabotage of some kind, but whether it is voluntary or involuntary remains to be seen. There's proof that material Shawn was handling has somehow arrived to the wrong places."

He continued after a moment, "That's where my story ends. I came down here to get what information I could from you. The F.B.I. is checking up on all of Shawn's former associates."

Brisson stopped and squared about, looking at me directly for the first time since the beginning of his talk.

I turned toward the beach, watching the great rollers of water rising and crashing on the hard sand. Their muffled roar was a chorus to the lighter sounds of the carnival, and the sharp clean smell of sea stood out against the warm saltiness of pop-corn sold by white-jacketed boys on the pier. I glanced back at Brisson and said,

"But that isn't the end of your story, Carter. It's only the beginning of a new one. I suggest that the F.B.I. stop checking Shawn's old associates because it's not going to do much good."

"What do you mean?" Carter retorted quickly.

The music of the ferris wheel grew shrill, then ceased as more children climbed aboard for their short ride of excitement and mock danger.

"What do I mean?" I said. "I mean simply that you won't find Bob Shawn that way. You see, just before his transfer from my battalion in forty-three. . . ." I paused, not knowing how to say it.

"Go on!" came Carter's sharp voice.

"Just before his transfer," I repeated dully, keeping my eyes on the endlessly moving sea, "I saw Bob Shawn killed, returning from a night maneuver near Rheims, Germany. There's no legal proof of his death, as his body couldn't be recovered. Bob Shawn's not alive, Carter, that's for sure. You'd better have your F.B.I. do some checking up on that man."

The ferris wheel whirled, its gaudy colors catching the sunlight, and out to sea a lone gull cried.



### After Seeing *Antigone*

For one brief moment of time  
I saw.  
I saw, and with my new-found eyes  
Beheld the majesty and strength  
Of God revealed to man.

For one brief moment of time  
I lived.  
I lived, and felt the basic truth  
That binds me to mankind  
In fellowship of soul.

For one brief moment of time  
I knew.  
I knew, and in my quiet heart  
Flooded the peace of unity  
With all the world around.

\* \* \*

For one brief moment of time  
I died.  
I died, and was reborn again  
Too soon, into a world  
Of lies and bitter pain.

JOAN WHEELER '54

## “To Do Two Things At Once Is To Do Neither”

There is a common belief in the world today that it is impossible to do two things thoroughly at the same time. The statement used as a title for this paper expresses perfectly the general feeling, and many times has been quoted for my benefit in this and similar forms, accompanied by a shaking finger and a nodding head. I am afraid, therefore, that I must disagree not only with a well known aphorism, but also with my learned and respected elders, a thing which is generally against my principles.

Disagree I will, however, for I like doing two things at once; I prefer doing things simultaneously to doing them separately; and what is more, I frequently do two things at the same time! I will grant that almost everything needs qualifications and reservations, and in this case a great deal depends on the definition of “doing two things at the same time.” This phrase can be taken either literally or figuratively, and is condemned in both senses. In figurative speech a person might say he is reading five books at once. He does not, of course, mean that he has all five under his eyes at the same moment, but rather that he has started five, finished none, and thinks of them collectively. If action like this is considered a weakness, I must admit that I am continually at fault. I can’t say that I see anything wrong with it, though. I often find myself in such a situation, and it never bothers me in the least.

In my sophomore year, before I was placed within Abbot’s sheltering walls, I found myself playing in seven different orchestras. I was very interested, and never mixed up Verdi’s “Requiem” with the second violin part of the “Mikado”, or confused either of those with a Beethoven symphony or the orchestral accompaniment of Lalo’s “Symphonie Espanol”. As to time, there was still two hours a day to practice, and even time to go to school. In spite of these lovely arguments, Mother was convinced that I was trying to do too many things at the same time. The last two years have scarcely been an improvement, for I hate to think how many times Miss Tucker has said seriously, “Be careful not to bite off more than you can chew,” which is really the same old statement put in different words. I’ve always thought it very pleasant to be doing something every

minute, and the more things that happen at once the more I enjoy myself.

In the literal sense it is not quite so enjoyable to do two things simultaneously. It is possible, however, in my opinion. I have never had any trouble doing homework while listening to music, and almost go crazy if I must do housework without someone practicing nearby. I also love to draw pictures when people are talking, not because I am bored, but because my hands are. It is also very possible to accomplish two things at once, as I found out during the rehearsals of "H. M. S. Pinafore". In the course of a two-hour rehearsal I usually managed to do two subjects of homework. A small French book on a music rack is not very noticeable, especially if one can play "He is an Englishman" while translating.

From all this I do not mean to imply that one can do two things at all moments of one's life. I would never dream of translating French while really practicing. No more would I try to combine a late Beethoven quartet and Yeats. This should not mean that all combined works are wrong, though, and I plead to have the rash, general statement heading this paper greatly modified.

ANDY STEVENSON '53

## Of the Wind

When sun mists red through dust of earth  
And wind from mountain bends the reed  
I long to run, and on a hill,  
To fling my body down  
In pounding still  
Of silence.  
A rhapsody of life I'd hear  
From sigh of grass against my cheek:  
A life on earth  
But of the wind  
That whispers  
Truth.

PAT EVELETH '53

## Uncle Sammie's Portrait

I had been there once, and Emma's chatter brought back the musty smell of the kitchen with the ancient, squawking, ill-tempered parrot swaying back and forth on his perch and snapping intermittently at everyone. In spite of my childish terror of the settled, yellow house, it had an undeniable charm partly lost with the passage of time. I wonder if anyone can have aired out that wonderful "old" smell—the mixture of parrot and people. I caught myself wandering and forced my attention back to her story. Mother was listening intently.

"It hung there, and Mrs. Spencer, you would never even have recognized it yourself!"

I speculated and decided she would have, undoubtedly, despite Emma's unprofessional opinion. Emma ended it, that way, with one of her crystal smiles, and Mother and she went inside to finish getting supper. The affair caught my rather sleepy attention—the pieces floating around and settling quietly into almost a whole. I remembered Uncle Sammie sitting in the fall sun by the barn door, chuckling over something Mother had said to him. She was in her typical pose, kneeling on the floor, her clever fingers working rebellious watercolor into a likeness.

At this stage of my reveries Father came home and I was interrupted by the motivating thought of food. Mother that evening recalled the whole story very nicely for Father's forgetful memory.

"Well, you remember how he appeared at the screen door one morning, said he knew I'd spoken of painting him (I had mentioned it scarcely a day ago), and that it being such a nice day, he was ready! You can be sure I wasn't, but I held my tongue and decided not to miss the opportunity. His habitual snowy uniform giving contrast to his ruddy complexion, the shock of silver hair beneath the black visor, the smiling moustache said something to me and I flew to get my paint-box.

"When it was finished, we were both pleased. The watercolor fresh and bright, the contrast a bit of what I had dreamed, and it looked like no one but Sam. We quietly squabbled over who was to have it first. Sammie wanted to take it straight home and show his

wife, but he couldn't deny that framing might make an even greater impression, and so—I owned it for half a day and sent it away to the framer's.

"I think during the next week he popped in every five minutes to see if it had come back, and when it finally arrived, although I was in no hurry to part with it, I gave it to him on condition that I could have it as often as I wanted for exhibitions. It was really quite good," came Mother's forthright comment. Her sympathetic audience nodded. None of us had ever seen it again.

After dinner Emma leaned her chubby arms on the table and began to talk. Emma came to visit her "beloved Greenbush" annually and somehow managed to soak up enough of its country wholesomeness to last her all through the three hundred and sixty apartment days until she came again. Her husband was fond of the city, and Emma was fond of Harry, and so the cycle ran. You could take quite a lot of Emma. She'd pleasantly talk your ear off if you let her but she was splendid at cleaning up forsaken conglomerations of junk. She had once run a tea-room across the street, and she knew just about everything about everybody—that was seventeen years ago. She tried to catch up on the in-betweens during her visits, and Sammie was a favorite. I think it must have been because his whole life was a continuous wandering. As long as I knew him he walked to the village green every morning and sat with his cane across his knees on the gnarled willows, talking to anyone who'd listen. Emma must have missed her tea room.

"Did you know Mrs. Wilson was once very beautiful?" Emma queried. "Uncle Sam told me. I guess there's not much I don't know about Sam; used to sit in my kitchen half the morning when I lived here. You know, he'd hold the newspaper up in front of him and pretend he could read every word, though I knew he never could. I watched him. His eyes went from right to left, and he'd read the same page the whole time he sat there." Emma smiled at her cleverness and peeking over her glasses continued.

"Mrs. Wilson trained horses, was as wild as one herself, I guess—gave Sam a great run around before she'd marry him. She painted well, too. She must have been a lovely witch of a wife that Sam tired so soon of hearing and loving her.

"She answered the door this morning when I called, and you know,



she hasn't changed a bit!" I could picture Mrs. Wilson's ugly face and chopped-off hair next to Emma's smiling countenance.

"The poor old thing wasn't going to let me in. (She has a deadly cough, you know, won't see a doctor.) But I leaned in far enough to let her husband see who it was, and sure enough, Sam came limping across that old, smelly kitchen swinging his cane and smiling that toothless smile, happy as a child on Christmas morning. He shut the door behind me (always had good manners despite his lack of schooling), and asked straight off how Harry was.

"'He's good. How are you, Sammie?'

"'Fine, fine—I go down street every day, you know.'

"That poor, ugly Mrs. Wilson left us, and I prepared to be shown around the house. I learned of a new tile bathroom upstairs I *had* to see because he'd tiled it himself. Well, by'n by, when we came downstairs again, we found Mrs. Wilson taking a nap in a little, narrow room at the front of the house—and, well, the picture was the first thing I saw in that room, completely ruined, looking just like a ghost. That poor, demented woman had painted all over it with radiator paint and everything else. No wonder when you wanted it she told you there was 'something about it she didn't like.' Of course, she hasn't been in her right mind for years, has that deep-throated cough too, comes from the stomach, I'm sure. But it's such a shame, Mrs. Spencer, to ruin a nice painting."

I helped Mother bring in the dessert, and after several months our memory of the whole affair passed. Years vanished too, and within a few weeks of each other, the couple died.

One day a nephew left the picture in our back entry. Mother decided to see if it were possible to uncover the original. Uncle Sammie's portrait had a destiny we never suspected. Magically, through her many hours patient work, a third face has emerged from the hand-made English paper—a face different from either of its predecessors, one strangely defying the characteristics of any medium, a face lined with cares deeper than the flow of watercolor usually portrays, a ruddy, tanned color, engrained within the scrubbed surface. I often think this face alone is really Sam's. Truly, Mother's last result is a masterpiece. I see it now in my mind the product of many hours' labor. I see too a trace of silver beneath Mother's canny blue impression of a badge, and—in a dark, quiet kitchen, my

imagination roams. A little hunched figure sits at the table; feverish fingers try to fashion love from radiator paint; an old parrot snoozes to the racking cough; the ugly lady is writing something in the corner of a weird portrait of an old sea captain; the brown ink sprawls into crooked Victorian letters over a neatly printed name—

Repainted and improved by

MABEL L. WILSON

1943

MEDDIE GOODNOW '53

## Owed to the Romans

I wish I could go back to Rome  
 About the time of Virgil's pome  
 And for a while live just the way  
 The Romans would have in their day:  
 To eat and drink and work and live  
 And learn to talk in subjunctive.  
 I'd wear the kind of clothes they wore—  
 Oh, wouldn't Abbot girls just roar  
 To see me in a Roman toga.  
 I'd surely make a hit in *Voga!*  
 Instead of roast beef I'd eat kid  
 Or wild boar like the Romans did;  
 Upon a couch I would recline,  
 A most relaxing way to dine,  
 And eat a splendid meal with ease,  
 Unless of course they served us peas.  
 A sweet perfume would fill the air  
 And men wear garlands in their hair. . . .  
 I wish I could go back to Rome  
 About the time of Virgil's pome.

MARTY BELKNAP '54

## Innocence

The dirt road wound back from the sea, puffs of dust settling after the disturbance made by a passing animal. The time was noon as shown by the sun. There were no sounds in the brush except for the boom of the surf, heard dimly beyond the dunes, and the lazy noise of insects and slow-moving things. All seemed still in the drowsy somnolent heat, but the stillness hid the actions of the bush life—rattlers moving smoothly through the rough grass, carrying out a drama with fearful young rabbits who cowered beneath the clumps of Spanish bayonet, their quick eyes and sensitive noses quivering to seek out safety.

Two children came along the road, swinging sand pails and making plans for the afternoon in childish, serious voices.

"Lucy, we'll go into the brush here. I think our stove is still in the clearing."

The other replied hesitantly, "I don't think mother wants us to go into the brush because of the snakes. She'd be mad if she knew."

"Pooh, you're not going to be a scaredy-cat, are you? Mothers don't know everything, you know, and besides, there aren't any snakes in here."

"Do you suppose the stove was washed away in the hurricane, Jane?" The other, reassured, went on.

The children left the road and followed a little path directly into the brush, their whispering footsteps sending warnings to the creatures near by. The path opened out into a clearing which held a single scrub palm in the center. They dropped their pails at the base of the tree and surveyed the clearing. A few slats of board over a mound in the center had formed their stove, but the wood had been scattered since the hurricane.

"Lucy, you go and get the wood back, while I get some water from the lagoon so we can cook. I see a few pieces over there in the brush."

The children began their playing, oblivious of the quiet awareness of the wild life of their presence. The afternoon passed quickly in the eyes of the children, although the heat did not let up, and the shimmering sun seemed inert and still in the sky.

A big car came around a bend in the road from the direction of the

sea, and suddenly stopped opposite the clearing. A man and a woman were in it, and as the motor died the woman looked, surprised at the driver.

"For heaven's sake, John, what's the matter?"

"Look, over there, in that clearing. There are two children playing."

"Well, what of it?"

"It's not very safe in there, is it? Snake season began long ago. The kids' parents ought to know better than to let them go into the brush."

"John, I'd let the parents worry about that. Come on, now. They'll be all right. If we want to be back at the hotel by four, we'd better hurry. I knew we'd stayed too long at the beach." She waited for the effect of her words, then continued, "Don't bother about a couple of children. They probably know what they're doing. Please, John, let's hurry."

The man nodded slowly, keeping his eye on the children for another moment, and then the powerful motor started up again, and the car passed on, its gleaming fenders glistening in the sun, leaving the dry dust to resettle on the road.

The little girls began to gather their pails and shovels together to go home soon after. Their heads were hot and heavy after their hours in the sun, but a row of smooth sandy cakes was proudly left on a scrubbed wood board. They left the clearing, following the path to the road, their shrill voices rising and falling in the heavy air.

Night fell, and the wild life settled noisily in the brush. The stars came out clear and cold in contrast to the heat of the day. The clearing, undisturbed, lay in the moonlight that made clear the outline of the scrub tree and the line of cakes beneath it. The surf continued its dull, aching roar.

\* \* \*

A man gets snake-bitten in the Florida brush. He doesn't venture into the brush very often. Only children do, but then no one ever hears about them.

Children usually don't leave the paths or clearings. They know their place, and the creatures theirs.

DEE SCHOONMAKER '53,

## The First Day

In the cool gray stillness of early morn  
Under the spacious sky,  
A tiny filly views the world  
With a delicate, nickering sigh.

Gently nudged up off the ground,  
She stands on tiny feet.  
Her legs so long are wobbly,  
But slender, trim, and neat.

She looks around the open field  
And gives some joyful squeals;  
Then humps her back and starts to run  
With tiny, lashing heels.

With curiosity like a cat,  
She's never still all day,  
But runs and frolics to and fro  
With an excited, squealing neigh.

Sunset finally rounds the bend  
Under a starlit sky.  
A tiny form beside her dam  
Gives a tired, happy sigh.

JEAN DONOVAN '55

## The Gull

What could  
It be, tiny  
Speck way out there upon  
The sea? Ah, it's but a little  
White gull.

NAT STARR '53



## Phenomenon

Cold  
And snow have come  
Upon the face of spring  
And traced a barrenness of sight  
But briefly.

HELEN MARVELL '53

## Season's End

When in the course of time our love was done,  
And shadows fled across the waning sun,  
I would remember

    a bright October and November  
When thoughts of you were music to my ears.  
(How soon they disentangled into tears!)

For every falling leaf, a heartbeat true,  
With every sign of winter, calling you,  
I would remember

    that bright October and November  
When love was to enfold, and not to fear.  
(How fast a heart can change within a year!)

When I look back upon those careless days  
With falling leaves that since have blown away,  
I would remember

    that bright October and November  
For my heart fell with leaves of long ago.  
(And now lies buried, underneath the snow.)

NANCE BAILEY '53

## Back Street Concert

It was a New Orleans night, steaming and sultry. Heat was everywhere, rolling in glistening waves down the brows of the laborer, rising from the spongy asphalt in uneven, drunken ripples, filling the air with a July closeness that was inescapable. A quarter moon rose precariously, unwillingly, over the tenement houses, not wanting to have her white frigidity melted or marred by the rising waves of reflection.

It was a night for opening the windows and praying for the benediction of a small breeze from the North. People were in still, silent groups on the fire escapes, sitting on the grillwork, looking down. The street below was deserted except for an occasional couple off to an air-conditioned, Saturday night movie. Everyone was exhausted, hopeless, uninterested, morose.

Then a slow, thin, wailing melody floated out upon the street: a Dixieland lullabye, a bemoaning petition to the moon, a neglected sigh. Deep within the soul it started, and was pushed, forced through a trumpet with a gentleness that bespoke its raucousness. Soon it was joined; a trombone singing a luring harmony, a discordant piano playing a honky-tonk obbligato. The pulse was the pulsation of the night, the beat, beat, beat of the heat against their temples, the sweat running down their black skins unnoticed. On and on it went, the music of the soul, the weariness of a week's work, a week's heat, evaporating in the absorption of their music. Slow, throbbing, it reached the ears of the fire escape audience, piercing through the sea surrounding them.

To them, black silhouettes under the pristine whiteness of the moon, it was the call of their ancestors, who, on such nights as this, had gathered and played such music as this, calling it Dixieland. From dark corners of alleys in New Orleans, this rhythm had spread until all America was living its beat, drinking its wine, loving its opium.

The minutes passed, long and ponderous. The sullen groups on the fire escapes began to talk a little now and then. One trumpet echoed their empty conversation and their acquiescence. It spoke of their troubles, their oppressions. It poured out their life of bondage in

these black and burning houses, where the water ran cold, the filth was continual, where the roof leaked in the rain and the walls absorbed the heat in the hot season. It was dirty living, dirty working, in the cheapness of their environment, this hell that was home.

But music was their release. Outward disturbances were forgotten in the inward concentration of emotion, made manifest by three well-fingered instruments. And so they didn't stop, not wanting to leave this land of oblivion to go back to the harsh world of reality. They didn't stop until the moon, in her vanity, shone in their eyes and blinded them, forcing them to come out so that she could gloat in their wretchedness and in her beauty.

The three figures walked into the night, cigarettes and wet shirts strangely white against their skin. They sat on the curbstone and looked at the moon.

Across the way, someone turned on a radio, listened for a moment, and turned it off. The couples began returning from the movies, walking slowly, stopping outside her door, and talking. A girl in a too-tight white sweater strained against her lover; then ran lightly up the wormy steps and through the door.

The three men got up, stepped on their cigarettes, and disappeared. The fire escapes began to empty, the last movie-goers returned and were gone. The moon was last to move but she soon descended to the West.

Only the heat remained.

LOUISE BELL '55

## The Storm

It was so still that day, as I walked through the woods down to the sea. The clouds were just stealing across the sun, and there was a prophetic chill in the air. The calm was overpowering and I, walking briskly, felt myself the only living thing in that silent world of trees, rocks, and water. Not a leaf stirred, but the eel grass swayed constantly as from a hidden source. The sand was still hot under my feet from the sun, but even as I passed over, it cooled. The water, deep, fathomless, was a toneless grey, as one with the sky, and the waves were mere ripples as they chased each other up onto the

beach. The whole world was undisturbed, and I was an intruder into its depths, incongruous against the ethereal silence. My mind fell asleep, and I had a numbing sensation as the atmosphere held me in its grasp.

I climbed, slowly as one in a dream, up the rocks. I awoke, and as I did, so did my world.

A cold wind swept down, furrowing the brow of the calm water. The shrill cry of a gull heralded the oncoming storm. As I reached the crest of the point, I saw the panorama of the elements spread before me. I saw the dark mass of pines bow to the will of the wind, and I heard their wailing complaint as they were tossed by the strength of the gale. The whitecaps rolled in, crashing on the rocks in tempestuous fury, returning again and again to batter themselves vainly against the inexpugnable force of their mighty stone enemies.

Now all I could hear was the cry of the wind and the sea, and then the rain came, blinding me, whipping my bare legs mercilessly and beating the water to an ever rising crescendo.

My mind was aroused from its apathy: in an ecstasy of realization I found peace in the storm.

LUCY LIPPARD '54

## World In Moonlight

Quiet now I lie;  
A day has died without my will.  
Sifted light falls in my room;  
Alone—  
And yet I share my world with many.

VALJEANNE BRODEUR, '54

## The Concert

In 1945 on my twelfth birthday, instead of having the traditional birthday party, my father took me to Symphony Hall in Boston where Artur Rubinstein was going to give an all-Chopin piano concert commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of that brilliant composer's death. Why people always commemorate the death of a composer instead of his birth is a mystery to me; it seems rather odd, perhaps uncomplimentary, that musicians should delight in playing a man's compositions on the anniversary of his departure from life. However, this peculiarity did not stop me from enjoying the concert.

Upon our arrival at the hall, we took seats in a box from which we could see the pianist's hands.

My father had obtained for me a program containing much advertising and little program and a booklet which informed the reader of all the blazing triumphs which Mr. Rubinstein had accumulated and proclaimed him "the Titan of the piano," also picturing him in many god-like poses, some awesome, with hands upraised as if ready to strike a powerful chord, some with his face expressing tender emotion, and finally a picture of the virtuoso with hands placed softly on the key-board, head uplifted as if seeking divine inspiration.

Besides these papers I also had a pair of binoculars with me. These had been pressed into my hands with the advice that I would be able to see the pianist's hands and face as if I were "standing right next to him." I did use this instrument during the concert: that is to say I stole a furtive glance through it when Mr. Rubinstein was extremely occupied with his playing and therefore not apt to notice me. I do not know why I thought that the pianist would notice me. I only knew that I would be very annoyed to glance up and see a pair of binoculars scrutinizing me in such a manner, and therefore every time I looked through the glass I felt embarrassed, as though caught in the midst of a criminal act.

The arrival of the artist was announced by the dimming of the lights and the closing of the doors. Soon after, a short, rather fat man, looking like anything but a Titan, came out on the stage, bowed to



the audience and sat down upon a little bench in front of an immense piano.

Now all was hushed with an expectant waiting in the air. I felt rather sorry for Mr. Rubinstein with all those eyes upon him. Being a piano student of one year, and having suffered through one recital, I thought that he was probably nervous, and I commiserated with him as he began to play.

The first number was a nocturne. It had a sad kind of beauty, a yearning for something unattainable, as the music climbed, but never quite reached the ultimate peak, and then slowly, almost reluctantly dropped back into its original melancholy tune.

A lively etude followed this quiet music. The etude had little melody, but showed the technical perfection of the performer. The piece was made of great thundering chords following each other in quick succession. In order to strike these, and probably to prove that he was indeed a Titan, Mr. Rubinstein would half stand up, and raising his arms above his head, would bring them down upon the keyboard with great force and, in a simultaneous movement, sit down with equal force upon his fragile-looking bench. What stands out in my mind today about that concert is how the little bench trembled. Mr. Rubinstein certainly had faith in the sturdiness of that piece of furniture. I hope he never had cause to regret his trust.

Among the other numbers was a ballade full of the many varied melodies for which Chopin is so famous: gentle, coquettish, soaring, rippling, and violently emotional melodies were all contained in this one piece.

To my great delight, the final piece on the program was my favorite: the stirring Polonaise in A-flat. The only reason I was taking piano lessons was so that I could someday play that Polonaise. The music, stately yet vibrating with intense emotion, filled the entire hall and left me deeply impressed and with a renewed resolution to play the music as I had just heard it. We left the hall, after applauding until our palms tingled, and started on our way home, back to "John Thompson's Piano Studio for the Young Student."

ELEANOR EASTON, '55

## Just Outside My Window

...Just outside my window,  
See it  
Standing?

I'm glad you've come to see it now,  
Lost in dream-dazed summer.  
With what thin grace its branches weave  
A tapestry of air.  
Its whisperings how like a child's  
Fumbling love of Mother.

You saw it last in early fall;  
What brilliant arrogance!  
Did you see its violent protest?—  
How wild it was with leaves?

Come again at deep winter's snow;  
Look through my bearded pane.  
It will be there, though locked in ice,  
And I again will say:

Just outside my window,  
See it  
Standing?

AUDREY SYNOTT '54

## Cats

I think that I could love a cat,  
Who ate the garbage; caught a rat,  
Who on a cushion never sat,  
And fought like, well,—an alley cat.

I think that I could love a cat,  
With bushy tail and lots of fat,  
Who on a cushion always sat,  
And fought like, well,—a cultured cat.

I think that I could love a cat,  
With skinny tail and not much fat,  
Who on a cushion might have sat,  
And fought like, well,—a Tommy cat.

ANN CLEVELAND '55

## A Case of Double Identity

A tall, worried-looking man walked up to the bar, ordered a drink, and using the prerogative of a customer late at night, told the kindly bartender of his troubles.

"My name is Peter Middleton," he said, "the radio actor, better known as Wilbur Wentworth Cuspersion Mudge. In case you don't follow the adventures of W. W. C. Mudge, he is a timid, mousey man who writes advertising copy for C. P. Smith and Company—the type of man who is terribly bounded by routine and never wants to do anything exciting or out of the ordinary, except go to his lodge meeting on Wednesday night.

"At least I am *trying* to be Peter Middleton, but Mudge seems to be controlling my life lately. It all started over peas. I used to love peas, but quite suddenly I just couldn't bear to look another pea in the face. At the time I thought it was because I had just gotten over an attack of grippe, but now I think it was because that day Mudge, who hates peas, was made to eat some of Pepworth's canned peas, so he could write descriptive copy.

"After the pea incident there was some trouble over cats. I used to hate and despise cats, but one day against my will, I found myself buying a black cat and calling it Alfred, the same name as that creature belonging to Mudge.

"But peas and cats didn't affect my life too greatly. It was when I started changing my style of clothes that my troubles started. I found myself wearing dark blue and brown suits, instead of my usual snappy clothes. My girl wouldn't be seen in public with me: she said that I looked like an undertaker's assistant. My old friends started looking worried when I came in sight. I think they thought that I was out to convert them and to save them from eternal damnation. The worst part of it is I didn't seem to care. It was as if I had a disease, that changed all my habits. Instead of going to the horse races and nightclubs, I went to the zoo.

"But yesterday the crowning blow came. I couldn't help myself—I quit my job on the radio. Felt I was wasting my time, so now I am working for an advertising company. I don't know where I will end up.

"Make it a double celery cocktail this time," he said sadly.

CORNY NYCE, '53

## Ennui

Oft when I think of life that lies ahead,  
 It seems to me that years can never bring  
 A new, exciting thrill of which to sing;  
 And thought of days to come fills me with dread.  
 The days will dawn and rout me out of bed;  
 And life goes on—all joy, despair, each thing  
 Will pass; no change to make my heart take wing  
 And make me think, 'why live? why not be dead?'  
 But when the first spring flower I chance upon,  
 Or feel the rapture of a job well done,  
 Or find a new someone with whom to share  
 My views, my thoughts, each joy, despair,  
 I come to know that life is not a bore,  
 But we must live each day like none before.

SALLY SWAYNE '53









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